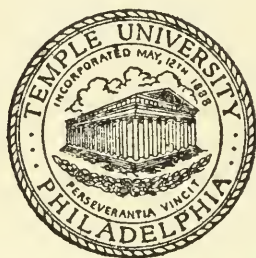




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Political, Religious,

and

Love Poems.

FROM

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAMBETH MS. No. 306,  
AND OTHER SOURCES.

EDITED BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

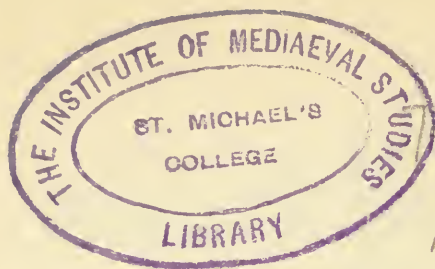


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# JAMES DEVON.

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## P R E F A C E.

THIS book is somewhat of a medley, partly for the reason that the Lambeth MS. whence it is mainly drawn—and for the loan of which I am deeply indebted to the Archbishop of Canterbury—is so too. The two first poems, and part of the third, should—and, had its editor known of them, of course would—have found a place in the second volume of Mr Thomas Wright's Political Songs for the Master of the Rolls ; some of the rest might have gone into any collection of Love or Religious Poems, and others into any Miscellaneous volume. Of the pieces now issued some have been printed elsewhere, and of most, perhaps better texts exist ; but the time that it takes to ascertain whether a poem has been printed or not, which is the best MS. of it, in what points the versions differ, &c., &c., is so great, that after some experience I find the shortest way for a man much engaged in other work, but wishing to give some time to the Society, is to make himself a foolometer and book-possessor-ometer for the majority of his fellow-members, and print whatever he either does not know, or cannot get at easily, leaving others with more leisure to print the best texts. *He* wants *some* text, and that at once.<sup>1</sup> This will explain why Lydgate's *Hors*, *Shepe*, & *Gosse*, for instance, appears here. The title has been worrying me for years, but till the revise of the present version reached me, I had never found or made a spare half-hour at the Museum to take the Roxburghe Club reprint out and read it.

<sup>1</sup> This excuse is not intended as a justification for an Editor to take no trouble about his work. It only asks that he may be allowed to judge how the trouble he can, and must, take, can be best applied.



Now some fresh hundreds of people as well as myself have a troubleless opportunity of knowing what the poem says, though in the late Lambeth MS. it has lost its head and tail, and many readings are bad. *La Belle Dame sanz Mercy* may be in the same condition, but it is given for lovers of Keats, who are not owners of black-letter Chaucers.

I intended at first to print only certain of the pieces in the Lambeth MS. 306, but on looking through the *Piers Plowman* MSS. in the British Museum with Mr Skeat, to choose the best for the Society's three-text edition, he pointed out to me the Political Poems in *Vespasian*, B xvi. These I copied, and then cancelled—with the exception of the *Satirical Proclamation* (pp. 12-13), on finding that they were in Mr Wright's volume of *Political Songs*.<sup>1</sup> Then a comparison of the Lambeth texts of *Sent Gregorys Trentalle* and *The Stacions of Roome* with those in the rather earlier Museum MS., Cotton Caligula, A ii.,<sup>2</sup> showed that the latter must be preferred to the former, and they were accordingly copied. After this a friend at Cambridge kindly sent me transcripts of some seemingly anonymous poems from the University Library, one of which proved to be a version of a ditty of Lydgate's against Women's Horns, printed in *Reliquie Antique* (vol. i. p. 79) and twice by the Percy Society, and the rest inferior copies of others of Lydgate's Poems; nevertheless, as two of these had been set up they are included here (pp. 25-8, 45-7), for they are sure to meet some eye that has not seen them before. As a substitute for the other cancelled poems, Mr Skeat with much goodwill copied *Whi art thou Froward* (pp. 111-12), and (on Mr Bradshaw's recommendation) *The Parliament of Love* and *The Seven Deadly Sins*, printed here pp. 48-51, 215-19, and has seen them through the press. Mr W. Aldis Wright has performed the same kind offices for the two poems in the Northern Dialect on pp. 103-10; and Mr Edmund Brock for *The Fifty-First Psalm*, pp. 251-56, besides helping me in other ways. Mr Cockayne gave me the first

<sup>1</sup> There is a kind of comfort in narrating one's little troubles. The reader will sympathize if he knows how very small a man feels when he looks at his eagerly-made copy of a good poem, by the side of an after-found print of it.

<sup>2</sup> I hope to print the unedited pieces from this MS. next year.

verse of *Rats Away* (p. 23), and Mr George Parker, of Rose Hill, Oxford, the second verse, and a revise of the whole. Mr G. Parker is also responsible for the text of the Prologue to the Adulterous Falmouth Squire. A reference in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* sent me to the Harl. MS. 7322, and the early date of the English Poems mixed with its Latin prose more than justifies their reproduction here, pp. 220-42. To Mr Bradshaw's acquaintance with the Lambeth Catalogue I owe my introduction to the excellent MS. 853,<sup>1</sup> which has furnished complete texts of two poems opposite which they are printed here (pp. 161 and 150), including one of two Complaints of the Virgin, of the other of which a most interesting variation (see p. 204) occurs in Harleian MS. 3954, between copies of Mandevill's Voiage and Piers Plowman. From the latter MS. I have also taken a curious A-B-C Poem on the Passion of Christ, though it has, I believe, been printed elsewhere.

Now as to the contents of the Poems themselves ;—the allusions in the first were not at the outset explained with certainty, even with the help of Mr James Gairdner, of the Record Office. A man saw Twelve Letters that should save Merry England, in Edward the Fourth's time. These Twelve letters then turn into Eight,—R, W, two E's, F, M, Y, S,—but the R multiplies into three R's (Ares) of three Lords' names, and a fourth and fifth, the Rose that's fresh and will not fade, and the Ragged Staff that no man may escape. The Y, M, S, and W, were explained in the poem to mean the nobles York, March, Salisbury, and Warwick, and the F and E the Feterlock and Eagle. Thus we had four Richards, four nobles, and four badges, of which two, the Rose<sup>2</sup> and Eagle,<sup>3</sup> seemed to mean Edward IV. Did then this triad of fours mean twelve different persons, or ten, or four, or two? An unexpected meeting with an old friend, who proved to be that wonderful being, ROUGE DRAGON,—of whom I had the vaguest possible notion before, not knowing even whether he had not been

<sup>1</sup> The whole of this MS. is in type for the Society.

<sup>2</sup> See *The Wright's Chaste Wife*, p. 20, l. 670.

(Trevilian)

<sup>3</sup> The Cornysse Chough offt with his trayne.

(Rex)

Hath made oure *Egulle* blynde.

Cotton Rolls, ii. 23, quoted in Wright's Pol. Songs, vol. ii. p. 222.

buried hundreds of years—produced the following happy solution of the problem.

“There can, I think, be little doubt that the Twelve Letters refer to the *Christian names*, the *Titles*, and the *Badges or Cognizances* of the following Four Men—

### E. M. F.

EDWARD, EARL OF MARCH, with the badge of the Fetterlock.  
Afterwards Edward IV.

### R. Y. R.

RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK (1415 to 1460), with the badge of the White Rose of the house of York, Father of Edward IV.

### R. S. E.

RICHARD (Nevill), EARL OF SALISBURY (1442 to 1460), with the badge of the green Eagle of Monthermer.

### R. W. R.

RICHARD (Nevill), EARL OF WARWICK (1449 to 1471), the King-maker, with the badge of the Ragged Staff belonging to that House.

“The Fetterlock, with a falcon inside it, was a badge of Edmund of Langley (son of Edward III.), who re-built his Castle of Fotheringay in that shape, and was consequently assumed by his great grandson Edward IV.

“The arms of Monthermer (an eagle displayed) were always quartered, both by the Montacutes and Nevills, Earls of Salisbury. In the ‘Rows Roll’ (pub. by Pickering, 1845) is a portrait of Richard, Earl of Warwick above-named, who succeeded his father in 1460 as Earl of Salisbury—with the eagle standing at his feet, as a badge.

“The date of the poem is between 1460 and 1471, as Edward is spoken of as King (line 63), and Richard, Duke of York, in the past tense [‘He reynyed’ (line 44), and that he ‘*hathe sufferde grete vexacion*’—sc. been slain (line 28)]; so likewise Lord Salisbury, who was beheaded in 1460, is never spoken of in the present tense, while the Earl of Warwick, who lived till 1471, is spoken of as alive.—  
G. E. ADAMS, ROUGE DRAGON, *Heralds College*.”

That this is the true conclusion, and that the Twelve letters represented four persons,—two dead (Richard of York and Richard of



Salisbury), and two living (Edward IV. and Richard of Warwick, the King-maker),—I have no doubt. But if the poem is to be taken as referring to living men only (see line 60, &c.), then the four men must be reduced to two ; and this can be easily accomplished, because as Edward IV. united in himself his father's title of the Duke of York and his own of Earl of March, so Richard the King-maker united in himself his father's title, Earl of Salisbury, and his own, Earl of Warwick. For the King-maker was Earl of Warwick before he succeeded to the Earldom of Salisbury in 1460, when his father, the then Earl, was beheaded at Pontefract Castle subsequent to his capture after the battle of Wakefield, in which Edward the Fourth's father, Richard Duke of York, was defeated and slain. In this case the poem would describe only Edward the Fourth, and Warwick, who made him king ; but no doubt their fathers were included too, as Mr Adams says.

The second Poem sounds strange to modern ears, dulled by non-intervention talk, accustomed to the threat without the blow, the bark without the bite, the scold without the scratch. But its tones fell differently on Edward's ears, we may be sure ; and if there had been no Towton, Hexham, Edgecote, Erpingham, Barnet, and Tewkesbury, to fight on English soil, and drain the country of its best blood, we should have heard, I doubt not, of the daring young king in France in other wise than when he was there in 1475, and perchance he would have taken the English flag beyond the southern bounds that the Black Prince so bravely bore it to.

The third piece records how Edward the Fourth was received at Bristol ; and the fourth Poem tells how the Duke of Suffolk, the unpopular favourite of Henry VI., was caught at sea by the ship Nicholas, and beheaded ; and calls on many of the chief clergy and laymen to help sing his Dirge and bury him. Of these the following are mentioned in the list in the faded Cotton Roll (Cott. Charters, ii. 23), printed by Mr Wright (Pol. Poems, v. 2, pp. lvi—lvii, notes), of unpopular “namys that were enditede at Rowchestre afore the cardinalle of Yorke, bysshoppe of Canturbury, and the Duke of Bokyngham, etc., in the feste of the Assumpcioun of oure lady and (?) festo Laurencii, anno r. r. Henrici xxix°.”



Johan Trevelyane, nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.	Reginaldus, abbas Sancti Petri Gloucestræ, of, 2.
Johan Say, nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.	Jacobus Fynys, dominus de Say, j. T. Stanley, miles, of, j.
Johannes Polsforde [? Pulford, 1. 111]. nuper de Londone, armiger, 2.	Thomas Thorppe, gentilman, j.
Thomas Kent, de London., gentyllmane, alias dictus T. K., clericus consilii domini regis, 2.	Johan Blakeney, gentilmane, j.
Johan Penycole, nuper de London., armiger.	Dominus Iohannes Forstkew, of, j. miles.
Thomas Hoo, de Hastynges in comitatu Sussex., miles, of, 2.	Walter Liarde, episcopus Norwic., j.
	Ricardus Wodvile, dominus de Ryvers, j.
	Willelmus Booth, episcopus Cestræ, j."

Our version has sixty lines not in the Cotton copy (Vesp. B xvi) printed by Mr Wright, but omits sixteen lines of the latter. It is, Mr Gairdner tells me, in the handwriting of John Stowe, the chronicler, to whom the Lambeth MS. 306 once belonged, and in whose handwriting there are many entries scattered through the volume. Three characteristic ones I copy below.<sup>1</sup>

[Fol. 47, back.]

<sup>1</sup> Anno d<sup>o</sup> 1564. . . The 20 of november, beyng Monday, in ye mornynge a-bout .vj. of ye clocke, throghe neglygence of a mayden with a candell, ye snoffe ther-of fawlynge in-to an hundryd-wayght of gonne-pothar, thre howssys in bucklers-bury war sore shaken, and ye backar partes of ye same howsys wer all to-blowne & shattard in pecis, & ye aforesayd mayde was so byrnt yt she dyede ther-of with-in ij dayes afttar, yf this powthar had bene in a sellar, as it was in a garret, it had donne more harme.

j. This yere .1564. was a sharpe froste, whiche began on seynt Thomas daye before cristmas, on ye .21. daye of desember, beyng thursdaye, & contynewyd tyll ye .3. day of Janewarie, beyng wednys-daye, on ye whiche wedynseday it thawyd bothe ye daye & nyght folowynge, & ye morow, beyng thursdaye, allso. this forst, as before is sayde, begynynge on sent Thomas day before cristmas, was so sharpe that on neweyers even men went ovar the Thams as saffe as on ye dry land, not only betwyxt westmystar & lambythe, but in all placis betwyxt lambethe & ye olde swane, they wente bothe ovar ye thames & alonge ye same, from london to westmystar, & from westmystar to london, comynge a lande salffelly (thankis be to god) wher they wolde, between westmystar and ye olde swan whiche is very nere vnto ye brydge; & ye same newyers even, beyng sondaye, people playd at ye footte ball on ye

To explain the fifth piece in this Text, the Satirical Proclamation, nothing better has been proposed by the friends I have consulted than Mr Adams's suggestion on p. 14, that it is a satire by the party of Cardinal Beaufort on the pretensions of Renè Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Jerusalem, &c., whose daughter Margaret afterwards married Henry VI.

The sixth piece is Lydgate's Horse, Sheep, and Goose, less its head and tail, or Introduction and Moral, both of which will be found in the Roxburghe Club reprint; the Moral alone being given in Mr Halliwell's edition of Lydgate's Minor Poems, p. 117 (Percy Soc. 1840).

The seventh piece (p. 22) is the "Rats Away" already alluded to. I cannot construe all the lines, and the MS. is so nearly illegible that Mr Parker, and Mr Macray who kindly helped him, had much difficulty in making out so much of the MS. as they have done.

The wise advice given by the next three pieces to purchasers of land, to all mixing with their fellows,<sup>1</sup> and to housekeepers, are in great

thams by great nombars: on newe yeers day, beyng mondaye, & on twesday & wedneseday, dyvars Ientyllmen & othars set vp pryckes on ye Thams, & shott at ye same, & great nombars of people beholdynge ye same, standynge at ye prykis as boldly and thankis be gyvyn to god a[s] saffly, as it had bene on ye drye lande. And I my selfe who wrate this notte, wentte on ye wedynsday before namyd frome lambythe to westmystar, & ther dynyd with Master burre who went thetar with me, & then we went agayne to ye comon stayrs of westmystar, & so vpon ye Thames to ye baynards castell, where we went a land (thankys be to god) as salffe as evar I went in eny place in all my lyffe, where we sawe men shewte at a payre of prykes set vp a-gaynst ye qweenscowrte vpon ye Thams, & costardmongars playnge at ye dysse for aples; & ye people went on ye thams in greater nombars then in eny strete in london. The people went ovar ye thams on ye thursdaye at nyght; & on ye morow, beyng frydaye, was no yce on the thams to be sene, but yt all men myght rowe ovar & a-longe ye same, it was so sodaynly consumyd.

[Fol. 71, back.]

Anno. 1563. ye .26. of Iune was a mynyster, parson of sent marie abchurehe, of sent martyns in Iarmongar lane, & of one othar benifice in ye cuntrie, takyn at dystaffe lane, vssynge an othar mans wyffe as his owne, whiche was dowghtar to ser Myles partryge, & wyffe to wylliam stokebrege, grosar; & he beyng so takyn at ye dede doynge, (havyng a wyffe of his owne,) was caryed to brydwell thrughe all the stretes, his breche hangynge aboute his knes, his gowne & his (kyvar knave) hatt borne aftar hym with myche honor; but he lay not longe ther, but was delyveryd with-owt punyshment, & styll Inioyed his beneffysis; they were greatly blamed that prehended hym and comitted hym.

<sup>1</sup> Of this "Like thyn awdiens," Mr Skeat says: "There are two better copies of it

part applicable now. The six following little bits were put in, either for their oddity, or because I fancied them, not because Directions how to cram Chickens with black Slugs were considered to be a Political Poem. There are plenty more medical recipes in the Lambeth volume.

The Love Poems begin on p. 38, continue to p. 80, and include Lydgate's before-printed appeal against the woman's horns then in vogue—a bonnet trimming seemingly, like a pair of cow's horns, with the junction stuck as a curtain to a woman's bonnet, the horns curling up on each side of the bonnet, and high above it into the air.

The division of Religious Poems starts with a Hymn to the Virgin "to preserve nobyl Kyng Herry." *Saint Gregory's Trental* exalts the power of the Mass, and tells how by singing thirty Masses,—three on each of the ten chief Festivals,—the Saint rescued from hell to heaven, his mother, damned for having two bastard children and strangling them.<sup>2</sup> The moral teaching of the next Poem is of a

in print—one by Wynkyn de Worde, with several misprints, but with better readings, and one by the *Percy Society*, Early English Poems, vol. ii. p. 173, from Harl. MS. 2235, which is better all round, has the Latin verses at top, and shows what is translated and what original. It is one of Lydgate's."

<sup>1</sup> To a printed note of Mr Halliwell's I owe the reference to MS. Ashmole 61, which supplies the Prologue to the story, and identifies the sinner with Sir William Basterfield.

<sup>2</sup> In this poem are certain terms of the Roman Catholic service which Lord Denbigh has kindly explained to me. The *secrete*, p. 91, l. 224, are the *Secreta*, or Secret Prayers, which when more than half through "The Ordinary of the Mass," and before he has received 'the Host' and 'Blood,' the Priest recites (in a voice not audible) with outstretched hands, and which differ on different days. The *Post Comen*, p. 91, l. 229, is the Post Communion, or the portion of the Ordinary after the Host has been given to the laity. See the *Missal for the Laity*, pp. xviii, xxx, &c. Lord Denbigh is anxious that the Roman Catholic doctrine of Indulgences, much misunderstood and misrepresented by Protestants, should be stated in the words of a book of authority among his fellow-believers. I therefore give the following extracts from the *Full Catechism of the Catholic Religion*, 1863, which he has sent me.

#### Pages 293-6.

Question 84. What is an Indulgence?

An Indulgence is a remission, granted out of the Sacrament of Penance, of that temporal punishment which, even after the sin is forgiven, we have yet to undergo either here or in Purgatory.

85. How does the Church remit the punishment due to our sins?

By making to the Divine Justice compensation for us from the inexhaustible Treasure of the merits of Christ and His Saints. . . .



different order, warning adulterers that they shall be tortured in hell ; and that such teaching was wanted in England in earlier times, when rich men used poor men's wives and daughters even more freely than they do now, no one who knows our history or literature can doubt.

*The Stacions of Rome* is simply (to me) a puff of the merits of the Papal City as a place for getting pardons and indulgences, in comparison with Santiago and Jerusalem. What is the good of going so far as either of those places—says the writer, in effect,—when you can get more of the article you want, and on easier terms, in Rome? Every time you go to one church you get 7000 years' pardon ; every time you give alms at another you get 14,000 years ; in every church, more or less of it. Lents are to be had for the asking ; relics may be seen without end, from the Virgin's milk to the hay the donkeys ate at Christ's birth. What would you have more? Why should any penitent go elsewhere? Rome is *the* place for him !

For a set of very valuable and interesting notes on this Poem of *The Stacions*, containing much curious and suggestive illustration of its statements, the Society is indebted to one of its members, Mr

86—What is generally required to gain an Indulgence?

It is required, 1. That we should be in the state of grace, and have already obtained, by true repentance, forgiveness of those sins, the temporal punishment of which is to be remitted by the Indulgence ; and, 2. That we should exactly perform the good works prescribed for the gaining of the Indulgence. . . .

To assert that, by an Indulgence, the Church forgives *sins* past or future, or that she grants Indulgences for *money*, is a gross calumny. . . .

91.\* Is it then not true that the Church, by Indulgences, frees us from the obligation of doing Penance?

No ; she does not free us from the obligation of doing penance according to our capacity, since, the greater is our penitential zeal and love to God, the more do we participate in the Indulgence ; she will only assist us in our inability to expiate all temporal punishment in this life, and thus, by a generous Indulgence, effect what in ancient times she endeavoured to attain by the rigorous Penitential Canons.

92. How many kinds of Indulgences are there?

There are two kinds : A *Plenary* Indulgence, which is the remission of the whole debt of temporal punishment due to sin ; and a *Partial* Indulgence, which is the remission of a part of it only.

93.\* What is meant by an Indulgence of forty days, or seven years?

A remission of such a debt of temporal punishment as a person would discharge if he did penance for forty days or seven years, according to the ancient Canons of the Church.



William M. Rossetti, the well-known art-critic and translator of Dante, whose words on this subject will come with an authority that those of few other writers in England could command. To one who, like myself, has received for years the untiring aid of this accomplished scholar in the compilation of the Philological Society's Dictionary, his help in the present volume has been doubly grateful, and I desire to express my warmest thanks for it.

The next Poems are to the Virgin,—the first said to be written in 1508 by a D. T. Mylle—and serve to introduce the series of *Complaints* which contain, in parts, a truer pathos, and touch deeper chords, than anything else in the volume. The pleadings of Christ with the sinner are often beautiful, even to an unbeliever's mind ; and who that has heard a mother's passionate cries for her lost one,—those terrible appeals that cut to the heart, can refuse his sympathy with the stricken mother (though he holds her only a poet's fancy), who swooned at Calvary when her ' dear child ' died ?

I am sorry that the way in which the text of one of these Poems is here printed, has led one learned and much-esteemed friend—who (unluckily for us) devotes his spare energy to denouncing the Committee in general and me in particular, instead of editing texts for us all—into calling this volume a pig-stye. Admitting that beings of the species "gruntare, *grunnitor*" can find space for the exercise of their calling within the leaves of the book, I yet believe that, as the matter stood, it was right to leave the first part of the even-page text of *The Complaynt of Criste* (pp. 160, 162, 164, 166, 168,) as the scribe copied it. Having secured at a later period a good text and right arrangement of the poems from the earlier Lambeth MS. 853, the question was, What was to be done with the already-in-type poor text, and incorrect arrangement of it, from the later Lambeth MS. 306, the MS. which gave us *The Wright's Chaste Wife*, and of which I had in gratitude resolved to print as much as I could, without seeking for better texts of its contents ? Was this poor text, and arrangement of 12-line stanzas in 8, to be cancelled ; or to be corrected by the good one opposite it, and retained ; or was it to be left as an instructive instance to readers in general, and a caution to careless people like myself, of how one of those scribes to whom we

owe almost all our knowledge of our forefathers' minds, had chanced to go astray? Without contending for the position of the greatest scholar, I know "that the errors of Manuscripts are sacred, and must be preserved," I still think that readers who are kept from mistake as to the original text by the good version of the Lambeth MS. 853, will be glad to see the most instructive variations and mistakes that time and repeated copyings have brought into the later text of the MS. 306, especially when the writer of it may have argued that as the two poems purporting to be by God and Christ were both in fact by Christ, they had better have one title, and the 12-line stanza of the shorter poem be made symmetrical with the 8-line of the longer one. Should this decision make any reader or reviewer grunt again "Pig-stye," I can assure him that the repeated exclamation will be taken as good-humouredly as the first one was.

Asking again attention to the contrast of the continued wail of *The Virgin's Second Complaint*, "Filius Regis mortuus est," with the triumphant change of the Harleian version "Resurrexit, non mortuus est," and also recalling readers' notice to the A B C Poem already mentioned, I repeat again thanks to the kind friends who have aided me with this collection, and hope it may help a little towards a better understanding of "the English mind" of former days.

*Egham, 31 May, 1866.*

# CORRIGENDA.

*Page 22, line 208, dele is*

*Page 71, line 571, for hosithe, ? read losithe*

*Page 116, line 98, for Stephen both MSS. read Sythe*

*Page 125, line 337, for one read sone*

NOTES  
ON  
THE STACYONS OF ROME.

BY  
W. M. ROSSETTI, ESQ.,

TRANSLATOR OF DANTE, ETC., ETC.

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HAVING some—though only a scanty—personal knowledge of the Roman Churches, I have been invited to write a few remarks by way of elucidation of the statements made in “the Stacyons of Rome.” In attempting to revise, confirm, or illustrate, those statements, the books to which I have referred are chiefly three : viz.—

1. *Roma Ristaurata* di Biondo da Forlì. Tradotta in buona lingua volgare per Lucio Fauno ; nuovamente da molti errori corretta, e ristampata. In Vinegia, appresso Domenico Giglio, 1558.

2. *Le Cose Maravigliose dell’ Alma Città di Roma*, anfitreatro del mondo, con le Chiese et Antichità rapresentate in disegno, da Girolamo Francino. Con l’Aggiunta del Dottor Prospero Parisio, Patritio Romano. In Roma, ad istanza di Gio. Antonio Franzini ed Herede di Girolamo Franzini, 1600.

3. *A Handbook of Rome and its Environs*. 7th edition, carefully revised on the spot, and considerably enlarged. London, John Murray, 1864.—[Murray’s Handbook.]

It may first be expedient to say a few words regarding the term “stations.” A station may be defined as the appointed visitation of some church, altar, shrine, or other the like ecclesiastic locale, for pious purposes, and with certain spiritual graces annexed. Francino, whose book first received papal approval in 1587, gives a somewhat long—and, I presume, a complete—list of these stations as then exist-



ing. I translate the first half-dozen entries, as a specimen. "The Stations which are in the Churches of Rome, both for Lent and all the year, with the accustomed Indulgences. In the month of January. The 1st day of the year, which is the Circumcision of our Lord, there is a station at Santa Maria in Trastevere ad fontes olei. That same day there is a station at Santa Maria Maggiore, and at Santa Maria in Araceli. And there is a Papal Chapel at Santa Maria del Popolo. 6th, the day of the Epiphany of the Lord, there is a station at St Peter's, and a Papal Chapel. 7th, to St Julian, in his Church. 10th, at the Church of the Trinity, to St Paul the first Hermit. 13th, the octave of the Epiphany at St Peter's. 16th, to Pope St Marcellus, in his Church." And so on. The number of stations throughout the year thus specified by Francino is about 389, or one may say in round numbers 400. The reader will perceive therefore that, ample as seems the allowance mentioned in the poem of the Stations, these form in reality but a small selection of the whole; and the thousands and hundreds of years of indulgence or "pardon," and the plenitudes or percentages of remission of sins, which the poem specifies, will in like manner be found, though often differing from the allowances indicated by Francino, by way of excess, to differ also, about as often, by way of deficiency, and not probably to be at all overstated on the whole. Such of our readers therefore as feel incited to obtain "a M<sup>i</sup> yere and þou hit crave," may set off for Rome in tolerable confidence that they will not, in the long run, find themselves put off with a sorry hundred. Inscriptions over altars, such as "Indulgentia Plenaria pro Vivis ac Defunctis," will show them where to go to, if they are not otherwise aware.

Thus much premised, I proceed to details, following the order of the poem, and limiting myself almost entirely to such points as bear directly upon its statements. To diverge into collateral information concerning the churches would be tempting, but endless, work.

Line 1 to 24. The statement that there were 147 churches in Rome at the date of the poem seems to be rather under the mark than over. In 1587 there were 108 parishes, each, no doubt, with its own special church, and others to boot in no small number.

Murray's Handbook speaks to 45 parish churches within the walls of Rome, and 9 without, and to more than 300 churches altogether, besides the 13 basilicas, of which 5 are classed as great or "patriarchal," and 8 minor. The asserted number of chapels, 10,005, seems startling: it would be more than 61 chapels apiece to the 147 churches—or, to the present number, about 31 apiece (subject to some deduction for isolated chapels or oratories). The latter may be a not unlikely number: it is true that the greatest Basilica of all, St Peter's, has only 28 chapels above-ground, but few or none of the other edifices are laid out on so spacious and uncrowded a plan. Of the next item, "A-bowte þe walle to & fowrty," I scarcely understand the bearing: it appears to affirm that the city of Rome is environed by 42 walls, of which I do not find, nor can surmise, any confirmation. The walls, as at present existing, are from 12 to 13 miles in circuit, including the Trastevere and Vatican. "Grete towres þre hondredde & syxty" are quite credible: there are said to have been 633 in the time of the Emperor Claudius, and nearly 300 are yet standing. The 24 chief gates show less falling-off from the imperial time: Pliny speaks to 30, of which, however, 7 were then walled up: 18 only were open in 1587: at the present day, 20, with 7 still walled up in addition.

Line 25 to 101. *The Basilica of St Peter, named also Basilica Vaticana.* I need hardly remind my readers that, in perusing our old poem, they must not have in their mind's eye the present world-famous building on which Bramante, Michael Angelo, and other men of renown, have left their sign-manual. The old Basilica was founded by Constantine—it is said, in A.D. 306: its façade, as recorded by Raphael in the fresco of the "Incendio del Borgo," would probably have been nearly the same as that known to our poet. This ancient building had become ruinous by 1450, and new works were then begun. In 1506 Julius II. laid the foundation of Bramante's edifice, which may be considered the nucleus of the one now existing. The 29 steps which our poet speaks to had by 1600 become 35 steps (of marble). The 7 years' pardon, or indulgence, for each step ascended or descended, is confirmed by Francino, who adds, however, the obligation of going up the steps to St Peter's Chapel.

The Pope Alexander who granted this indulgence is not clearly identified: it may perhaps have been either Alexander IV., who reigned from 1254 to 61, or Alexander V., 1409-10. I find nothing to elucidate the interesting statement that the solitary chapel of St Peter, standing at the head of the steps in question, was the one wherein that saint sang his first mass. The 100 altars in the church are reduced in the note (from the Lambeth MS.) to 80: as I have already said, the number of altars, or chapels, in the present building is far below either of these figures. The poet next tells us that 7 of the 100 altars are of more especial honour. This was still the case in 1587, the ordinary indulgences being doubled on the respective feast-days for these altars: and doubtless these privileges have since continued or increased. The 1st altar is "*pe vernake*," on the right hand. As Francino says, "In the tabernacle to right of the great door is the Veronica, or sacred countenance;" which (in Biondo's words) "is the true likeness of our Saviour preserved upon a veil by St Veronica." The reader, no doubt, knows the legend that, as Christ was going to Calvary, a Jewish lady handed Him her veil to wipe His face, the image of which was transferred thereto. This is the Veronica, which is exhibited on Holy Wednesday, on Good Friday, and on the 18th January, the day set apart in 1557 for the dedication-feast of St Peter's Cathedral. There is not now any altar to St Veronica (though there is her statue) in the upper church of St Peter's; but one remains in the crypt. The 2nd chief altar named is that of the Madonna; to whom indeed there are at present two—that of the Virgin, and of the "*Madonna del Soccorso*." The 3rd, to St Jude—or, as the note from the Lambeth MS. says, to Sts Simon and Jude. The remains of both these saints were in 1587, and doubtless still are, in the church; but it does not appear that an altar dedicated to St Jude has remained. The 4th altar was to St Andrew, to whom there is now a chapel in the crypt, and another, to this saint along with St Peter, in the upper church. His head is there also, having been brought to Rome by the Prince of the Morea, in the time of Pope Pius II. (1458-64). The 5th altar was, and still is, to St Gregory the Great, there buried.



The 6th, to Pope St Leo, now accompanied by a very conspicuous bas-relief of the repulse of Attila by that pope. The 7th is an altar of the Holy Cross, or, as now also termed, of the Crucifix: this chapel contains the principal relics of the church. Our poet next gives some details of indulgences. The statement that, from Holy Thursday to Lammas-day (1 August), you can obtain 14,000 years' indulgence per day, is modified by Francino to 12,000 years and as many lents, and remission of one-third of your sins, daily from the Feast of the Annunciation, 25 February, to Lammas-day. Similarly as to the "gret pardon" when the Veronica is shown: 4000 [Francino, 3000] years' indulgence to citizens of Rome, 9000 [6000] to those who come from without, and 12,000 to such as have crossed the seas, with one-third of sins remitted in each case: Francino adds as many lents, and, on the 18th January, plenary remission. All these graces are, according to the poem, doubled in lent; according to Francino, on the festival of St Peter (29 June), the feasts of the seven principal altars, and all double feasts. Next we have an account of the relics in this Basilica. Bones of St Peter and St Paul. Francino affirms that half of Peter's body, and half of Paul's, were then (1587) under the high altar of St Peter's—the other halves being under the high altar of S. Paolo fuori le Mura. Murray's Handbook differs somewhat: saying that "the body" of Peter has, since the middle of the 4th century, been in the confessional of the crypt of St Peter's, whither it was brought from the crypt of St Sebastian's in the Via Appia; while the tomb of St Paul used, before the burning of the Basilica of San Paolo, to be under the high altar of that edifice—the earliest traditions testifying to his remains having been buried there, after removal from the Vatican in A.D. 251. The *present* resting-place of St Paul does not appear to be further defined in Murray. To the best of my recollection, the local account given to the visitor is that both St Peter and St Paul lie in the crypt of St Peter's. Francino confirms our poet in saying that the bodies of Sts Simon and Jude (as already stated), and of St Gregory, are in St Peter's: as to St Leo he is silent. "Seynt Parnelle pat holy vyrgyn" is no doubt St Petronilla, daughter of St Peter, to

whom again Francino testifies as lying here. As for "Seynt Sythe pat poled pyne,"\* I cannot trace such a saint, nor bring the name into harmony with my authorities, unless (which I strongly suspect) it ought to be "Stephen," of whom, according to Francino, the church contains a shoulder-blade.

Line 102 to 128. *The Basilica of St Paul, termed San Paolo fuori le Mura, or the Basilica Ostiensis.* This edifice stands on the Ostian Road, about a mile out of Rome, being founded in A.D. 388 on the spot where the truncated head of St Paul is said to have been miraculously discovered. It remained as the only specimen of a Basilica resembling the earlier St Peter's, until its lamentable destruction by fire on the 16th July, 1823. Some portions, however, escaped; and the building has been re-constructed on the same interior plan. Our poet states that, on the feast of the conversion of St Paul, 25 January, one may have at this church 1000 years' pardon (which he seems always to use in the sense of "indulgence," as now more generally termed). The note, however, from the Lambeth MS. cuts this down to 100 years; which is confirmed by Francino, who adds as many lents, and plenary remission of sins. The 2000 years on St Paul's day, 29 June, figure in Francino simply as plenary remission; and the 4000 years on Childermas-day (28 December) are not named by that author, but merely that there is then a station in this Basilica. "On Seynt Martyn þe viij day" means, I suppose, during the octave of St Martin, when, as the text says, this church was consecrated. The 14,000 years and lents, and remission of one-third of your penance, are reduced by Francino to 1000 years and lents, but with plenary remission. In the next item the Lambeth MS. appears again to be correct: it is by going to this church on all the *Sundays*—not necessarily all the *days*—of the year, that you obtain the same pardon as by a pilgrimage to St James's shrine.

Line 129 to 156. *The Church of St Anastasius, or of Sts Vin-*

\* This name stands printed "Stephen" in our text, p. 116. That is an accidental substitution of a merely conjectural reading for the actual reading of both the Cotton and Lambeth MSS., which is "Sythe," and which would have been retained in our printed text but for an inadvertence.



*cent and Anastasius*, stands outside Rome in the Ostian Road, having been consecrated by Honorius I. in 626, and is (as Murray says) "one of the good and unaltered specimens of the early Christian Basilicas." Our author states that 7000 years' pardon [Francino, 6000] is granted in this church daily, with one-third of penance remitted, by grace of Pope Urban—who may be either Urban VI., reigning from 1378-87, or Urban V., from 1362-70. The curious particular as to pardon for such quarrels with parents as do not comprise blows struck at them is not in Francino. The stone before the door of this church whereon St Paul was decapitated is a short marble pillar: the sword of the executioner is not named by either Francino or Murray. The three wells stated to have sprung up are still to be seen: they mark as many bounds of the apostle's head, and are now enclosed within the adjoining church of San Paolo alle Tre Fontane, built in 1590.

Line 157 to 182. *The Chapel Scala Cœli* stands near the foregoing Church of St Anastasius. It was built over the cemetery of St Zeno, and has undergone restorations from 1582 onwards. It derives its name from a vision of St Bernard's, who, while celebrating a funeral mass, saw the souls for whom he was praying going up to heaven by a ladder. The text seems to ignore this legend, and to imply that the name "*Scala Cœli*" is used merely as one of the mystical or figurative names of the Madonna. One feels sceptical as to the 10,000 martyrs slain in the time of Tiberius. Francino confirms the number, without assigning any date, but adding as a relic "the knife which they were killed with:" it must have been a well-tempered one. Murray terms these martyrs the 12,000 Christians said to have been employed in erecting the Baths of Diocletian—a less unlikely era, at any rate. Our poet seems now in the vein, and strides from bold to bolder assertion; saying that he who sings mass in this chapel for a friend releases him "*fro helle*," passing him into purgatory, and thence into paradise. At least the term *hell* appears to be used here in its exact current sense, as against purgatory; though possibly it is intended rather for an equivalent, which might seem to be the case in line 565, "To abate the payne off helle." Taken in the sense I understand, the assertion is an exceed-

ingly daring one ; no pope even, so far as I am aware, having ever professed to release a soul from hell,—the power of the keys is over two keys only, those of purgatory and heaven. As an instance in point may be cited the famous legend of the salvation from hell, at the instance of Gregory the Great, of the long dead and doomed Trajan. It is propounded, not that Trajan passed from hell into either purgatory or heaven ; but that God restored him for a while to *mundane* life, wherein becoming a Christian, he died again and went to heaven—or, as an annotator of a MS. of Dante tersely phrases it, “*brevi resuscitatus est, et postea salvatus.*” A still more obvious, though jocular, instance may be cited regarding the papal master of the ceremonies, Messer Biagio di Cesena, whom Michael Angelo, in his Last Judgment, painted among the condemned. “Biagio,” says Murray, “complained to the pope in order to have the figure removed : who declared that it was impossible, for, though he had the power to release from purgatory, he had none over hell.” Moreover Francino, who could scarcely have omitted so grave an ingredient in this grace at the Scala Cœli, says nothing of hell, but simply, as in any other purgatorial case, “there is the liberation of a soul” upon celebrating mass under the altar on the 29th January. In his next statement, however, our author appears needlessly modest : his “3000 years granted by six popes buried at St Sebastian’s” become in Francino 10,000 years’ indulgence daily.

Line 183 to 198. *The Church of St Mary Annunciate*, standing midway between those of St Anastasius and St Sebastian, was consecrated in 1220. The legend mentioned in the text “of ovr lady yn þe way” (i. e., I suppose, Santa Maria in Viâ, the title of another of the Roman churches), and which, as I understand the poem, is inscribed on this Church of St Mary Annunciate, is not elucidated by Francino. In that writer, the 500 years’ pardon of the text swells into 10,000 years’ indulgence daily, and plenary remission on Annunciation-day. It will be right to bear in mind, in this and other cases, that the privileges may very well have augmented between the dates of our poet and of Francino, but are not likely to have decreased.

Line 199 to 267. “Fabyane and Bastyane” is *the Basilica of*

*St Sebastian, called also the Basilica Appiana*, being one of the eight minor Basilicas: I cannot find any authority for giving it the name of Fabian. It stands about two miles beyond the gate of St Sebastian on the Via Appia. Its foundation has been ascribed both to Constantine and to St Lucina; but the building, as it now exists, is new from 1611. Our text states that Pope Gelasius endowed this church with 40 years' pardon and many lents: Francino does not mention Gelasius, but speaks to many indulgences, including 6046 years and lents daily. The pardons, equal to those at St Peter's, on account of the bones here buried, are to be obtained by entering the catacombs into which the church leads, usually termed "the Cemetery of St Callixtus,"—though this would appear, from modern researches, to be a mistake, and the catacomb under St Sebastian's to be unconnected with that of Callixtus. Our poet appears to be considerably out in saying that the bodies of St Peter and St Paul lay here "fyfe hondred 3er er þey were founde:" 19 months is the space of time assigned in Murray, and Francino, though only using a vague term, seems to contemplate some such moderate period. They lay "in the underground chapel, opening out of the ambulatory behind the tribune," having been placed there after being recovered from some Grecian kidnappers or enthusiasts in the reign of Vespasian: and, in the time of Heliogabalus, who was constructing a circus at the Vatican, the remains of Peter, which had been transported thither, were again for a while deposited in this spot—which hence acquired, specially and individually, the name of "Catacumbæ," afterwards so widely applied. The statement which follows in the text as to six popes, mentioned by name, giving here 1000 years' grace each to all shriven persons, appears to relate to the indulgences appertaining (according to Francino, as above cited) to the *church*. The subterranean chapel next referred to must be the catacombs, or a chapel therein; the 46 martyr popes do not appear in Francino, but 18 popes amid the large number of 174,000 martyrs. Both statements may be regarded as considerable exaggerations; and the former is certainly a monstrous one—for there had only been 32 popes altogether up to the time of the conversion of Constantine, A.D. 312. (This date may be used as a cor-



rective to a previous statement as to the foundation of a Christian church by Constantine—St Peter's—in the earlier year 306.) Francino confirms the plenary remission, but not the salvation consequent upon dying in this subterranean chapel. “*pe palme*,” next mentioned (“*Palmete*” in the Lambeth MS.), should evidently not be understood to mean a palm-tree, but a footsole; and the term is here applied to a very famous relic still to be seen in the Church of St Sebastian—a slab of white marble with an impression somewhat rudely resembling that of human feet, or rather with an inartistic imitation of such an impression, for it seems impossible that any eye which has looked at the relic should admit its actual authenticity as a footmark. The beautiful legend connected with this relic is briefly related in the text:—the faint-heartedness of that most human, fallible, and sympathetic of apostles, Peter, in the prospect of death, which he was fleeing Rome to escape; the apparition of the cross-bearing Saviour to him on the Via Appia, at a spot now marked by the small church of Domine Quo Vadis; the question put to Him in those words by Peter, with the reply that the Saviour was coming to Rome to be crucified anew, as His apostle shrank from the martyrdom; and the return of Peter, contrite, compunctious, and heroic unto death. (Our National Gallery contains a frigid yet observable small picture of this subject by Annibal Carracci.) Here, says the poem, one may obtain remission of sins (confirmed by Francino), and 1000 years’ pardon.

Line 268 to 277. *The Church of San Giovanni a (or “dinanzi”) Porta Latina* was founded in A.D. 780; but its present form dates from the end of the 12th century. On the festival of the saint, 6 May, a soul may be saved from purgatory—or, as Francino puts it, there is plenary remission of sin—with 500 years’ indulgence daily. There is also a grace, says the poet, to those who go into the place where St John was sodden in oil—more strictly, where he would have been sodden in boiling oil but for a miraculous interference. This place is a round chapel outside the Church of the Porta Latina: it marks the spot where the caldron of oil was set, and dates, in its present condition, from 1509. It bears the separate name of *San Giovanni in Oleo*.



Line 278 to 289. *The Church of "Saynte Thomas of ynde"* is not noticed in Murray; but this is no indication of its not being still extant. It must be the same church which Francino terms *St Thomas the Apostle, or San Tommaso in Parione* (which is the name of one of the Rioni, or Districts, of the City of Rome). The original church was consecrated in 1139, but had been entirely renewed, somewhat about Francino's time, on the old plan. The pardon of more than 14,000 years, with remission of one-third of one's sins, is not confirmed by Francino: who says, however, that on four feasts (not including the feast of St Thomas, 21 December), there is plenary indulgence in this church for all sins, and a full jubilee, which had been granted by Pius IV. (about 1560).

Line 290 to 293. These four lines affirm that there is great pardon "wher þe stacyones cleped ys," ratified for ever by Pope Boniface. The statement does not appear to have any relation to the immediate context (though it might possibly belong to the sequel, concerning the Lateran Basilica): it seems more appropriate as a general announcement proper to the opening of the poem.

Line 294 to 477. *The Basilica of St John Lateran, or the Lateran Basilica*, occupies in the poem, it will be observed, more than double the space accorded even to St Peter's. In fact, this is the church of highest traditional rank in all Rome, and even in the whole Latin-Christian world, being the pope's own diocesan church: it stands inscribed "Omnium urbis et orbis Ecclesiarum Mater et Caput." The popes are crowned here, and "the Chapter of the Lateran still takes precedence of that of St Peter's." This church was built by Constantine; nearly destroyed in, or shortly before, the time of Clement V., whose reign began in 1305; restored and enlarged by him and his successors. It is dedicated to the Saviour, and the two Sts John, Baptist and Evangelist. Its name, Lateran, comes from the house of the senator Plautius Lateranus, of the time of Nero, on the site of which it is built. The poem intimates that this house was one of the palaces of Constantine at the time of his being healed and converted by Pope Sylvester, and that the Emperor gave the edifice to the Bishop, to be converted into a church: this is, for legendary purposes, nearly enough correct. The "Saluator"

in the roof over the pope's see, or the tribune of the high altar, is an image of Christ which is said to have appeared there miraculously at the consecration of the church, 9 November, and to have survived two conflagrations of the building unscathed. The next relic mentioned is the table of the Last Supper, "That Cryste made on his monde." The phrase might at first be understood to mean that Christ, either in His parental calling as a carpenter, or by the exercise of miraculous power, actually made this table; but I do not find any such tradition elsewhere, and should suppose the phrase to mean rather "On which Christ made His maunday" (mandate, or eucharistic institution). "The table stands in a recess opening out of the corridor called the Portico Leonino, surrounding the tribune: it is of cedar wood, and was once encased in silver." The two tablets whereon Christ wrote the law for Moses appear in Francino by the name of the "arca fœderis" (ark of the covenant), which ark, in the Jewish temple, was said to contain these tablets: perhaps the two writers mean substantially the same thing, especially as our poet proceeds to name Aaron's rod (the rod of Aaron and Moses, in Francino), and "Angelles meat," which one may suppose to be the pot of manna, both preserved in Jerusalem in connection with the ark. Francino is silent as to the remains of the five loaves and two fishes wherewith Christ fed the multitude. Our poet is clearly not quite right about the four brass pillars brought by Vespasian and Titus from Jerusalem: some *other* relics are said to have been so brought, but not these. They are, on the contrary, four pillars of gilt bronze, at the altar of the Sacrament, reputed to have been made by Augustus from the rostra of the galleys taken at Actium, and set up in the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, whence they were brought to this church: Francino, however, has it that they are filled with consecrated earth from Jerusalem. The chains which bound St John are those used when the evangelist was brought a prisoner from Ephesus to Rome. The vessel which they gave him to drink from, but harmlessly, was a poisoned cup presented to him by order of Domitian. The text next specifies a kirtle of the man who was raised from the dead on that same occasion: this is modified, by the note from the Lambeth MS., into St John's

own kirtle which raised three men from the dead, and Francino concurs in this statement. The “*clopis* of *Ihesu-eriste*” are the red robe which Pilate put on Him, stained with His blood. Francino confirms “*þe askes [ashes] of Iohne þe baptyste,*” adding a piece of his haircloth. The next item again appears more correctly, to trust Francino, in the Lambeth MS. ; it should be, not the table-cloth of the Last Supper, but the towel wherewith Jesus wiped the disciples’ feet. The sark made for Christ by the Virgin, and the blood and water from His side, are confirmed by Francino. That author is silent, possibly through a sentiment of decent *retenue*, regarding the “*mylke of Marye þe vyrgyne,*” and “*þe flesh of his cyrcumsyce*” (Christ’s) : he specifies, instead, some of the hair and garments of Mary. The rather earlier author, Biondo da Forlì, upholds our poet in showing, as regards his latter-named relic, that “*men hit holde yn grete pryse.*” He mentions both this, and the “*vase di latte bianchissimo di Maria Vergine gloriosa ;*” and not only mentions them, but includes them in those few and choicer Roman glories which need to be ushered in with the following peroration, as he winds up his eloquence and his book :—“*There are in Rome, however, certain things peculiar to itself, so great, so marvellous, that neither are they found elsewhere, nor can they be transferred elsewhither : and he who has not seen Rome, what has he seen ? of a surety he has seen nought to marvel at.*” To return to our text. The foot of the Magdalene is not particularized by Francino, only certain relics of her : “*þe clopis þat criste was wonden In*” are reduced to the face-cloth. The heads of Peter and Paul are said to have been found among the ruins of the older Lateran church in the reign of Urban V. (1362-70) : they are over the high altar, in an iron grating. Francino confirms our poet in saying that, when these heads are publicly exhibited, which is done on six several days of the year, there are the same indulgences as at the exhibition (already mentioned) of the Veronica. The author next ushers us into the Pope’s Hall, connected with the Lateran. This would appear to have been already more or less destroyed in the time of Francino (1587), who speaks of it as “*the old palace,*” and of its contents as things of the past : the present palace was built by Sixtus V. It seems somewhat



singular that the writer of the "Stacyons" should not mention, among the treasures of the old Pope's Hall, its now sole surviving relic (save the chapel Sancta Sanctorum), the famous Scala Santa, said to be the staircase of Pilate's court, which Christ descended after His sentence: no one may go up it save on his knees. Omitting this, he informs us that the Hall has three doors, on passing through any of which you may, if shriven, obtain 40 years' pardon: these vanished doors, says Francino, had been in Pilate's court, and Jesus had passed through them. The next 12 lines, 448 to 459, seem to have dropped somewhat out of their place, and to be more proper to the passage just preceding (430-37) concerning the heads of Peter and Paul. The present passage is of value in tending to fix the date of our poem. It speaks of the indulgences granted by Pope Urban V. when these sacred relics were discovered and first exhibited; and proceeds to say

"There ys no man now y-bore,  
Nor his fadur hym be-fore,  
That of þe heddes haue a syȝth  
At þat tyme but be *grace* of God almyȝt."

Urban had found the heads in or before 1365. Now the writer of the "Stacyons" assumes that persons living at the date when he wrote might in the year of discovery have seen the heads. Suppose (which seems an ample allowance of time) that he assumes that a person now aged 90 might have seen the heads when aged 10; this would leave an interval of 80 years, which, added to 1365, would bring out 1445 as the latest admissible date of the poem, and probably some few years later than in fact. We are next escorted to the chapel Sancta Sanctorum—already referred to as being, with the Scala Santa, the sole remaining portion of the old Lateran Palace of the popes: it is a handsome Gothic work, consecrated by Nicholas III. (1277-81) to St Lawrence. No women, as notified by the poet, are allowed to enter. The "Saluatowr" in this chapel is a painting 5 feet 8 inches in height, representing the Saviour at the age of twelve. Our author says that the portrait was sent to the Virgin Mother by her re-glorified Son after His ascension. This memor-



able detail does not appear in Francino, who attributes the picture to St Luke as designer, and to an angel as executant: the less believing Murray speaks of it as of Greek workmanship.

Line 478 to 513. *The Basilica of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* (one of the 8 minor ones); termed also *The Sessorian Basilica*, being founded on the site of the Sessorian Palace of Sextus Varius, the father of Heliogabalus. It was built, in 331, by Constantine, at the request of his mother, St Helena, famous as the heroine of the "Invention of the Cross,"—or rather perhaps, as our text says, by Constantia, daughter of Constantine. Some earth from Jerusalem was mixed with the foundations, whence the special name of the church. Its present form dates from 1774. Pope Sylvester consecrated the building on the 10th March. The indulgences, 2005 years every Sunday and Wednesday, are reduced to 300 years and lents every Sunday, with remission of one third of sins, by Francino: the Lambeth MS. gives only 100 years. The *daily* indulgence of 100 years, however, rises in Francino to 6046 years and lents, and remission as above. That author confirms the statements as to the sponge of gall and vinegar offered to Christ, the nail from His cross, and the title written thereon by Pilate: this was covered by St Helena with silver, and adorned with gold and gems. The portion of the true cross here deposited by Helena is still to be seen; also the portion—Francino terms it a half—of the Penitent Thief's cross.

Line 514 to 535. The Church of St Lawrence here mentioned is *San Lorenzo fuori le Mura*: there are in Rome at least five other churches dedicated to the same saint. This, which is one of the five larger Basilicas, is on the road to Tivoli, about a mile beyond the Porta di San Lorenzo. It was built by Constantine, and enlarged and altered by Honorius III. in 1260. The catacombs of St Cyriacus are entered hence. The daily indulgence of 7000 years is reduced in Francino to 748, with lents and remission as in the text. The assertion that the church was consecrated by Pope Pelagius seems to refer, not to the original dedication, but to some re-consecration by Pelagius II., who partly rebuilt the edifice in 578. Sts Lawrence and Stephen rest here, in a marble urn in the confessional. The statement in the text,

“And unpur þe awter ys made a stone,  
There a-bowte þey may gone,”

may perhaps relate to this urn ; or perhaps to one of two relics here preserved—a stone cast at Stephen, and a stone whereon Lawrence was laid after death, marked with his fat and blood. Probably, however, the first explanation is the true one—the passage being followed up by a reference to the “swete smelle of bodyes þat þer be,” by which the relics of Stephen and Lawrence would appear to be indicated ; I do not find any other bodies recorded. The grace as to release of a soul from purgatory is confirmed in Francino.

Line 536 to 547. The Church here named, of “seynt sympylle, Fawstyne [Lambeth MS. “Fastym”] and Betrys” [“Beatrice”] may be probably rendered *The Church of Sts Simplicius, Faustinus, and Beatrice*. I find no account of it in my authorities. Francino does indeed name a church of Sts Faustinus and Jovita, the patrons of Brescia ; but this was a new foundation of Julius II. (1503-13), and is therefore too late in date, even if otherwise acceptable.

Line 548 to 553. *The Church of St Julian* is at the head of the Via Maggiore, at the spot where the so-called “Trophies of Marius” were found.

Line 554 to 565. *The Church of St Eusebius* is in the same neighbourhood. The inscription on a stone, “I wole the halowe or I goone,” seems to suggest something special, but I do not find it elucidated.

Line 566 to 571. We here return to the aforementioned *Church of St Julian*.

Line 572 to 581. *The Church of San Matteo in Merulana* is on the road between the Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore.

Line 582 to 590. “The Chirche of ught and modeste” is *the Church of San Vito in Macello*, near the arch of Gallienus. It does not appear that the building is dedicated to Modestus as well as Vitus ; but there is a station there, on the 15th June, to Sts Vitus, Modestus, and Crescentius—or *Crescentia*, as quaint old Topsell, the naturalist, says in his account of the king of beasts : “Primus and Fælicianus, Thacus, Vitus, Modestus, and Crescentia, all martyrs, being cast unto lions, received no harm by them at all ; but the

beasts lay down at their feet, and became tame, gentle, and meek, not like themselves, but rather like doves." The forgiveness of a quarter of one's sins in this church is not named by Francino, but 6000 years' indulgence on St Vitus's day. The 7000 martyrs buried here in the time of Antoninus are, no doubt, the same as Francino's "infinite number" of martyrs who were killed on a stone at the same spot. Line 590 runs—

"This is the vij parte of þy synne ondoone,"

and remains without a rhyme to match. It also appears—though not to a certainty—to conflict with the previous line 584, announcing remission of a *fourth* part of sins. Possibly 590 ought to be transferred to follow 723—

"Suche bed of penaunce I not no moo,"

which seems also bereaved of its proper rhyme-sequence, and with which 590 would rhyme, were we to read "ondoo" instead of "ondoone." The first word of the line, "This," would also appear to be a mistake for "There" or "Thus."

Line 591 to 654. *The Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also called the Liberian Basilica*, ranks third among these great churches. It was founded on the summit of the Esquiline, in 352, by Pope Liberius, and by a Roman patrician named John, and his wife. These three persons had, on the night of the 5th August, a vision enjoining them to build a church on the spot where they should find snow lying next morning: they obeyed, and hence the church was first called Sancta Maria ad Nives. It was enlarged in 432, and the plan then adopted has been preserved in subsequent alterations, so that this church has, more than any other intramural one, retained the characters of the larger Basilicas. The text states that the body of St Matthew lies at (or below) the high altar. Murray concurs in this statement; but probably Francino is more exact in speaking of the body of St *Matthias*, and an arm only of St Matthew. In another part of the church lies St Jerome. I am not clear as to the statement that the remains of this saint were brought "frome the Cyte of Damase;" which may be presumed to mean Damascus,



though the word seems more commonly used for the papal name Damasus. These remains are said to have been transported to Rome in the middle of the 7th century, along with the Præsepe (or Culla) which came from Bethlehem; and Jerome is reported to have been originally buried in Jerusalem, in a tomb which he had ordered at the entry of the cave-sepulchre of Christ. The Præsepe, before which Jerome is deposited in Santa Maria Maggiore, consists of five boards of the manger wherein Christ lay in Bethlehem, now enclosed in an urn of silver and crystal, and placed in a subterranean chapel: a solemn procession to this relic is held on Christmas Eve. The Chapel of "Seynt Agas," next mentioned, I understand to be a chapel of St Agatha, but do not find any particulars concerning it. The cloth wherein the infant Christ was first wrapped by the Virgin is specified also by Francino: not so the hay which He lay in, nor "of his Flesche the Syreumsyse," the possession of which, as we have already seen, is assigned to the Lateran Basilica earlier in the poem. The relics of St Thomas à Becket, specified by our author, are an arm, part of his brain, and his blood-stained rochet; by Francino, his tunicle, stole, and maniple, blood-stained. The image of the Virgin which Luke found ready painted to his hand by angelic agency is now in the rich Borghese Chapel. It represents the infant Christ, as well as the Madonna, and, according to Murray, is pronounced by a papal bull to have been painted by Luke: miraculous powers are ascribed to it, and it was carried in procession to stay the plague in Rome in 590. The papal bull is attached to one of the chapel-walls, and is probably the same document which our poem alludes to. On the festival of this church, termed the day of the "Madonna della neve," the text says there is 1000 years' pardon, with 700 years additional if sued for, and one-third of sins remitted [Francino, plenary remission only]: on every feast of the Madonna, 100 years' pardon [Francino, 1000 years, and plenary remission, on the feasts of the Virgin's Purification, Assumption, Nativity, Presentation, and Conception]: and from Assumption-day till Christmas-day, 15,000 years of temporal penance remitted—not a very easy statement to comprehend—[Francino, 12,000 years' indul-



gence, besides ordinary daily indulgence of 6048 years and lents, with remission of one-third of sins].

Line 655 to 684. *The Church of St Pudentiana*, near the Novatian Baths, and behind Santa Maria Maggiore, is reputed to be the most ancient of all the Christian edifices in Rome, and to have originally ranked as the Cathedral. It includes, or is erected on the site of, the house of Pudens, a senator with whom St Peter lodged from A. D. 41 to 50, and whose daughters, Praxed and Pudentiana, that Apostle converted. The name is mentioned in the 2nd Epistle to Timothy, iv. 21: "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren." The church was consecrated by Pope St Pius I. in 145; restored by Simplicius, who reigned from 467 to 482; and brought to its present form in 1597. The late Dr Wiseman was titular cardinal of this church. The (daily) remission of one-third of sins here, named in the poem, is confirmed by Francino, who adds indulgence for 3000 years and lents. The churchyard of St Priscilla adjoins it, containing the bodies of 3000 martyrs. The statement that Sts Peter and Paul "Bothe were harborowed there" may be inferred to apply rather to the house of Pudens than to the cemetery. Here is the chapel of the Santo Pastore. The further statements that "Seynt Peius founde" [founded?] and hallowed the baptistery, and converted 78 souls on an Easter-day, would appear to refer to St Pius; though the peculiar spelling "Peius," and the speciality of handwriting pointed out in the note (p. 138), might seem to point to Peter as the person really intended.

Line 685 to 702. *The Church of St Praxed*, near Santa Maria Maggiore, was erected by Pope Paschal in 822, on the site of an oratory which had been built in 160 by Pius I. as a place of refuge from persecution. It was modernized by San Carlo Borromeo, its titular cardinal. The poem states that St Praxed buried in this spot 1300 persons martyred in the reign of Antonine. They lie in a well in the centre of the church, having been put to death on the Esquiline Hill; or, as Francino says, all over Rome, whence their blood was sponged up by the saint, and drained into this well. We

may fairly reject the date of the reign of Antonine; St Praxed having been converted by Peter in or before A.D. 50, and the earliest of the Antonines not having succeeded to the throne till 138. A farther number of martyrs, set down as 40, are buried in the chapel named of old the Orto del Paradiso, now the chapel of the Colonna Santa, or of St Zeno: among them, it is said, are 11 popes. The pardon of 1 year and 40 days, with remission of a quarter of one's sins, doubled in lent, swells in Francino into 12,000 years and lents daily, and one-third remission. The pillar to which Christ was bound is of white and black marble, and was brought from Jerusalem in 1223 by Cardinal Colonna.

Line 703 to 723. The festival (1 August) and *Basilica of San Pietro in Vincoli*, in commemoration of the fettering of the saint in Jerusalem. Francino confirms the plenary remission on this day in the church: he is silent as to the daily indulgence of 500 years and lents. The church stands on the Esquiline, not far from the Baths of Titus: it is one of the minor Basilicas, and is entitled the *Basilica Eudoxiana*, having been built in 442 by Eudoxia, wife of the Emperor Valentinian III. It was repaired by Pelagius I. in 555, and has undergone other changes, up to 1705. This church has two special claims to remembrance: Hildebrand was here elected pope in 1073, under the name of Gregory VII., and Michael Angelo's Moses is inside it. Our poet, in saying that the church contains a piece of the cross of Christ, is probably less correct than Francino, who speaks only of a part of the cross of St Andrew. The latter writer does not elucidate the curious legend in the text as to a bed of St Martin, in this church, insensible to sight and touch. The chains of St Peter, from which the church receives its name, are enclosed in a bronze tabernacle in the outer sacristy, and are only exhibited from the 1st to the 9th August.

Line 724 to 741. The "plase of the postyllis twoo" must be the *Basilica of the Holy Apostles or Basilica Constantiniana*, now dedicated, it would appear, to all the twelve Apostles without distinction, but originally to Sts Philip and James. It stands in the Piazza dei Santi Apostoli, behind the Corso; and is stated by Francino to have been founded by Constantine, though the present edifice,

in its earliest condition, is only ascribed to Pelagius (555-60), and a re-building took place in 1420. Sts Philip and James ("Jacobe") are buried here. "Seint Sabasabyne" appears to represent the names Sts Saba and Sabina, female saints, of whom each has a church of her own in Rome: according to Francino, however, the saint buried in the Church of the Apostles is of the male sex, St Sabinus. He confirms the tabard of St Thomas the Apostle, and the arm of St Blaise. As to indulgences, all that he names is plenary remission on the 1st May.

Line 742 to 745. *The Church of San Bartolommeo in Insula* was built in the Isle of the Tiber, on the site of a temple of Jupiter (or perhaps Æsculapius), by Paschal II. in 1113: it received its present form in the reign of Gregory XIII. (1572-85). The substructions used to give the island the form of a ship, as shown, with quaint attractiveness, in Francino's woodcut. That writer does not confirm the 1000 years' indulgence of our text; but speaks to plenary remission on St Bartholomew's day, 24 August, and 20 years' indulgence on Palm Sunday. The relics of Bartholomew are preserved in an urn under the high altar, having been brought from Benevento to Rome by the Emperor Otho II.

Line 746 to 809. *The Church of Santa Maria Rotonda, or Sancta Maria ad Martyres, being the antique Pantheon*, stands in a Piazza between the Corso and the Piazza Navona. This circular edifice, one of the most famous of antiquity preserved for the admiration of modern architects, was dedicated by Agrippa in B.C. 27, and was afterwards worked upon by some of the heathen emperors. Agrippa, our poet informs us, founded the building "for sabillis [I suppose 'the sibyls' or 'a sibyl's'] and neptuno-is sake," and named it "Pantheon," which appears to have been a very illogical proceeding. There is, however, some considerable conflict of opinion as to the deities to whom the temple was in fact dedicated. Some authorities say Mars and Jupiter; others, Jupiter Ultor; others, Mars and Venus; others, all the gods—which attribution is of course favoured by the name Pantheon. Dion, nevertheless, does not leave even this point clear; for he says that the motive for using the term Pantheon was simply that the temple, being round or round-roofed



(*θολοειδες*), resembled the vaulted heaven, abode of all the gods. Other investigators again, still less easily satisfied, believe the building to have had little or nothing to do with worship at all, but to have been connected with the baths which Agrippa constructed in this neighbourhood—the form (apart from the portico, which seems to be a later addition) being simply that of a “calidarium.” Leaving these controversies, our memories may retain one authenticated fact—that Raphael is buried here. Our poet tells a curious legend: That the heathen worshipers made a golden idol of Neptune, and set it up on the roof, peering through an opening thereof; and that the brass covert on this statue’s head blew off “*with A wynde of helle*” to St Peter’s Basilica, where it might still be seen before the church door. I am left to guess at the modicum of foundation which there may be for this little episode; and I conceive it to be as follows—amounting simply to two misapprehensions, or gratuitous assumptions. 1st, the roof of the Pantheon is not entirely closed, but has an opening, 28 feet in diameter, which supplies the whole of the light which the edifice receives. Some legendary imagination, contemplating this orifice, and not reasoning upon any questions of antique architecture, jumped to the conclusion that it *must* have been made for something to be inserted or to project through it; if something, it *must* have been a statue; and if a statue, why not Neptune? 2nd, a gilt bronze pine-cone, hollowed, and 11 feet in height, used once to be at the summit of the Sepulchre or Mole of Hadrian (now the Castle of Sant’ Angelo); it was removed by Pope Symmachus (498 to 514) to the quadriporticus before the Basilica of St Peter, probably to the steps of the building. Dante saw it there, and speaks of it under the name it still retains, “*la pina di San Pietro* :” it is now in the garden of the Vatican Palace. There was a story, not probably true, that this pine-cone had been set atop of the campanile of St Peter’s, and had been hurled thence by lightning down to the steps. This, I have little doubt, is the object in which our author is content to see a head-dress of Neptune’s [imaginary] statue, blown from the roof of the Pantheon, over half the width of Rome. He next informs us how the pagan temple, the Pantheon, was converted, in or about 609, into the Christian Church of Santa



Maria Rotonda, at the prayer of Pope Boniface (the fourth) to “the emperoure Julius, that was forsope A wele goode man”—in reality, the Emperor Phocas, whom history indicates to have been a most fearful ruffian. The Christian consecration of the building is assigned in the poem to the 1st November, All Saints’ day, and the church is stated to have been dedicated to St Mary and all Saints: Francino names the 12th May instead.

Line 810 to 817. “Seynt Mary Transpedian” can only, I conceive, be *the Church of Santa Maria Traspontina*: I am unable to account for the corruption of the name. The church used to stand near the Castle of Sant’ Angelo; but that earlier building was destroyed by Pius IV. (1559-66) with a view to the fortification of the Castle, and he gave orders for constructing another in the Borgo Nuovo, near the Via Sestina, preserving the old indulgences, &c. Francino does not confirm our poet as to the two stone pillars to which Sts Peter and Paul were bound; but he mentions as in this church a figure of the Crucified Saviour reputed to have appeared to those saints while under flagellation.

Line 818 to 821. *The Hospital of Santo Spirito*, near St Peter’s, in connection with the Church of Santo Spirito in Sassia, is the chief hospital in Rome. It is spoken of as almost a town in itself, and is so richly endowed as to pass by the name of “Il Primo Signore di Roma:” it now receives nearly 13,500 patients in a year. The church was originally built by Innocent III. (1198 to 1216), but a new building was erected towards the end of the 16th century.

Line 822 to 825. “Seynt Iamys upon the flome” is probably *the Church of Sant’ Jacopo Scossacavallo* (jog-horse), in the Trastevere: there are in Rome at least two other churches dedicated to St James. The building was erected on the spot where are said to have died the horses which were transporting to St Peter’s, by command of the Empress Helena, the stone whereon Christ was presented for circumcision, and the one upon which Isaac was to have been sacrificed: relies which no efforts availed to move from this spot, and for whose guardianship the church was therefore founded.

Line 826 to 831. *The Church of Santa Maria in Trastevere*,

or *ad Fontes Olei* (also called, in some early documents, simply "Fons Olei") is stated to have been the first church erected in Rome to the Virgin Mary. It is said that on the night of Christ's nativity, a great well of oil (two wells in our text) sprang up on this spot, and continued all next day running down to the Tiber: hence the name given to the church, which was founded by Pope St Calixtus I. in or about 224, and often afterwards altered; the present building belongs almost wholly to the time of Innocent II., 1139, with modifications by Nicholas V. (1447-55). The site is the same as that of the ancient Taberna Meritoria, or hospital for old soldiers. The seven years' indulgence named in the text is not specified by Francino; but 25,000 years' indulgence, with plenary remission, on the feast and octave of the Assumption. Our poet seems to state that the miraculous oil still runs, either permanently or every Christmas night: I do not find this confirmed.

Lines 832, 3. *The Church of St Cecilia*, at the end of the Trastevere, near the Quay of Ripa Grande, was built on the site of the saint's own house, in 230; re-built by Pope Paschal I. in 821, and dedicated to God, and Sts Mary, Peter, Paul, and Cecilia; and altered to its present form in 1599 and 1725. In the former of these years, 1599, the body of the saint was found on the spot, with a contemporary inscription identifying her: the celebrated statue by Stefano Maderno, now in the church, represents her in the attitude she was discovered lying in. Francino does not name the 100 years' indulgence of the text, but plenary indulgence on St Cecilia's day.

Line 834 to 841. "Seynt Petyr and Poullys preson" is the actual *Oratory of San Pietro in Carcere Tulliano*, at the foot of the Capitol. It is a portion of the ancient Mamertine Prisons, commenced by Ancus Martius, and is consequently one of the very oldest monuments in Rome. Peter and Paul are said to have been imprisoned here by Nero, on which account the building was consecrated as above named by St Sylvester (314-36): over it stands the Church of San Giuseppe de' Falegnami. The 2000 years' indulgence daily figures in Francino as 1200 years' indulgence, and remission of one-third of sins, doubled on feast days. A well is said to have

sprung up on the spot at the prayer of Peter and Paul, to enable them to baptize their converted gaolers, Processus and Martinianus ("Martuman" in our text), whose bodies are still preserved here. However, if we may trust Plutarch—not perhaps a much better authority on such a point than a church legend—this well existed in the time of Jugurtha.

Lines 842, 3. *The Church of Santa Maria Nuova*, near the arch of Titus, was built by Leo IV. (845-55), and restored by Nicholas V. (1447-55).

Line 844 to 847. *The Church of St Alexius* is on the site of the house of that saint, on the Aventine: Francino speaks of certain stairs, then extant, on which the saint, after returning from a pilgrimage, performed penance during 17 years up to his death, unrecognized by his father and the other inmates of the house. The first church on this spot was erected in the 9th century, and dedicated to St Boniface. The 2200 years' daily indulgence diminishes in Francino to 100 years and lents.

Lines 848, 9. "Seynt Cosme and Demiave" is *the Church of Sts Cosmas and Damian*, in the Forum, near the site of, or transmuted from, a Temple of Remus (or perhaps Romulus): the church was dedicated by Felix IV. (526-30), and restored by St Gregory (590-604). In this instance Francino exceeds our text as to the amount of indulgence; naming 1000 years daily, instead of 300.

Line 850 to 863. *The Church of St Eustace* was built by Celestin III. (1191-8). The remains of the patron saint are here, together with those of his wife, Theopista, and his son and daughter, Agapetus and Theopista ("ij. sonnes," as in the text, does not seem to be absolutely accurate). "pe saluator" next mentioned I understand to be an image of Christ in this church: Francino, however, does not specify any such image, but some of the blood and clothes of the Saviour, some thorns from His crown, and some of the wood of His cross. One might suppose the separate Church of San Salvatore to be intended; but that was only built about 1450, and would consequently appear to be too late for the date of our poem, or, at any rate, not likely to be therein mentioned without some intimation of its being a perfectly new building; moreover, I am not aware that



this church contains any such image. Another conjecture might be hazarded :—that all this paragraph about the Salvator has dropped out of its right place, and belongs properly to the Church of Ara Cœli (lines 882-91), in which is a highly venerated image of the Infant Christ, named the “*Santissimo Bambino*,” much bejewelled, and endowed with miraculous curative powers. It is carried about to the sick in an old brown coach, and has a festival of its own from Christmas day to Epiphany. This image is said to have been carved by a pilgrim out of a tree on the Mount of Olives, and to have been painted by St Luke after the pilgrim had dozed off.

Line 864 to 867. Here we revert to a church already named, that of *St Cecilia* (lines 832-3). I do not find any elucidation of the statement that “the Mawdlene” is to be seen in this church.

Line 868 to 873. These lines relate to a chapel near the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, either dedicated to *San Salvatore*, or containing a venerated image of the Saviour. It is not mentioned in my authorities.

Line 874 to 877. Four separate churches : 1st, *St Jerome* (either the one near the Farnese Palace, or the one in the Via di Ripetta, near the Mausoleum of Augustus) ; 2nd, *St Gregory* ; 3rd, *St Ambrose* ; 4th, *St Augustine*. Francino does not confirm our poet in saying that there is 1000 years’ indulgence at each of these churches ; but he speaks of daily plenary indulgence and remission of sins at St Jerome’s near the Farnese Palace,—plenary remission at St Gregory’s on the day and octave of all souls,—great indulgences granted by Clement VII. (1523-34) at St Ambrose’s,—and plenary remission on three several days at St Augustine’s. The Church of St Gregory stands on the Cœlian Hill. It was the paternal house of that pope, and was dedicated by him, as a church, during his pontificate in 591, to St Andrew ; the edifice was re-built in 1734, and is now connected with the head-quarters of the Camaldolese Monks. The Church of St Ambrose is in the Corso, having been built by the Milanese. The Church of St Augustine, in the Via della Scrofa, was entirely renewed in 1483 by Cardinal d’Estouteville, and was again restored in 1740.

Line 878 to 881. *The Church of San Lorenzo in Damaso*



(Murray says, "San Lorenzo e Damaso,"—Sts Lawrence and Damasus), close to the Palace of the Cancelleria, was built by Pope St Damasus in 370, and termed *the Prasinian Basilica*: the building now extant, however, is the work of Bramante, erected in 1495, at the bidding of Cardinal Riario, nephew of Sixtus IV.

Line 882 to 891. "Seynt Mary Rochelle" must be a much corrupted form of the name *Santa Maria di Ara Cœli*, a famous Church on the Capitoline Hill, built on the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Feretrius, and of a palace of Augustus. The present building is probably as old as the 6th century, when the church was dedicated by Gregory the Great, under the title of Sancta Maria in Capitolio. The origin of the term "Ara Cœli" has been much debated. The popular account is that an altar was erected on this spot by Augustus, to commemorate the prophecy of the Cumæan Sibyl concerning the advent of Christ—which altar was inscribed "Ara Primogeniti Dei." Another, and more matter-of-fact, account is that the church was termed in the middle ages Sancta Maria in Aurocœlio. The "many greses" are 124 (or probably, in our author's time, 121) marble steps leading to the church, made out of the ruins of the Temple of Quirinus on the Quirinal Hill: this staircase was constructed in 1348. Francino does not mention the 2000 years' indulgence; but speaks of plenary remission on the festival of the Circumcision, and infinite other indulgences and privileges, especially on New-Year's day. The image of the Virgin painted by St Luke represents her as she stood at the foot of the cross. The Friars Minor are still in the adjoining convent, which is the head-quarters of the order of Reformed Franciscans, or Grey Friars.

Line 892 to 895. "Seynt Mary Merle" would appear to be another verbal corruption, meaning *the Church of Santa Maria de Miracoli*, so named from the many miracles here wrought: it stands by the wall of the Porta del Popolo, and, in its present form, is a modern building, of the reign of Alexander VII. (1655-67). The 1000 years' indulgence is modified in Francino into plenary indulgence and remission of sins.

Line 896 to 906. *The Church of St Andrew* here referred to is probably the parish church dedicated to that saint, between the

Porta del Popolo and the Capitol, connected with the Company of Clothiers named "di Sant' Uomo-bono:" there are at least four other churches of this saint in Rome. The graces accorded to persons here buried, and otherwise, are not elucidated by Francino.

Line 907 to 914. Our poet has now vamped his holy wares, as far as his opportunities allow; and can only add that any quantity more of them remain behind,

"And that I shalle *with* alle my myght  
There-off wryte boþe day & nyght."

A formidable promise for any commentator: but, as it remains unfulfilled so far as our text is concerned, I can here conclude my imperfect illustrations of "the Stacyons of Rome."

W. M. ROSSETTI.

*St Pernelle.* See her Life in the Vernon MS. (Bodleian Library), fol. 31 vs β.

*St Agas;* in the same MS., fol. 12 vs β. 'Seint Agace, that gode maide, in Cisyle was ibore.'

# The Twelbe Letters that shall save Merry England.

[*Lambeth MS. No. 306, fol. 134.*]

<sup>1</sup> ERLY in a someristide  
y sawe in london, as y wente,  
A gentilwoman of chepe-side

A lady in  
Cheapside

4 workinge on a vestment.

She sette xij lettrs on a Rowe,  
And saide, if yat y myght it vnderstond,  
Thorough þe grace of god, ye schule it knowe,

told me that 12  
letters

8 This lettres xij schalle save mery Englund.

should save  
Merry England.

A litil while yf ye wille duelle,  
And yeve avdenes vnto me,  
what lettres they be y shall you telle,

I'll tell you what  
they were,

12 they were drawe oute of þe . A. b. c.

They were nether A. b. nor C.,  
Of any clarke y take wittnes,  
Hit was R. w. And ij ees

R[5]. W. E. E.  
F. M. Y. S.,

16 F. M. 3.<sup>1</sup> and S.

[1 3=y.]

Than stode y stille a litile sesone,  
And constred this lettres or y wente thens,  
And Expoundide theim after myn owne wesdone

and they meant,

20 After the forme of Experience.

<sup>1</sup> There is a space left for a large E, but only a little e is written, as a guide to the capital-maker.

- Three Richards,  
and one Edward.
- iiij ares for iiij Richardes þat bene of noble fames ;  
A E. for Edward, men wote it is soo,  
This ben the lettrs of the iiij lordes names  
24 The whiche alle Englonde is myche bounden too.
- Richard, Duke of  
York ;
- A. 3. for yorke that was manely & myghtfulle,  
The whiche Grewe be þe grace of god & grete  
reuelacion,  
Raynyng with Rewles<sup>1</sup> resenable and Rightfulle,  
28 The whiche for oure sake hathe sufferde grete  
vex[a]cion.
- [Fol. 134 b.]
- Edward, Earl of  
March ;  
[Edward IV.]
- An .M. for marche, treue in eueri titelle & trialle,  
Growinge be eistricion, that worthi and wis is,  
Concayued in wedlocke, & comen of blode rialle,  
32 Ioyning vnto vertu, devode of vices.
- Richard, Earl of  
Salisbury ;
- An S. for Salisbery, without any avision,  
Riall in his reynyng, and riche in his Rente,  
Brynging a man to a good concludion,  
36 Called for his wisdome patris Sapiente.
- and Richard, Earl  
of Warwick.
- A Doble W. for warwike, þat god be his gide,  
Who is called with þe comens their childe & per  
deffence,  
The boldest vnder baner batelle to a-bide,  
40 for þe righte of Englonde he dothe his deligence.
- The Fetterlock  
(badge of Edward  
IV.),
- An F. for þe feterlock þat is of grete substance,  
That hathe amendide many maters þorow his  
mediacion ;  
In yrlonde & in walles, in englonde and in fraunce,  
44 He Reynyed with Rewelis of Rialle Repetacion.
- the White Rose,  
(badge of the  
house of York).
- An R. for the Rose þat is frische and wol nat fade,  
Bothe þe rote & the stalke þat is of grete honoure,  
from normandie vnto norway þe leues do springe,  
48 from irlonde vnto Estlonde me reioise þat floure.

<sup>1</sup> A long f with a stroke through it stands here.



An E. for þe egile þat grete worship hath wone      the Eagle  
Thorowe þe spredinge of his wengis þat neuer      (badge of the Earl  
                 begane to flee,      of Salisbury),

There was neuer birde brede vnder þe stone

52 More fortunable in a felde þan þat birde hath be.

An R. for þe Raged staf<sup>1</sup> þat no man may a-skape, and the Ragged  
from scotlonde to Calles þerof they stonde in awe, Staff (badge of the  
he is a stafe of stedfastnes bothe erly & latte Earl of Warwick).

56 To Chastes siche kaytifis as don ayenst þe lawe.

Nowe haue y declared you this lettrs all xij  
 Accordyng to their condisciones whereuer þei ride  
 or goo[n] ;

nowe thei be declared eche lorde be him self,

60 Their entent and purpos groundeth all in oon,

That is, for to distroy tresson, & to mak a treue trialle to destroy treason,

Of theym that be-fawte & hurte vs all fulle sore,

And for þe welfare of Edward Rex moste rialle, for King  
Edward's weal.

64 That is þe verie purpos that we labure fore.

And nowe, my frendes in eueri cost,

The grace and goodnes of þe holigost

Kepe you in sted[fa]ste charite,

68 And after this life bryng you & me

vnto euer-lasting Ioie ; amen for charit[e] !

The Holy Ghost  
keep you in Love,  
and bring you to  
everlasting Joy!

EXPLICIT.

(Warwik)  
<sup>1</sup> The Bere is bound that was so wild  
 Ffor he hath lost his *ragged staffe*.

Cotton Rolls ii. 23, in Wright's Pol. Songs, v. ii. p. 222.

[The poem on Women follows, which is printed in The Wright's Chaste Wife.]

## Edwardus Dei Gratia.

[Fol. 136.]

Edward, chosen  
knight of God,

honour Him !

<sup>1</sup> A A A Edwardus Dai gracia,  
A Sithe god hathe chose þe to be his knyzt,  
And posseside þe in thi right,  
4 Thoue hime honour *with* al thi myght,  
Edwardes Dai gracia.

[<sup>1</sup> MS. *ladeday*]

He has made thee  
England's head,

Oute of þe stoke þat longe lay dede <sup>1</sup>  
God hathe causede the to sprynge & sprede,  
8 And of al Englonde to be the hede,  
Edwardes Dei gracia.

White Rose of  
York !

Sithe god hathe yeuen the, thorough his myzte,  
Owte of that stoke birede in sight  
12 The floure to springe, a Rosse so white,  
Edwardes Dai gracia,

Give praise to  
Him, then, virgin  
Knight !

Thoue yeve hem lawde and praisinge,  
Thove vergyne knight of whom we syng,  
16 Vn-Deffiled sithe thy begynnyng,  
Edwardes Dai gracia.

Forward, and  
exalt thy crown !

God save thy contenewaunce,  
And so to prospede to his plesance  
20 That euer thyne Astate thou mowte enhaunce !  
Edwardes Dai gracia.

France is thine ;  
and so is Spain.

Rex Anglie & francia, y say,  
Hit is thine owne, why saist þou nay ?  
24 And so is spayne, þat faire contrey,  
Edwardis Dai gracia.

<sup>1</sup> The big initial is wanting, as in the last poem.

Fy on slowtfulle contenewaunce  
 Where conquest is a noble plesance,  
 28 And Regesterd in olde remembrance,  
       Edwardes Day Gracia.

Fie on Sloth ;  
 delight in War !

Wherefor, prince And kyng moste myȝti,  
 Remembere þe subdeue of þi Regaly,  
 32 Of Englonde, frawnce, & spayn trewely,  
       Edwardes Dai gracia.

Remember to  
 subdue thy  
 realm,

Edward, King !

EXPLICIT.

## THE RECEYVYNG OF KYNG EDWARD THE IIIJ<sup>TH</sup> AT BRYSTOWE.

[MS. Lambeth 306, fol. 132. The heavy letters mark the red of the MS.]

First atte the comyng ynne atte temple gate there stode  
 Wylliam conquerour with iij lordis, and these were his wordis

Welle-come, Edwarde, oure son of high degre !

Many yeeris hast þou lakkyd owte of this londe :

I am thy fore fader, Wylliam of normandye,

To see thy weelfare here thugh goddys sonde.

Over the same gate stondyng a greet Gyaunt delyueryng the  
 keyes.

The Receyuyng atte temple Crosse next folowyng.

There was seynt George on horsbakke vppone a tent fyghtyng  
 with a dragon, And þe kyng & þe quene on hygh in a castelle,  
 And his doughter benethe with a lambe. And atte the sleying of  
 the dragon ther was a greet melody of aungellys.

## For Iake Napes Sowle, Placebo and Dirige.

HERE FOLOWYTHE A DYRGE MADE BY THE COMONS  
OF KENT IN THE TYME OF THER RYSYNGE  
WHEN JAKE CADE WAS THEYR CAPPITAYN.

[MS. Lambeth 306, fol. 51.]

In May, Jack  
Napes (the Duke  
of Suffolk) would  
go to sea.

In the moneth of may whan gres growes grene,  
fragrans <sup>1</sup> in there floures with <sup>2</sup> A swet savor,  
Iake napis in <sup>3</sup> the see A maryner for to bene,  
4 with his clogge and his cheyne, to sell <sup>4</sup> more  
tresour.

He was caught  
and beheaded.  
Sing his dirge!

suche A thyng <sup>5</sup> prykkyd hym, he axid A con-  
fessour :  
nycolas of the towre seyde "I am redy here to se ;"  
he was holde <sup>6</sup> so hard, he passyd the same howre ;  
8 for Iake napes sowle, placebo and dirige.

Pray for him all  
bishops and  
clergy.

who shall execute <sup>7</sup> ye fest of solempnite ?  
bysshoppis and lords, as gret reson is,  
Monkes, chanons, and prestis, <sup>8</sup> with all ye clergy,  
12 prayeth for <sup>9</sup> hym that he may com to blys,

Blessed be his  
killers.

And that nevar such Anothar come aftir this !  
his interfectures, <sup>10</sup> blessid mot they be,  
and graunt <sup>11</sup> them to reygne with aungellis !  
16 for Iake napys sowle placebo & dirige.

<sup>1</sup> MS. Cott. Vesp. B. xvi. *Flagrant*    <sup>2</sup> *Withowte*    <sup>3</sup> *wold ouer*  
<sup>4</sup> *seke*    <sup>5</sup> *payn*    <sup>6</sup> *so | that he ne*    <sup>7</sup> *his exequies | With a*  
<sup>8</sup> *& other*    <sup>9</sup> *this Dukes soule | pat it might*  
<sup>10</sup> *interfectours,*    <sup>11</sup> *them for ther dede*



“placebo,” begynneth the bishop of <sup>1</sup> hereforthe ;      These sing :  
“dilexi,” quod ye bisshop of chester, “for my      The Bishops of  
Avaunser ;”<sup>2</sup>      Hereford,  
   Chester,

“hew michi,” seyde salysbery, “this game gothe salisbury,  
ferforthe ;<sup>3</sup>

20 “Ad dominum cum tribularer,” seyth ye abbot of <sup>the Abbot of</sup> glocester. Gloucester,

“dominus custodit,” thus seyþ ye bisshope<sup>4</sup> of Bishop of  
Rochester,  
Rouchestre.

“leuauī oculos meos,” seyþ frere stanbery, Friar Stanbery,  
[“volauī.”<sup>5</sup>]

“Si iniquitates,” seyth ye bysshope of worcestre ; Bishop of  
Worcester,  
24 for Iake naps sowle, “de profundis clamavi.”

“Opera manium tuarum,” seyth ye cardinall the Cardinal,  
wysely,

“hath wronge,<sup>6</sup> confitebor,” for all Iake naps  
wisdome,<sup>7</sup>

“Audiui vocem,” seyð Ihesu crist<sup>s</sup> on hye. and Jesus Christ.

28    9    “Magnificat anima mea Dominum.”

Now to this dyryge most we nedys<sup>10</sup> come  
 this Ioyfull<sup>11</sup> tyme, to say brevely,<sup>12</sup>  
 ix<sup>13</sup> spalmes (*sic*), ix<sup>13</sup> lessons, to sey all & sum<sup>14</sup>

Let us all come  
 joyfully, and sing  
 Jack Napes's  
 dirge.

32 for Iake napys sowlle, placebo & dirige.

<p>Executor of this office, dirge for to synge,  shall begynne ye bisshope of seynt as.  “ varba mea Auribus,” seythe the abbot of</p>	<p>These shall join :  The Bishop of  St Asaph,  the Abbot of  Reading.</p>
--	---

Redynge,

36 for all our hope and Ioy is come to Allas.

<sup>1</sup> Herford

<sup>2</sup> Dilexi, for myn auauncement | saith pe bisshop of Chestre

<sup>3</sup> to ferre forth;      <sup>4</sup> Abbot      <sup>5</sup> *volavi* is from MS. Cott.

<sup>6</sup> that brought forth.      <sup>7</sup> this Napes reason.

<sup>8</sup>songe Allemyghtty god <sup>9</sup>MS. Cott. prefixes 'And þerfore synge we'

<sup>10</sup> gon &      <sup>11</sup> pascalle      <sup>12</sup> veryli.      <sup>13</sup> Thre

<sup>14</sup> pat alle is and somme.

[Fol. 2.]

The Abbots of St  
Albans and the  
Tower Hill,

“Convertere<sup>1</sup> *domine*,” for vs wantyth<sup>2</sup> grace,  
thow<sup>3</sup> abbot of seynt albonys, full sorely synge  
ye :<sup>4</sup>

The abbot of the towre hyll, with his fate face,  
40 tremelyth and quakythe, for “*domine*, ne in  
furore.”

Walter Lyard,  
(Bishop of  
Norwich,)  
the Abbess of St  
Aldburgh,

Master watyr lyard schall sey<sup>5</sup> “*nequando*.”  
the abbes of seynt alborghe,<sup>6</sup> “*domine*, *deus meus*,  
*in te speraui* ;”

and the Bishop of  
St David’s,

“*Requiem eternam*, god graunte hem to,<sup>7</sup>  
44 to sey<sup>8</sup> A patar nostar,” [saip<sup>9</sup>] the bysshop of  
seynt davi.

[Fol. 52.]

say a dirge for  
Adam Molens,  
Suffolk, and Sir  
R. Ros.

For the sowles of thes wyse and wurthy,<sup>10</sup>  
Adam Molens, suffolke, sir Robert Ros, thes  
thre ;

And specyally for Iake napis sowlle yat evar  
was sly,<sup>11</sup>

48 for his sowle, placebo & dirige.

Sing, too, some-  
what, Lord Say,

“Rys vp, lord say, and rede “*parce mihi*  
*domine*,

*Nichil enim sunt dies mei*,” that shalt thou  
singe ;

the Bishop of  
Carlisle.

the bysshope of carlyyll seyth “*credo videre*<sup>12</sup>  
52 all<sup>13</sup> fals traytors to come to evyll<sup>14</sup> endynge.”

Dwelle thou shalt<sup>15</sup> withe grete mornynge,  
Rede “*tedet animam meam vite mee* ;”

<sup>1</sup> MS. Cott. is read by Mr Wright, *Committere*      <sup>2</sup> yet graunte vs

<sup>3</sup> Saip      <sup>4</sup> MS. Cott. omits *synge ye*.      <sup>5</sup> synge

<sup>6</sup> Abbot of Westmynstre.      <sup>7</sup> them alle in to come to.      <sup>8</sup> *perto*

<sup>9</sup> From MS. Cott.      <sup>10</sup> mighty.      <sup>11</sup> wyly.

<sup>12</sup> *syngis* Credo ful sore.      <sup>13</sup> To suyche      <sup>14</sup> foule

<sup>15</sup> The baron of Dudley

"Manus tue," danyell, thou shalt synge<sup>1</sup>

56 For Iake napis sowle, placebo & dirige.<sup>2</sup>

"Qui lazarus resussitasti," Treuilyan shall Trevilian,  
singe ;

Hungerford, "manus tue fecerunt me ;  
vby me abscondam for dred this day?"

Hungerford,

60 Iohn say, synge "*dominus* regit me."

John Say,

"Nichyll *mihi* deerit," for owt yat I can se ;

"ad te *domine* levavi," Master somerset schall Somerset,  
rede :

Iohn penycoke, "delycta Iuventutis mee,"

John Penycoke,

64 Allas, whythar may I fle for dred ?"

"*Dominus*, illuminacio, help, for now is ned,"

seyth mayster wyll say, "I trow it wyll not be:"

"credo videre," sir thomas stanle, take hede ;

Sir Thomas  
Stanley,

68 for Iake napis sowle, placebo & dirige.

<sup>1</sup> Who but Danyel, qui lasarus shal synge

<sup>2</sup> The Cotton MS. ends shortly thus :

Iohn Say redeth, "Manus tue fecerunt me."  
"Libera me," syngeth Trevilian | warre the rere.  
That thei do no more so. Requiescant in pace.  
Thus prayes alle Englund | ferre & nerre.

Where is Somerset, whi aperes he not here  
to synge | Dies ire & miserie.  
God graunte Englund. alle in fere.  
for thes traitours. to synge Placebo & Dirige.

Meny mo *per* be behynde. þe sothe for to telle.  
þat shall messes | oppon thes do synge.  
I pray som man | do ryng the belle.  
þat þese forsaiden. may come to þe sacrynge.

And þat in brief tyme. without more tarienge.  
þat þis messe may be ended | in suych degre.  
And þat alle Englund. ioyfull may synge.  
þe commendacione. with Placebo & Dirige.

Thomas Kent, "In memoria eterna," seyth Mayster Thomas Kent,  
 "now schall owre treson be cornicled for evar ;"  
 Master Gerveyse, "patar nostar," seyð mayster Gerveyse, "we be  
 all shent,

72 for so fals A company in englond was nevar."

the Abbot of Bermundsey, The abbot of barmundsey, full of lechery,  
 "Quantas habeo iniquitatys," take for thy lesson ;  
 Gabull (?) of the Chancery, Gabull of the chancery begynyth "heu mihi !"  
 76 that is his preve bande, and detent of treson.

the Master of St Lawrence, "Homo natus de muliere," seyth ye Mayster of  
 sent lawrence,  
 "repletus multis miseriis," and yat shall be wayll  
 of Iake napes sort that hath don gret offence,  
 80 and ever whill be lyvyd, cheffe of his counceyll.

[Fol. 52 back.]  
 Stephen Shegge, "Ne recorderys," stephen shegge shall synge,  
 "quis mihi tribuat for wichecraft," seythe stace ;  
 "Domine non secundum actum meum, for then  
 shall I hynges ;"  
 84 for Iake napys sowle placebo & dirige.

Sir Thomas Hoo, "Expectans expectaui," seyth sir thomas hoo,  
 John Hampton, "complaceat tibi," begynneth Iohn Hampton ;  
 "beatus qui intelligit, and dredit also,"  
 John Fortescue, 88 seyth Iohn fortescu, "all this fals treson."

Lord Sudeley, "sana, domine, oure wittes with reson,"  
 the lorde sudeley devoutly prayth,  
 "quem ad modum," desiderat ye lord stowrton  
 92 "sitiuit anima mea," for him lyeth.

Lord Rivers, The lord ryvers all onely seythe,  
 "Requiem eternam god grawnt us to se ;  
 A pater nostar ther must be in feyth,  
 96 for Iake napis sowle, placebo & dirige."



“spiritus meus attenuabytur,” blakney shall Blakeney,  
begyn,

“pecantem me cotidie,” seyth myners ;

“pelle me consumptus carnibus to the nynne,”

100 Robart horne, alderman, that shall be thy vers. Alderman Horne,

“Requiem eternam,” for the respons,

Phylip Malpas, be thow redy to synge ; Philip Malpas,

It wexyth derke, thou nedyst A scons ;

104 com forth, Iude, for thou shalt in brynge.”

“Quare de uulua eduxisti,”

ser Thomas tudnam, that rede ye :

Abbot of westmystar, com, stond by Sir Thomas  
Tudnam, the  
Abbot of West-

108 in thy myter & cope, & sey “libera me.” minster,

A-rys vp thorp and cantelow, & stond ye to- Thorp and  
geder, Cantelow,

and synge ‘dies illa, dies ire ;’

pulford and hanley yat drownyd ye duke of Pulford and  
glocestar, Hanley.

112 as two traytors shall synge “ordentes<sup>1</sup> anime.”

And all trew comyns ther to be bolde

to sey ‘requiescant in pace,’

for all the fals traytors yat engelond hath sold,

Let all true  
commons pray  
that all false  
traitors may rest  
in peace.

116 And for Iake naps sowlle, placebo & dirige. finis.

Amen—writn owt of david noreyn his booke by  
Iohn stowe.

<sup>1</sup> MS. ordêtes. ? for *ardentes*.

## Satirical Proclamation.

(*MS. Cott. Vespas. B. XVI. Fol. 5.*)

<p>I am King of all Kings,</p> <p>Steward of Hell, Porter of Paradise,</p> <p>Cousin of Christ,</p> <p>and none is so worthy as I.</p> <p>I wedded the daughter of the Emperor of Babylon.</p> <p>and govern all wicked spirits,</p> <p>and keep the streams of Paradise.</p> <p>I am Constable of Jerusalem and keep Port Jaffa.</p> <p>I have Christ's Cross,</p> <p>and am his Cousin.</p> <p>I was a Christian</p>	<p><b>T</b>O alle you. I sende gretynge. Wot ye þat I am kyng of alle kynges. Lord of alle lordes. Souden of alle Surry. Emperour of Babilon. Steward of Helle. Porter of Paradise. Constable of Ierusalem. Lord of Certoff's, þat is to say. lord of þe parties of þe world. Cosyn to youre crist. þat was nailed on þe rode. And if ye wol witen. whi þat I am kyng of alle kynges I lete you wite þat I haue vnder my lordship of youre cristen kynges xxxvij kynges crowned. And whi þat I am lord of alle lordes. semying to me. þer is none so worthi as I am. And whi I am Emperour of Babilon. I lete you wite. þat I wedded þe Emperourys doughtter. whiche was Erle of Surry. Her fader died, Wherfor I am Erle by her. And whi þat I am Stiward of Helle. I lete you wite I haue alle gouernaunce of wicked mawmentries &amp; wicked spirites. And whi I am Porter of Paradis. I lete you wite. I am keper of þe stremes of Paradis. whiche may no man come to. but he haue my lordship &amp; gef me a gret tribut. And whi þat I am Constable of Ierusalem. I lete you wite. þer may no man come to Port Iaffe but he gef me a gret tribut. And whi þat I am floure of alle þe worle. I may wel sai. I haue þat cristen men prayn fore. þat is, þe holi cros. þat your lord my cosyn died on. whiche ye may not haue without me. And þat I am cristes cosyn. I let you wite. I was cristen made in Englond born. &amp; for certeyn poyntes of lollerdy I</p>
--	--

myȝt abide *per.* & so I wende to Rome & after to Rodes.  
 & *per* I was with Sarasens & turne to her lawe or be  
 ded. And for my *curtesie* I was put to þe Soudenys  
 house & was made vssher of halle. & þen died þe  
 Souden & his heire, And I wedded his wiff. & so I  
 was souden. & þen died my wiff. and I wedded þe  
 Emperourys doughtter. & was Emperour bi here. &  
 bycome Souden of Surry. but I sende gretying to  
 Henry kynge of England, þe frenshe womman sone. &  
 so he þat he wol wed my doughter. I wel becom  
 cristen, & alle my meyne. And wol gef hym iij Milions  
 of gold. And delyuere hym þe holy cros with al þe  
 Reliques in my kepyng. And I shal make hym  
 Emperour of xxxvij kynges cristen. þat is, Anglond.  
 Fraunce. Irland. Scotland. Denmark. norwey. portu-  
 gale. Cicile. Sipres. Spayn. Swhen. Castel. Orsorial-  
 beme. hungry. Magon. Naples. Cschresy. And to stonde  
 with hym agaynst alle Cristen kynges. Writen in þe  
 yere of youre gret god my cosyn. MCCCCxvj yere.

but turned  
Saracen,

married the  
Souden's widow,  
and then the  
Emperor's  
daughter.

If Henry of  
England will wed  
my daughter, I  
will give him  
£3,000,000, and the  
Holy Cross,

and make him  
Emperor of 37  
Christian Kings.

Dated A.D. 1416.

[Mr James Gairdner, of the Record Office, tells me that 'Henry kynge of England, þe frensh womman son,' can only mean Henry VI., born in 1421, son of Catherine, daughter of Charles VI. of France. Henry's marriage with Margaret of Anjou, suggested by the Earl of Suffolk in 1444, took place in 1445. Mr Gairdner therefore thinks the date of 1416 (the third of Henry V.) a mistake of the copier of the MS. In this Mr G. E. Adams agrees, and would fix the date at 1436, believing that "þe frensh womman son" would not have been used after her death, in 1438. But the difficulty is to settle what the Proclamation is intended to satirize. The possession of Jerusalem, Joppa, the Holy Rood, &c., the being Souden of Surre or Syria, and the like, point to the Sultan. The Porter of Paradise, the Cousin of Christ, the opposition to Lollardy, might have been thought to hint at the Pope, if the marriages (unless allegorical ones are alluded to) did not prevent that. Professor Brewer suggests Antichrist, that is, the representative of the Antichristian powers. The allusion to Lollardy may point to Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham's rising, for which he was executed Dec. 25, 1417. "Curiously enough, Henry III. was also King of England for some time during the lifetime of his mother, a

French woman ; but of course the text could not apply to so early a date, besides that the taking away from the date is a greater sin than adding thereunto. I am inclined to think the whole thing a satire by the party of Cardinal Beaufort on the poverty of, and want of any real power in, René, Duke of Anjou, titular King of Jerusalem, Sicily, Naples, Aragon, Valence, &c., &c., who had succeeded his brother Louis in all these and many other high-sounding titles in 1434, and was probably at that time displaying them to the utmost advantage in hopes of getting something more solid by so doing—which came to pass in 1444 and 1445 by the betrothal and subsequent marriage of his daughter Margaret with King Henry. Jerusalem, &c., were considered by René as belonging to him. Remember, too, this was *before* the conquest of the Eastern Empire in 1453.<sup>1</sup> Of course René's marriages do not apply. He married twice, but his first wife did not die till 1453. I have not time to go into the subject fully. Other points ought to be looked into—viz., Henry vj. was, in his 23rd year, wished by the Duke of Gloucester to marry a daughter of the Count of Armagnac. Who was he? Could he be meant? I do not think so, because at that time Catherine was dead, and probably Henry would not be spoken of as the son of the Frenchwoman, it being usual for English kings to marry French princesses, and every king (excepting Edward III.) having done so from John downwards, though some had English wives as well. In 1425 John Palæologus II. was Emperor of the East, till 1448. What sort of man was he? He had probably many titles and (titular) kingdoms, and little else. I have not time to pursue him, liking René better.”—G. E. A.]

<sup>1</sup> Constantinople was taken 29th May, 1453, by Mahomet II., and Constantine XIII. (Palæologus) slain, with whom ended the Eastern Empire.—*Haydn's Dict. of Dates.*





What avail thy  
bosses?

The Lamb has

vanquished Satan.

The Goose may  
cackle, the Horse  
may prance,

but for the com-  
mon profit they  
are

nothing like the  
Lamb.

[Fol. 142 b.]

Wool is England's  
greatest wealth  
(excepting corn),

and none better is  
in the world.

From Sheep come  
fur and skins,

enriching men—

furs black and  
white,

garments and  
gloves against  
the cold,

- 24 Cast of thysadyll of golde so Fresche shynnyng; what may thy bossis or brydylle nowe A-vayle? thy goostely lambe hathe Doone A grete batayle; By hys mekenes he offyrde vpe for man,
- 28 Clade in pure purpylle, venquesshed hape sathan.

The goose may calke, the horse may pryk and prounce,

Nowe-there of hem prowessse may atteyne for to be put or sett In Remembraunce

- 32 Agayne the lambe, thowe they per-at haue disdeyne:

To the comyn prophete he passithe boothe tweyne;

weyede and consydyrde by-twene [pore &] Ryche, To hym In valewe they be no-thing lyche.

- 36 Of brutus Albyon, his wole is cheffe Richesse, In preesse surmountyng eny othyr thyng Save greyne of corne; merchaunttis alle expresse wole is cheffe Ryches in this lande growynge,
- 40 to ryche and to poore this beste fyndythe clothyng;

Alle Nacioons Aferme hit vp to the Fulle, In alle this worlde is there no better wole.

- Off shepe also comythe pelt and eke Felle,
- 44 Gadyrd in this londe for A grete merchaundyse, Caryed ouer the see where men may hit selle; the wole skynnes cawesythe men to Ryse to grete Rychese in many sonedry wyse;
- 48 the shepe also turnyng to grete prophyte, to helpe of man berythe furies blake and whyte.

There is also made of the shepys skyn Pylchis and glovys to dryve A-waye the colde;

- 52 there is also made goode parchemyne  
 to wryte on bokis and qwayers many folde.  
 the Ram of golches bare A flesse of golde ;  
 the Flees of Edome <sup>1</sup> with dewe delectable  
 56 was of marya A fygure fulle notabulle.

and parchment to  
 write books on.

[1 gedeon]

- His Flesche also is naturalle Resturacion ;  
 As sum men sayne, afftyr grete sykenes,  
 Rosted or sodone, holsum is motune ;  
 60 Boylyd with growelle foysune,<sup>2</sup> alle expresse,  
 Fulle Nutr[it]yffe aftyr A grete Axcesse ;  
 Of his nature lovythe Reste and pees,  
 the shepe also concludythe douteles.

Mutton is also  
 wholesome after  
 sickness,

and its broth after  
 great illness.  
 [2 phisiciens]

- 64 Of the shepe is cast A-way no thyng :  
 his horne for nokkys, to Asshis<sup>3</sup> goothe his boone ;  
 to lordis<sup>4</sup> grete prophete doth his tyrde lynge ;  
 his talowe also servythe for plastyrs mo than  
 one :

No part of the  
 Sheep is lost ;  
 neither horns,  
 bones, dung,  
 [3 haftes]  
 [4 londe]

fat,

- 68 for harpe stryngis his Ropys seruythe lchoone ;  
 of whose hede boyled, hole wole and alle,  
 There coomythe A Iely, An oynment fulle Ryalle ;

guts,  
 nor head, which,  
 boiled, makes a  
 salve

- For ache of bonys and also for brusure  
 72 hit Remedythe and dothe ease blyve,  
 Causithe men sterke pynttis<sup>5</sup> to Recure,  
 Dede senewys Agayne Restorythe to lyffe.  
 Blake shepys wole with Fresche oyle & olyve,  
 76 these men of Army's with charmys preev hit goode,  
 At A strayte neede they can wele stanche bloode.

[Fol. 143.]  
 that cures aches,  
 and

[5 Joyntes]

restores dead  
 sinews to life.  
 Black Sheep's  
 wool  
 stanches blood.

- Vnto the wolffe contrarye of nature,  
 As seyne Auctours, is this ounbbylle best  
 80 that love[th] ne debate, for with eche creature  
 for his party he woulde lyve in Reste ;  
 " Where-for, yee Iugis, I holde hit for the best

The Sheep, too,  
 loveth Peace ;

wherefore, ye  
 Judges,

since Peace is  
better than War,

84      Rem publicam yee shoulde of Ryght profer,  
Alle wey consydering that pees is better than  
wer.

[<sup>1</sup> preferre]

give the Sheep  
the prize,

and stop all war.

88      “In this mater, brevely to conclude,  
pees to profyr,<sup>1</sup> as to my Devyce,  
By many olde *prevyde* symelytuede,  
Makythe no delaye, yevythe to þe shepe þe pris  
of one Assent : sitthe at yee be wyse,  
lett alle werr and stryffe be sett A-syde,  
And vppon pees dothe *with* the shepe Abyde.”

“No,” says the  
Horse, “the

Sheep is the cause  
of war.

For his wool the  
Duke of Burgundy

92      “Nay,” quode the horse, “youre Request is  
wronge ;  
Alle thyng consydyrd, me were lothe to Err ;  
the shepe is cause, and hathe beene longe,  
of newe stryvys and of mortalle werre ;  
96      the Syrcumstaunce me lyst nat to defer :  
thy wole was cause of grete occasione  
why that the prowde Dewke of Burgoyne

attacked Calais ;

100      “Came to-fore Calys *with* flemyngis nat A fewe,  
whiche gave the sakkis & sarpelers of that towne  
[To gaunt & bruges his fredom for to shewe,  
of thy wolles hyghte [he] hem pocessione.  
his boysteous bastylle was fyrst bett A-downe,  
104      hym selffe onnethe scaped *with* the lyffe :  
What but thy wollis was cause of þat stryfe ?

[Fol. 143, back.]

and where wool  
is plenty, there  
reckless men  
gather to plunder.

108      “Where Richesse is of wollis or such goode,  
Men drawe thyddyr that been Recheles,  
As sowedeurs that brayneles been, and wode,  
to gete hem Bagage, put hem sylffe in prees.  
thowe causyst war, and sayest þou louest peas,  
And yf there were no war nor batayle,  
112      lytlylle or nought grete horssis woulde Avayle.”

Without war, too,  
great Horses  
would be no  
good.”



“No,” quod the goose, “nor the fethurs whyte  
*withowtyn* werr shoulde do noone Avauntage,  
 nor hokyld Arowy[s] prophytt but a lyghte  
 116 to meteoure Enemyes, magre theyre vysage,  
 And ofoure Enemyes to save us from damage;  
 Flyghte of my fedurs, dispyte of shepe Ichone,  
 Shalle us defende Agayneoure mortalle foone.”

‘Nor white  
 feathers,” says  
 the Goose,

“nor arrows,

which, despite of  
 Sheep, shall save  
 us from our foes.”

120 “Sothe,” quode the horse, “as in myn Inwarde  
 syght,

*with-owtyn* werr, aforne as I yowe tolde,  
 wee may nat saue and kepe our Right,  
 Oure garnesoins,<sup>1</sup> neoure castellis olde.

“Without war,”  
 says the Horse,  
 “we cannot keep  
 our rights,  
 [1 ? *garnesons*.]

124 But here this shepe, Rukkyng in his folde,  
 Sett lytylle stoore of swerde ne of Arowys keene  
 Whan he *with* peas may pastur on the grene;

but for these the  
 Sheep cares not,  
 if he can feed on  
 the green.

“So yff hit stode that no wer ware,  
 128 loste were the craffte of Armorerres.  
 what shoulde Avayle swyrde, palox, or spere,  
 Or dagars wrought by the cutlers,  
 Bowes, crosebowys, Arowys, or fethers?  
 132 Alle these Insturmenttis for the werres wrought,  
 yff wer shoulde stynte, shoulde serue of nought!

The Armourers’  
 craft would also  
 be gone,

daggers, bows,

and crossbows;

In theyre ocupacion they shoulde have no cres,  
 knyghthode shoulde nat floure in his estate;  
 136 In every cuntrey, yf that there were pease,  
 No man of Armys shoulde be fortunate.  
 I preve that pease is grounde of alle debate,  
 For of fyve spokys, lyke as on A whele,  
 140 Turnythe alle the worlde, who can consydyr wele.

Knighthood  
 would not  
 flourish, and no

man of Arms gain  
 fortune.

Synne fyrst Atypyas<sup>2</sup> whiche causithe Richesse,  
 And Riches is horygynalle of pryde,  
 Pryde causithe, for lak of Ryghtwysnes,

[Fol. 144.]  
 [2 Begynne first  
 at pees]

Further, riches  
 are the cause of  
 Pride,

- Pride causes wars,  
  
wars produce  
poverty,
- 144 Warre by-twene Reamys one euery syde ;  
hartis contrarye in peas cannat Abyde.  
thus, fynally, ho can consydyr and see,  
werre is cheffe cause and grounde of pouerte.
- and when men  
have lost their  
treasure,
- 148 " Pouerte be werre hathe brought by dycensyon,  
for lak of tresoure thowe he can no moore,  
Save oonely this, he cryethe affter peasse,  
And compleynnythe vppon þe werres sore.
- then they cry out  
for Peace."
- 152 he seyethe ' by werre he hathe godis lorne,  
Can no Recouer, but gruchen and disdeyne ;  
Seythe that he woulde haue peas Agayne. "
- " Is the Horse  
mad," says the  
Sheep, " to say  
that Wool does  
no good ?
- 156 " Here is A Ientylle Reson of An horse !  
I trowe he be falle in Dotage  
Whiche of madenes by wolles sett no forsse !  
falsly Afermyng Dothe noone Avauntage,  
Vertues plente may do no damage.
- 160 A shepe berythe his frysse, I tolde so whan I  
began,  
Nat for hym-selffe, but for the prophyte of man.
- The Sheep causes  
no wars.
- 164 " Dyuers comedytees that comyn of the shepe  
causythe no werre, what so men Iangylle or muse,  
As in her gylt the Iuges take kepe,  
What that I saye her innocentis to excuse.  
of couetyse falsely men may muse  
there benefettis, and wrongely hyr at-wyȝte,
- Men wrongly  
blame their  
benefactors.
- 168 of suche occac[i]on where she is nat to wyghte.
- Is the Sheep to  
blame because  
men shear him  
and fight for his  
wool ?
- 172 " What is the shepe to blame In youre syght  
whane he is shorne of his flees & maade alle bare,  
thoughe folke of malyce for her wollis fyght ?  
Causeles to stryve foles wole nat spare ;  
where peas Restythe, there is alle welefare,

And, seyethe the shepe louythe peas of Inno-  
 ce[n]ttis,  
 yeuynthe for her parte defenytyffe sentence."

The Sheep loves  
 peace,  
 give judgment for  
 him."

[Fol. 144. b.]

176 The Ryalle Egle, the lyon off Assent,  
 Alle thyng consydyrd Rehersyd here to-forne,  
 of alle these iij by goode Avysement—  
 of hors, and goose, or Rame *with* his gret horne—

The Judges, the  
 Eagle and Lion,

180 Sawe in Repuplica myght nat be for-borne,  
 By shorte sentence to voyde alle discorde  
 Caste A meene to sett hem Anon at A-corde.

saw that none of  
 the Three could  
 be lost to the  
 state,

This was the meane to voyde theyre stryves  
 184 And alle olde gruchchyng, and her hartis to glade,  
 "yowese<sup>1</sup> theyre Ryghtt's & theyre prerogatyvys,  
 to that eende that there weere made,  
 where-*with* presompceion theyre bakkis be nat  
 lade,

and therefore  
 gave sentence,  
 that neither  
 [I use]

188 [un]devyded in harte *with* wylle and thought  
 to do theyre office as nature hathe be wrought.

should dispute,  
 but each fulfil his  
 own function ;

"The horsse by kynde to lyve in travayle,  
 the goos *with* her gosselyngis to swyme in the lake,  
 192 the shepe whose wollis do so myche A-vayle,  
 In his pasture grase and mery make,  
 theyre comp[ar]isonis of on Asent to for-sake,  
 Allway Remembryng howe god and nature  
 196 to A goode eende made Every creature

the Horse to  
 work, the Goose  
 to swim, the  
 Sheep to graze  
 and merry make,

as God intended.

"That noone of oder shoulde do wronge,  
 the Ravenus wolffe the sely lambe to opresse ;  
 And thowze on be more that Anoder stronge,  
 200 to the feabler do no froward duers.  
 Alle extorcion is grounde of falsnesse,  
 wylle is nowe lawe wheþer hit be wronge or  
 Ryght,  
 trouthe is put downe, is put to Flyght.

None who are

strong should  
 oppress the weak.

Comparisons are  
odious;

- 204 “Odyous of olde been *comparisonis*,  
And of *comparisonis* engendyrd is *haterede*,  
Alle folke be nat [lyke] of *condicionis*,  
Nor lyke *disposyde* in *wylle*, thought, and *deede*;  
208 For whiche is [this fable<sup>1</sup>], as I Reede,  
Contrevyd was, that ho hade grettest parte  
of *vertues yeefftis*, shoulde *with* his *frendis* parte.

let him who has  
most of virtue's  
gifts share them  
with his friends,

[Fol. 145.]

one supplying  
another's lack,

- “As thus alle *vertues* hathe nat o man,  
212 that oone *lakkythe*, nature haþe yeve *Anoder*;  
that thowe cannyst nat, *percaase* *Anoder* can,  
to entyrcomyn as A brodyr dothe *with* A-noder.  
yff charyte governe wele the Rother,  
216 Alle in oone *vesselle*, to speke in *wordis* pleyne,  
that no man shoulde of *odyr* haue *disdeyne*.”

and no man dis-  
daining any other.

Explicit the hors, the } JOHN LIDGATE.  
Shepe, and the gosse. } [in a later hand.]

[*The Complaynt of Criste* follows.]

<sup>1</sup> From the printed copy. MS. *is thus*.



## Rats Away.

[MS. Rawl. C. 228, fol. 113, fly-leaf. The writing on this page is very illegible.]

I comawnde alle þe ratons þat are here abowte,  
þat non dwelle in þis place *with-inne* ne *with-*  
owte,  
thorgh þe vertu of ihesu crist þat mary bare by virtue of  
abowte, Christ,  
4 þat alle c[re]aturs owyn for to lowte,  
& thorgh þe vertu of mark, mathew, luke, an ion,— and the Four  
alle foure awangelys corden into on,— Evangelists,  
thorgh þe vertu of sent 3eretrude, þat mayde elene, St Gertrude  
8 god graunte þat grace  
þat [non] raton dwelle in þe place  
þat her nanis<sup>1</sup> were nemeled in ; [1 namis ?]  
& thorgh þe vertu of sent kasi and St Kasi.  
12 þat holy man  
þat prayed to god almyty for skafhes,<sup>2</sup> [2 for *skathes*.]  
þat þei deden  
hys medyn  
16 be dayes & be nyȝt  
god bad hem flen & gon out of euery manesse  
syȝt,  
dominus deus sabaoth, emanuel, þe gret gods name, By the Lord God  
I be-tweche þes place from ratones & from alle of Sabaoth,  
oper schame ! Emanuel, I clear  
20 god saue þis place fro alle oper wykked wytes this place from  
boþe be dayes & be nytes, & in nomine patris rats, and all other  
& filii, &c. shame.

[FOLLOWS : S 8. GOOD MEDICEYN POUR LE  
DROPESEY, &c.]

## Twelbe Points for Purchasers of Land to Look to.

[*Fol. 203, col. 1, MS. Lambeth 306.*]

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>See that your<br/>land is free</p> <p>from women's<br/>dower,</p> <p>and from mort-<br/>gage and entail.</p> <p>Look to the<br/>quit-rent,</p> <p>and have a con-<br/>veyance in fee.</p> <p>In ten years your<br/>land will bring<br/>back your pur-<br/>chase-money.</p> | <p>Who-so wylle be ware of purchassyng,<br/>Consydre theese poyntes folowyng :—</p> <p>.1. Fyrst se that the lande be cleere,<br/>.2. And the tytle of the sellere,<br/>.3. That it stonde in no dawngeer<br/>Of no womans doweere ;<br/>.4. And whethir the lande be bonde or free,<br/>.5. And the leese or releese of the feoffe.<br/>.6. Se that the seller be of age,<br/>.7. And whethir it be in any morgage ;<br/>.8. Looke if ther-of a tayle be fownde,<br/>.9. And whethir it stonde in any statute bownde ;<br/>.10. Consydre what <i>seruyce</i> longyth ther-to,<br/>.11. And the quyterent that there-of owte shalle goo :<br/>.12. And yf thou may in any wyse<br/>Make thy chartyr on warantyse<br/>To thyne heyres &amp; assyignes alle-so,<br/>This shalle a wyse purchasser doo :<br/>And yn tenne yere, if ye wyse bee,<br/>ye shalle a-geyne youre syluer see.</p> |
|---|--|

# Lyke thyn Audience, so vttyr thy Langage.

(BY LYDGATE.)

[*MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. iv. 12. fol. 82.*]

- I Counselle, what-so-euer thow be  
 Off polycye, foresight, and prudence,  
 Yf yow wilt lyffe in pease and vnite,
- 4 Conforme thiself and thynk on *yis* sentence,  
 Whersoever thow hold residence ;  
 Among woluyss be woluyssch of corage ;  
 A leoun *with* leounys ; a lambe, for Innocence ;
- 8 lyke thyn audience, so vttyr thy langage.
- ¶ The vnicorne is cawght *with* maydyns song,  
 By disposicion record of scripture ;  
*with* cormerantes make thy nek long
- 12 In pondys depe thy pray to recouere ;  
 Among foxys be foxische of nature ;  
 Among rauenours thynk for advantage ;  
*with* empty hand men may no hawkes lure,
- 16 And like thyn audience, so vttyr thy langage.
- ¶ *With* holy men speke of holynesse,  
 And *with* a glotyn be delicate of thy fare ;  
*With* drownkyn men do surfettes by excesse,
- 20 And among wasters no spendyng that *pou* spare ;  
*With* wodcokkes lerne for to dare ;  
 And sharp thy knyfe *with* pilowrs for pilage ;  
 like the market so prayse thy chafare,
- 24 And like thyn audience, so vttyr thy langage.

If thou wilt live in  
peace,

like thine audi-  
ence utter thy  
language.

With cormorants,  
make thy neck  
long ;  
among foxes, be  
foxish.

With holy men,  
talk holiness ;

with pillagers,  
sharpen thy  
knife.

With ferrets, rob  
rabbit burrows ;

with thy fellows,  
[Fol. 82. b.]  
spare not thy life.

Remember  
Daniel's case,

and fear not to be  
in caves with  
dragons.

With wise men,  
talk of Wisdom ;

with poets, of  
poetry ; but be not  
presumptuous.

In everything  
conform to thy  
company,

and like thine  
audience utter  
thy language.

- ¶ With an ottyr spare ryuer none ne ponde,  
with hem that fyrrettyth robbe conyngherthys ;  
A blode-hounde, with bowe and arow in honde,  
28 Mawgre the wache of fosters and parkerrys.  
like thy felischyp spare no dawngers,  
For lyfe ne dethe, thy lyfe to putt in morgage ;  
Among knythys, squyrys, chanownys, monkes,  
frerys,  
32 like thy audience, vttyr thy langage.

- ¶ Daniel lay, a prophet full notable  
Of god, *preseryd* in prison with lyouns ;  
Where god list spare, a tygre is not vengeable,  
36 No cruel best, berys, nor grifonys ;  
And yf thou be in cavys with dragownys,  
Remembre how Abacuk browght *pe* potage  
So ferre to danyel thorow many regionys ;  
40 As case requirith, soo vttyr thy langage.

- ¶ With wise men talke of sapience,  
with philosophers speke of philosophye ;  
with schipmen, sailyng that haf experience,  
44 In trobly seys how they schall hem guye ;  
And with poetys talk of poetry ;  
Be not *presumptuose* of chere ne of visage,  
But where thou cummyst in any company,  
48 like thyn audience, so vttyr thy langage.

- ¶ Thys litylle ditty concludyth in menyng,  
Who that cast hym thys reule for to kepe,  
Mot conforme hym like in euery thyng,  
52 Where he shall byde, vnto the felyshype ;  
with wachemen wake, with sloggy folkes slepe,  
with wode men wode, with frentyke sauage ;  
Renne with bestys, with wyld wormys crepe,  
56 And like the audience, vttyr hys langage.



- ¶ Mong alle thys I counselle 3it, take hede,  
Where thow abydyest or rest in any place,  
In chefe loue god, and *with þi* loue haf drede,  
60 And be fereful agayne hym to trespase ;  
*with* vertuose folk encrease shalle *þi* grace ;  
And viciouse men arn cause of gret damage ;  
In euery feliship so for *þi*-self purchase  
64 Where *vertu* regnyth, there vttyr thi langage.
- ¶ Be payed *with* litelle, content *with* suffisance ;  
Clyme not to hygh, thus byddyth socrates,  
Glad pouert is of tresours most substance ;  
68 And Catoun seyth, is none so gret encrease  
Of worldly tresowre as for to lyve in pease,  
Which among *vertues* hath *þe* vasselage ;  
I take record of diogenes,  
72 which to Alysaunder had thys langage.
- ¶ Hys palace was a lityl poore tonne,  
Which on a whele he gan *with* hym cary,  
Bad thys emperowre ryde out of hys sonne,  
76 which<sup>1</sup> demyd hymself richar than kyng dary ;  
kept *with* hys vesaile from wyndes contrary,  
Where-in he maad daily hys passage ;  
Thys philosophre *with* *princes* list not tary,  
80 Ne in theire presence to vttyr no langage.
- ¶ A-twene theis tweyn a gret comparison ;  
kyng alysaunder, he conquerryd alle ;  
Dyogenes lay in a smalle dongeon,  
84 In sondre wedyrs which turnyd as a balle ;  
Fortune to Alisaunder gaf a sodayne falle ;  
The philosophre despised hys coignage,  
he thowght *vertu* was more imperialle,  
88 Than hys aquayntance *with* alle hys proud lan-  
gage.

[Fol. 83. a.]

But love God, and  
fear to trespass  
against Him.

Be content with  
little.

Peace is of more  
worth than  
money.

Diogenes told  
Alexander

to get from  
between him and  
the sun.

He cared not for  
princes,

though he lay in  
a tub ;

and soon Fortune  
gave Alexander  
a fall.

<sup>1</sup> MS. wiich.

[Fol. 83. b.]  
Antony and Paul  
despised riches,  
while Cæsar and  
Pompey brought  
cruelty about.

- ¶ Antonye and poule despised alle riches,  
lyuyd in desert of wilfulle pouert ;  
Cesar and pompey of martialle wodnesse,  
92 By theyr enuyose compassyd cruelte,  
Twene germany and affrik was gret enmyte ;  
Noo comperison twene good grayne and forage ;  
Prayse euery thyng like to hys degre,  
96 And like þe audience, so vttyr þi langage.

I saw a picture  
armed with  
virtues,

- ¶ I founde a liknesse depiet vpon a walle,  
Armyd in vertues, as I walkyd up and downe,  
The hede of thre fulle solempne and roiall,  
100 *Intellectus*, memorye, and resoune ;  
*with* eyne and erys of clere discrecion,  
Mowth and tongge avoydyng alle outrage,  
A-gayne the vice of fals detraccion,  
104 To do no surfett in word ne langage ;

hand and arms

giving help,  
following  
Righteousness,

far surpassing  
Pygmalion's  
image.

- ¶ Hand and armys *with* thys discrecion,  
Where so man haf force or febilnesse,  
Treuly to mene in hys affeccion ;  
108 For fraude or fauour, to folow ryghtwisnesse ;  
Entrailys, inward deuocion *with* mekenesse.  
Passyng pigmalion, which grauyd hys ymage,  
Prayd to *venus*, of louers chef goddesses,  
112 To grant it lyfe and qwiknesse of langage.

May Christ make  
such an image in  
our conscience

- ¶ Off hole entent pray we to crist ihesu,  
To qwik a figure in owre conscience,  
Reason as hede, *with* membres of vertu  
116 A-forne rehersyd breuely in sentence.  
Vndir support of hys magnificence,  
Crist list so gouerne owre worldly pilgremage,  
Twene vice and vertu to set a difference,  
120 To hys plesaunce to vttyr owre langage.

that to His con-  
tent we may utter  
our language.

EXPLICIT.

## Proverbys of Howsolde-kepyng.

[*Lambeth MS.* 306, *fol.* 64 ; ? ab. 1530 A.D.]

THE DOCTRYNALL PRINCYPLIS & PROVERBYS YCONOMIE, OR  
HOWSOLDE KEPYNG, SENT FROM SAYNT BERNARDE, VNTO  
RAYMONDE, LORDE OF AMBROSE CASTELLE.

Attende that if thy chargis of thy houce & thi *Rentis* be egalle. A soden chavnce may sone distroye the of yt.

A Ruynois houce is the state of a negligent man.

The neglygens of a Ruler ys compared vnto a gret fyre brynnynge vp-an a houce.

Peyse wisely the besynes & the purpose of them wich *ammynyster* thy goodes.

To hym that is in the wey of poverté, & not fully power, it is lesse shame to spare, than vtterly to fawle.

It is wysdome, ofte to se thin owne goodis, how they bene dysposid.

Chargeabyl mariagis cause hurte *withoute* wurshype.

Charge or expense for chyvalrye is wurshypfulle.

Charge for helpyng of frendys is resonabyl.

Charge for helpyng of wasters ys but losse.

Consyder the mete & the drynke of thy bestys, for though they hungryr, they aske not.

Feede thi howce *with* groce, & not *with* delycate meete.

The glotone onethis chaungyth hym before his deth.

Glotomy of a vyle neglygent man is but corruptione.

Glotomy of a besy man is to hym a solace.

Feede thy howce at pry[n]cipalle festes, plentevosly, but not delycatly.

Make a plee betwyx glotony and thy pursse. Nevyrthelesse be ware to which of thise two thou be advocate, or what sentens thou geue betwyx them, for glotony hath effectualle wytnes.

The pursse alle-so provith evidently fer hyr, be cofrys & celerys wastynge.

Thow demyst a-mysse a-gens glotonye, whan covetyse byndith or knyttith thy pursse.

Covetyse shalle nevyr deme ryght be-twyx glotonye & the pursse, For covetyse is distroyer of hym selfe.

Covetise is not ellys, but evyr in powre lyving, and evyr to be a-ferde of poverté.

The covytous man lyvith ryght wysli in him selfe, in that he lesith not, but kepith to othirs advayle. Bettyr it is to kepe for othir than to leese in hym selfe.

In Plente of corne, desyre no derth, for he that lovith it is a dystroyer of power men.

Sel thi corne at a lowe price, & not whan yt may not [be] bought of powre men: Not oonly to thy neyghbours, but allso to thyne enmyse, for litel pryce, for ofte the enmy is easelyer vengued *with* service than *with* stroke of swerde.

Pride ageynste frende or neyghboure, is as a bath where men feer the thondyr strooke.

Be ware of straungers while thou haste an enmye, & se welle to his wayes.

Debylite of an enmye is no sure peace, but truce for a season.

Iffe thou suppoce the sure whille thou haste an enmye, thou puttyst thi selfe in perylle.

Be not curyous to wete or knowe what thin suspect women do. Thou shalte nevyr be curyd if thoue oonys knowe the cryme of thyne owne true wyfe.

In heryng of othir mens wyfes thou shalte aswage the sorowe of thyn owne.

A nobyllé and a wurshipfullé hert nevyr askyth of womens dedys.

Thowe shalte bettyr chastise a shrode wyfe *with* myrthe then *with* strokes or smytyng.



An olde *commyn* woman, if the lawe woulde suffyr, shulde be buried quyke.

A costefulle clothe is tokyn of povertē.

A sity garment is yrkesome to neyborgs.

Pleace *with* thi dedys rathir than *with* thy clothis.

A woman havyng clothis, & evir desyryng mo, lakkyth stedefastnes.

Holde hym thy bettir frende,<sup>1</sup> that rather geuith his goodys, than hym whiche offerth the his *persoone*.

Holde not thy Frende that *praysith* the present.

Yff thow cowncel thy frende, folowe reason, & not his plesure.

Sey not to thy frende “do thus,” but “me thynkyth thow mytyste do thus”; For yf ought falle a-mysse, thowe mayste soner be blamyd, than shuldyst be thanckyde yf thy councel awaylede.

*Nota.* Se what folowth to them that love mynstrels.

A man that Intendyth to mynstrels, shalle soone be weddyd to povertē, & his sonne shalle hyte derisione.

Iff mynstrels pleace the, feyne as thow herde them, but thynke vppone a-nother.

He that lawith at a mynstrels worde, geuith to hym a wedde.

Rebukyng mynstrels ben welle wurthy dethe.

Instrumentis of mynstrelsy seldome doth pleace god.

Put from the a proude servaunte, as hym that shulde be thy enemye.

Allso repelle that *seruaunte* that vsith to blaundysh the.

Wythstande the *seruaunte* that *praysith* the, for ellys he thynkyth the for to deceyve.

Loue that servaunte as thy childe that sone is ashamyde.

Yf thou wylte bylde, let necessite induce the ther-to, and not luste of howsyngē.

Covetyse of byldyng, in bilydyng is not lessid.

Inordynat<sup>2</sup> bilydyng causith hasty sale of plaecys.

A performyd towre & a baare cofyr make, ovyr late, the greate bilder wyse.

Sel thyne howce to hym that wylle geue moste.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. 64 b.

<sup>2</sup> MS. In inordynat.

Bettir it is to suffyr greate hungyr than sale of patrymonye.

Selle no parte of thyne heritage vnto thy bettyr, but for lesse pryce selle yt to thy subiecte.

What is vsure, but venyme of patrymonye, and a lawfull thefe that tellyth ys entent.

By right nought with felawshippe of thyne bettyr.

Suffyr patiently thy power felowshippe, & coople the not to the strawnger.

Evyr-lastyng god oonely ys sobyr yn plente & scarsnes of wynes.

Drunkespippe doyth ryght nought evynly, but whan yt ovyr-throughith.

Yf thow felyst stronge wynes, fle felyshippe; seke slepe rathir than talkyng.

The drunke man with wordys accusith his owne excesse.

It besemyth not a yonge man to be a tasteoure of wynes.

Fle & estchue A leche that is drunkelewe.

*Nota.* Be ware of that leche which by the woulde take experyens howe he myght hele a-nothir.

Smale whelpes leewe to ladyse & clerkys.

Waker howndes been profitable.

Howndes of venery coste more then they aveyle.

Make not thy sonne stuarde of thy goodys.

Say not in thy selfe, 'what a-vaylith alle doctryne yf fortune lyste not to favoure.' I haue scene folys leevyng contyngence, accuse them-selfe infortunat, of whom the wyse man seledom complaynith.

Wyse laboure & myshappe seldom mete to-gyder, but yet slugyednes & myshappe be seldome dyssevyrde.

The slugge lokyth to be holpe<sup>1</sup> of god that commawndyth men to waake in the worlde.

Peyse the cese of thyne expence *with* the laboure of thy getynge.

Commytte thyne age [to] thy god rather than to thy sonne.

In dysposyng thy legatys [*sic*], pay firste thy servanntis.

*Nota.* Commytte not thi soule to swych as loue thy persone, but rather to them which loue her owne sowles.

Dispose thi goodys or sykenes take the.

<sup>1</sup> Fol. 65.

He that is a *seruaunt* to sykenes may no testament make.

Free, theerfore, & in helth, make thowe thy testament.

Here what thi chyldern wyll doo aftyr thy deth. Peraventure thei seke departysion of ther heritage.

If thi chylderne bene gentilmene, it ys bettyr they be dyvydid in the worlde, then her heritage shulde be deuydide.

Iff thi childryn be laborers, let them do as th[e]i wyll.

Yf thei be merchauntes, dyvision of heritage is bettyr than *commvni*on, that the infortune of oone hurte not the other.

If the mothir of them seke to be maride, she doth folyly, and, woulde god, in to the bewailng of her, for her trespas, she myght be weddid to a yonge mane, For suche oone shulde sone caste her a-way & consume her goodes, and so oone cuppe of sorowe shulde be comvne to them bothe.

## The Height of Christ, our Lady, &c.

[*Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 203, col. 2.*]

### THE LONGITUDE OF MEN FOLOWYNG.

Moyses .xiiij. fote & viij ynches & *dimidium*.

Cryste .vj. fote & iiij ynches.

Our lady .vj. fote & viij ynches

Crystoferus .xviij. fote & viij ynches.

Kyng Alysaunder .iiij. fote & v ynches

Colbronde .xviij. fote & ij ynches & *dimidium*

Syr Gy .x. fote. iiij ynches & *dimidium*.

Seynt thomas of Caunterbery .viij. fote saue a ynche

Long Mores, a man of yrelonde borne, & *seruaunt* to kyng

Edward the iiijth .vij. fote & x. ynches & *dimidium*.

[Printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, v. 1, p. 200, with Ey for Gy, and "half" for the contraction *di*.]

## List of Books Proscribed in 1531.

[*MS. Lambeth, 306, fol. 65, col. 2.*]

*Memorandum*, the firste sonday of Advent in the yere of our lorde M<sup>i</sup> fyue hundreth & xxxi<sup>th</sup> these Bokes folowyng were opynly at poules crosse by the autorite of my lorde of london vnder his Autentycal seale, by the doctor that that day prechide, prohibite, and strytely commaunded of no maner of man to be vsed, bought, nor solde, nor to be red, vnder payne of suspencion, and a greter payne, as more large apperyth in for-sayde autoryte.

The first boke ys this,

1. The disputaciō betwixte the fathyr and the soñ.
2. The supplicaciō of beggars.
3. The Revelatiō of Antechriste.
4. Liber *qui* de voti & novicio deo inscribitur.
5. Pre Precaciones.
6. Economica christiana.
7. The burying of the masse in english yn ryme.
8. An Exposition in-to the vij<sup>th</sup> chapter to the Corinthians.
9. The Matrimony of Tyndale.
10. A. B. C. ayenst the Clergye.
11. Ortulus anime, in Englissh.
12. A Boke a-yenst saynt Thomas of Caunterbury.
13. A Boke made by freer Roye ayenst the sevyen sacramentis.
14. An Answer of Tyndal vnto sir Thomas Mores Dyaloge, yn english.
15. A Disputacion of Purgatorye, made by Johñ Fryth.
16. The Firste boke of Moyse called Genesis.
17. A prologe in the ij<sup>de</sup> boke of moyse, called Exodus.
18. A prologe in thyrde boke of Moyse, called Leviticus.



[Fol. 69 b.]

19. A prologe in the iiij<sup>th</sup> boke of Moyses, called Nvmeri.
20. A prologe in the v<sup>th</sup> boke of Moyses, called Detronomye.
21. The Practyse of Prelates.
22. The Newe testament in englissh, with a Introduction to the Epistle to the Romaynes.
23. The Barable of the wyked mammonde.
24. The Obediens of A Chrysteñ man.
25. A boke of thorpe or of Johñ Oldecastelle.
26. The Some of Scripture.
27. The Prymer in Englissh.
28. The Psalter in Englissh.
29. A Dyalog betwixt the gentylman and the plowmañ.
30. Ionas In Englissh. And alle other suspect bokes, bothe in Englissh and in laten, as welle now printed or that here-after shalle be printed, and not here afore namyd.

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## A Tale of Ryght Nought.

[*Egerton MS.* 1995.]

There was a man that hadde nought ;  
 There come theuys & robbed hym, & toke nought ;  
 He ranne owte, and cryde nought.  
 Why shoulde he crye ? he loste nought.  
 Here ys a tale of ryght nought.

## A Medicine to Restore Nature in a Man.

[*Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 65 back, col. 2.*]

Put three Chick-  
ens in a coop.  
Soak some wheat,

collect snails

or black slugs,  
and boil them  
with the wheat;

then take out the  
wheat,

and feed the  
Chickens with it  
and bread, and the  
snail-water.

Eat a chicken  
every two days.

Take iij Chekyns or .iiij. as ye lyke, & put them in a coope to feede, as I shalle teche you. Fyrste take a quantyte of whete, & put yt in clene watyr, & then gadyr a good quantyte of snayles that beer howses on them, & put them therto as they be, shelles & alle; and yf ye canne fynde no soche snayles, thanne take blak snayles, and so thanne boyle alle these to-gyder, the whete & the snayles in water, with the shelles of them that haue shelles; & for lakke of them that haue shelles, boyle the blakke snayles. And whan it is welle boylid to-gedyr, then take oute the whete by hymselfe, & the watyr by hymselfe, & caste away the shelles & the corruptyon of the snayles, And with that whete fede the checons, and with brede a-monge, And let them drynke of the watyr, & of none other watyr. And when ye be dysposyd, ete a Chekyñ, one day rostyde, And ij. days after a-nother, & so contynue as ye fynde yt doth you good.

Probatum est.

## For to Dystroy a Wragg Naylor, othelwyse callyd a Corne.

Take wylde tansey, and grynde yt, and make yt neshe, & ley it therto, and it wyl bryng yt owght.

## Of the Seats of the Passions.

[*Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 118.*]

The bones in a man ben in nombre .ij C. xvij. The  
 veynes ben .iij. C. lxxv. The tethe in perfyte Age  
 .xxxij. The mynde is in the Brayne. The vndyr-  
 stondyng in the fronte. The Ire in the gawle. Auaryce in  
 the kydney. Loue in the harte. Brethyng in the lownges.  
 Gladnes in the splene. Thought in the harte. Blode in  
 the body. Hope in the sowle. The mynde in the spyrit.  
 The harte in the mynde. The Feyth in the harte.  
 And cryst in the feyth. And whylth it noryssh the  
 body, it is cawlyd *Anima*, the sowle. This worde  
*Anima* hath many significacions, for when it is in con-  
 templacyon, it is sayde a spyrit, Spiritus. And when  
 it savyrth, it is saide Reson or wytte, *Animus*. And  
 when it felith, it is sayde felyng, sensus. And when  
 it vnderstondyth, it is callyd mynde, Mens. And when  
 it demyth, it is called Reson, Racio. And when it  
 consentyth, it is callyd wylle, Voluntas. And when it  
 recordyth, it is sayde mynde, Memoria.

Men have 217  
bones, 365 veins,

32 teeth.

The Mind is in  
the spirit.

*Anima*

means

spirit,

wit,

feeling,

mind,

reason,

will,

memory.

## A Greeting on New Year's Morning.

[*Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 136 b.*]

This New Year's  
morn, for good-  
hap I send you my  
heart, and wishes  
that you may live  
100 years.

Take this poor  
gift, dear one,  
graciously,

(all friends give  
gifts on New  
Year's Day),

for my heart  
always remem-  
bers you;

it is yours, not  
mine,

as Palamon's was  
Emely's.

- Iuellis pricious cane y non fynde to selle  
to sende you, my souerein, þis newe yeres  
morowe,  
wher-for lucke and good hansselle
- 4 my hert y sende you, & seynt Iohn to borowe,  
that an C yeres withouton aduerssit[e] & sorowe  
ye mowe live : y pray to god þat ye so mote,  
And of all your Dessires to sende you hastely bot.
- 8 Beseching you, Dere heret, as Enterly as y cane,  
to take en gre this poure gifte Onely for my sake,  
as is the custome, & hath ben ma[n]y a Day,  
Oo frend to a-nother yeve and take.
- 12 Riche is it nat, grete boste of to make,  
Saue an hert is reme[m]bratyf to you in eueri  
stounde  
the whiche perisschide ones, yet grene is þe  
wonde.
- That it be youres, trewely it is my liste ;
- 16 my possesioon and my parte þer-of y denye ;  
and as towcheing to þis olde worlde called hady-  
wiste,  
Vnto my lives ende fuly y Deffie.
- palaman gafe his herte to emely ;
- 20 He fuched it no better, ne repentide it les  
thanne y do of this gifte, god y take to witnes.



my purpos hathe ben longe my hert thus to chast,  
And til this yeres day y ne durst for schame.

- 24 men sei that no thinge is so free as gyfte,  
And to take it ayene y were fulle to blame ;  
But as in that deffaute y wille not lese my name,  
So that y yeue ones be yeve for euermore,  
28 For this hath loue and trouth y-lerned me þe  
lore,

Never will I take  
it again

Euermore without chaung for euer  
til body and soule parte and disseuere.

till body and soul  
dissever.

## To my Heart's Joy.

[Fol. 137.]

My heart's Joy!

My hertes Ioie, all myn hole plesaunce,  
whiche that y sarue, and schall do faithfully  
with treue Entente and humble obseruaunce

May this verse  
and I

find favour with  
you, the Flower  
of Beauty.

4 you for to please in that y cane treuely,  
besechinge youe this litil bille and y  
may hertely with som plesaunce & drede  
be Recomaundide moste specially  
8 vnto you, the floure of goodely-hede.

Though well in  
body, I am ill in  
heart

till I see you.

And yf ye liste to haue knoweliche of my part,  
I am in hel, god thanked mote he be,  
as of body, bute treuely nat in herte,  
12 nor nat schalle be til tyme y may you see ;  
but thynketh that y as treuely will be he  
that for youre Ease schalle do my pouere & myzte,  
And schalle be youre Deffence in all aduerssite  
16 As though that y were dayly in youre sight.

I pray the Trinity  
to keep you in all  
adversity,

I write no more to you for lacke of space,  
but y beseche the holy trin[i]te  
you kepe and save be sopporte of his grace,  
20 and be youre Deffence in alle aduerssite.  
go, litil bill, and say thoue were *with* me  
this same day at myne vp-Ryssinge,  
where that y be-sought god of merci  
24 tho to haue my souerein in his kepeing.

for I am only  
yours,

and will be at all  
hours.

As wyssely god me save  
as y am onely yours  
what payne so euer y haue,  
And will be at all owres.

## To my Lady Dear.

Frische flour of womanly nature,  
 ye be fulle gentille and goodly one to se,  
 And all so stedfaste as any criatur  
 4 that is lyuyng in any degre,  
 fullfyled with alle benyngnete,  
 And an Exsample of all worthynes,  
 And they that to you haue nessesite  
 8 be gracious euer thorough your gentilnes.

But y am so bowndon, y may nat stert,  
 to you complaynyng in this manere,  
 Besechinge you euer *with* myn enterly hert,  
 12 And humbly also y you Requer  
 As that bethe onely *with*owten pere  
 of goodely-hede and of assuraunce,  
 y that am yours, whethe[r] ye be fare ore ner,  
 16 Reffuse me nat oute of your Reme[m]braunce.

Concedire, ladi dere, of your pete,  
 the highe complaynt of my desses,  
 my gref and myn aduerssite !  
 20 ye be my bote pat may me best please ;  
 schewe me your meke sprite in my desses,  
 for other louere haue y non,  
 And euere y well be Redy youe for to plesse,  
 24 neuer none to haue bute you alone.

[Fol. 138.]  
 Fresh flower, fair  
 to see,

fulfilled with all  
 benignity,

to you am I  
 bound.

I pray you

put me not out of  
 your Remem-  
 brance.

[Fol. 138 b.]  
 Consider my  
 distress,

and show your  
 sweet soul to me.

I am yours alone,

never to part till  
Death.

None bute you, lady and maistras,  
fro whos herte with lyue myn may no disseuer,  
so faste it is lokyn in þe locke of stedfastnes  
28 that in your *seruice* it schalle abide for euer.

Cure me of my  
pains.

ye wete welle my woo ye may recouere ;  
my paynes to Rellis may non bute yee,  
my lyfe And deth litle in you euer,  
32 Right as it plesithe you to save or to flee.

I care but to  
please you.

lothe to offende ! so y may my lady pleas,  
welcome payne, And Fie one ease.

[On the next folio (139), "Her begyneth the Retenewe of the  
dowty kynge k Edward the thirde, and howe he went to the sege of  
Callis with his Oste, &c."]



## Unto my Lady, the Flower of Womanhood.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>That pasauzte Goodnes, the Rote of all vertve,<br/>         4 ys eueri woman in their degre !<br/>         And sethe that ye are floure of bewte,<br/>         Constreyned y am, magre myn hede,<br/>         hartely to loue youre womanhede.</p> <p>8 Your sade, Demewre, appert, goueronance<br/>         Of eliquens prengnavnt sauns coloure,<br/>         So it Renyth in my Remembraunce<br/>         that dayly, nyghtly, tyde, tyme, and owre,</p> <p>12 hit is my will to purches youre fauoure,<br/>         whiche, wilde to Crist I myght atteyn,<br/>         As ye of all floures Are my Souerayn.</p> <p>Whan Reste And slepe y shulde haue noxialle,</p> <p>16 As Requereth bothe nature and kynde,<br/>         than trobled are my wittes alle,<br/>         so sodeynly Renyth in my mynde<br/>         your grete bewte ! me thynketh than y fynde</p> <p>20 you as gripyng in myn armes twey ;<br/>         Bute whan y wake, ye Are away.</p> <p>Entirmet this with woo And gladnes,<br/>         bothe Ioye and sorowe in woo memoralle,</p> <p>24 for than me thynkithe y see youre likenes :<br/>         Hit is nat so, it is fantasticalle ;</p> | <p>[Fol. 137, back.]</p> <p>All are glad to<br/>follow you, the<br/>Flower of Beauty.</p> <p>Your stald soft<br/>speech</p> <p>runs so in my<br/>mind</p> <p>that would to<br/>Christ I might<br/>attain your grace.</p> <p>All night</p> <p>my wits are<br/>troubled by your<br/>Beauty.</p> <p>I seem to grip you<br/>in my arms, but<br/>you are gone.</p> <p>I seem to see your<br/>likeness, but it is<br/>fancy :</p> |
|---|---|

- and I shall die.           the whiche my herte with þe swarde mortalle  
that nothings is save uery Dethe,  
28 my wette is thynne, so schortithe my brethe.
- [Fol. 138.]
- But, lady mine,           Nowe, lady myn, in whome Vertus Alle  
ar Ioinede, and also comprehendide,  
as ye of al women y call moste principalle,  
think on my grief, 32 lette my gref in youre herte be entenderde,  
remember my           And also my veri treue loue Rememberde ;  
love ;                   And, for my treve loue, ayene me to loue,  
love me again,           As welethe nature, and god that setithe Above.  
as God and  
Nature will.
- Go, verse, and           36 Go litille bill, with all humblis  
tell her                   vnto my lady, of womanhede þe floure,  
and saie hire howe newe troiles lithe in distreȝ  
how Troiles anew           and onely for hire sake, and in mortalle langoure ;  
lies in distress—           All onely for hire sake, and in mortalle langoure ;  
40 And if sche wot nat whoo it is, bute stonde in erore,  
her old love,           Say it is hire olde louer<sup>1</sup> þat loueth hire so trewe,  
loving her alone.           hir louynge a-lone, not schanginge for no newe.

EXPLICIT.

<sup>1</sup> The word looks like *loli* in the MS., but *u*, with the contraction for *er*, is written the same way at the end of *disseuer* (p. 42, l. 26), showing that *louer* is the right reading here.

# Bewte wille Shewe, thow Hornys be Away.

(A LITELLE SHORT DITEY AGAYNE HORNES.)

[MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. iv. 12. Fol. 84 a.]

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>Of god and kynd procedyth alle beaulte ;<br/>         Crafte may shew aforē apparence,<br/>         But nature ay must haf þe soueraynte.</p>   | <p>All true beauty is natural.</p>   |
| <p>4 Thyng countirfetyd hath non existence ;<br/>         Twene gold and gossomer is gret difference ;<br/>         Trewe metalle requirith non alay ;<br/>         vnto purpose by clere experience,</p>    | <p>Counterfeits have no real existence,</p>  |
| <p>8 Bewtey wille shewe, thow hornys be away.</p>  | <p>and beauty needs no horns.</p>  |
| <p>Riche attyrys of gold and perry,<br/>         Charbunclys, rubeys of most excellence,<br/>         Shew in derknes lyght wheresouer þey be</p>  | <p>Gold and precious stones, carbuncles, and rubies, shine by their own light.</p>   |
| <p>12 By theire natural heuenly influence ;<br/>         Doblettes of glasse yeue a gret euidence,<br/>         Thyng countirfet wyl faile at assay ;<br/>         On thys mater concludyng no sentence,</p> | <p>Glass counterfeits can be detected.</p>   |
| <p>16 Bewte wylle shew, thow hornes be away.</p>   |  |
| <p>Aleyn remembryght, hys complaynt whoso list<br/>             see,<br/>         In his boke of famose eloquence ;<br/>         Cladd alle in flowris, and blossommys of a tre,</p>                         | <p>Remember how Aleyn tells us that he beheld Nature arrayed in a kerchief only,</p> |
| <p>20 he saw nature in hyr most excellence,</p>  |  |

to prove that  
Beauty will show  
though horns be  
away.

Vpon hyr hede a kerchef of valence,  
None othyr riches of countyrfet aray ;  
Texemplifye by kyndly prouidence,

24 Bewte wyll shew thow hornys be away.

Famous old poets  
wrote

of queen Helen,  
Penelope,  
Polyxena,

and Lucretia.

Famose poetys of antiquite

In grece and troy, renownyd<sup>1</sup> of prudence,  
wrote of qwene helene, and penolope,

28 Of policene *with* hyr chast innocence ;  
For wyfys trew calle lucrece to *presence* ;  
That they were fayre, ther can no man say nay,  
kynd wrought hem *with* so gret diligence,

Their beauty  
needed no horns  
to show it off.

32 Theyre bewte cowde shew, thow hornys were  
cast away.

[Fol. 84. b.]

*Horns* were given  
to beasts for de-  
fence, but women  
should not be so  
prone to resist.

Clerkes record by gret auctorite,  
hornys wer gyffe to bestis for diffence ;  
A thyng contrary to feminite,

36 To be mad sturdy of resistance ;  
But archwyfes, eger in ther violence,  
Ferse as a tigre for to make affray,  
They haf, despite and agayne conscience,  
40 list not of pride theyre hornys cast away.

Yet arch-wives  
dare to retain  
them, against  
their conscience.

Noble princess,  
let not this short  
ditty displease  
you.

Noble princesse, thys litell short ditey,  
Rudely compilyd, lat it be none offence  
To 3owre womanly mercifulle pyte,  
44 Thow it be radd in 3owre audience.  
Payse euery thyng in 3owre iust aduertence.  
So it be no displesance to 3owre pay,  
Vndir support of 3owre pacience,  
48 Yeueth example hornes to cast away.

Weigh every-  
thing with just  
heed, and set the  
fashion of casting  
horns aside.

Solomon says,  
humility is the

Grettest of *vertues* is humilite,  
As salamon sayth, sōn of sapience,

<sup>1</sup> MS. "renownyd."



- Most was accep[te]d to the deite.  
 52 Take hede here-of, gefe to thys word credence,  
 How maria, which had a *preeminence*  
 Aboue alle women, in bedlem whan she lay,  
 At cristis byrth, no cloth of gret dispence,  
 56 She weryd a *keuerche* ; hornys were cast away.

greatest of  
 virtues. Observe  
 too how Mary,  
 when she lay at  
 Bethlehem, wore  
 no rich clothing,  
 and bare on her  
 head only a ker-  
 chief, and no  
 horns.

- Of byrth she was hyghest of degre,  
 To whom alle *angelles* did obedience,  
 Of *dauides* lyne which sprong out of Iesse,  
 60 In whom alle *verteu* is by iust *conuenience* ;  
 Made stable in god by gostly confidence.  
 This rose of price, ther growith non such in  
 may ;  
 Pure in spirite, *perfite* in pacience,  
 64 In whom alle hornys of pride were put away.

She was one to  
 whom angels did  
 obeisance ;

a rose of price,  
 such as grows not  
 in May ; and all  
 horns of pride she  
 put away from  
 her.

- Moder of ihesu, *myrrour* of chastite,  
 In word nor thowght that neuer did offence ;  
 Trew examplire of *verginite*,  
 68 Hede-sprying and welle of *perfite continence* !  
 Was neuer clerk, by retoryk or science,  
 Cowde alle hyr *verteus* reherse to *his* day.  
 Noble princesse, of meke *beniuolence*,  
 72 By example of hyr, *3owre* hornys cast away.

[Fol. 85.]  
 Mother of Jesu,  
 true pattern of  
 virginity !

No clerk can re-  
 hearse her virtues.

Noble princess,  
 take example by  
 her, and cast your  
 horns away.

[“This Ballad,” says Mr Halliwell, (who printed it in his edition of Lydgate’s Minor Poems, p. 46—9,) “has been printed by Sir Harris Nicolas, and in the ‘Reliquiæ Antiquæ.’ The present version is from MS. Oxon. Laud. D. 31, N. 683, Bernard, 798 ; other copies are in MS. Rawl. Oxon. C. 86 ; MS. Bibl. Coll. Jes. Cantab. Q. F. 8, fol. 27 ; MS. Harl. 2255 ; MS. Voss. Lugd. 359 ; and the first four stanzas in MS. Harl. 2251.” It was reprinted in the Percy Society’s “Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume,” 1849, with a woodcut of a woman in a horned bonnet on p. 52.]

## The Parliament of Love.

[MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. I. 6. fol. 51. Handwriting of the  
15th century.]

Draw near, ye  
that will learn of  
love.

Love lately made  
a parliament, and  
summoned all the  
ladies to it.

[Fol. 51. b.]  
All lovers, too,  
were summoned.

A great company  
of gentlewomen  
sang a ballad  
instead of the  
mass,

and, if you like  
to hear it, the  
ballad was this,

What so euyr I syng or sey,  
My wyll is good too preyse here well.

- Now 3ee that wull of loue lere,  
I counsell yow *þat* 3e cum nere ;  
To tell yow now is myne entent,  
4 Houth loue made late his parleament,  
And sent for ladyes of euery londe,  
Both mayde, and wyfe *þat* had housbonde,  
Wythe gentyll wymmen of lower degre,  
8 and marchauntz wyfes grete plente,  
Wythe maiden es eke *þat* where theym vndre,  
Of wyche there were a rygthe grete numbre.

- And all tho men *þat* louers were  
12 They had there charge for too be there,  
And when they were assembled all,  
(yf I the werre sothe sey schall),  
with-in a castell feyre ande stronge,  
16 And as y lokyd them amonge,  
I sawe a ry3th grete cumpany  
of gentill-wummen that were there by,  
The whyche, as the custum was,  
20 Songe a balad stede of the masse  
For goode spede of thes folkys all  
*þat* where assemblede in the hall ;  
and yf 3e lyst ley too yowre ere,  
24 Rygh[t] thys they songe, as 3ee schall heyre.

- " O god of loue ! wyche lorde hart and so-  
     uereyne,  
 Send downe thy grace a-monge thys louerys all,  
 Soo þat þey may too thy mercy ateyne.  
 28 At thys parliament most in Asspeciall ;  
 as þou art oure Iuge, so be egall  
 Too euery wygth þat loughth feythefully,  
 And after hys dyssert grante hym mercy ! "
- 32 And whan this songe was songe and done,  
 Then went these ladyes eueryschone  
 Vn-too A schambyr where they scholde  
 Take theire places, yong and olde,  
 36 like as þat they where of astate  
 For tescheue all maner debate.  
 There sawe I first the goddesse of loue  
 In here see sitte, righth ferre aboue,  
 40 And many othyr þat ther'where.  
 yitt for too tell whem y sawe there,  
 It passit now righth ferre my wytte ;  
 But, among all, I sawe one sitte  
 44 whiche was the feyryst creature  
 þat euer was furnyde by nature ;  
 and here beaute now too dyscryvyne  
 Ther can noo mannes vyttes alywe.  
 48 yet as ferre as y can or may  
 Of<sup>1</sup> here beaute sum-what too say,  
 I will applye my wittes all ;  
 For here I am & euyr schall  
 52 Too speke of schape and semelynesse,  
 Off stature & of goodlynesse ;  
 here sydes longe with myddyll smale,  
 here face well coulourd and not pale,  
 56 With white and rode ryth well mesuryd ;  
 And ther-too schee was well emyred,

" O God of love !  
 send down thy  
 grace, that all  
 lovers in this  
 parliament may  
 succeed as they  
 deserve ! "

[Fol. 52.]

Then all the ladies  
 took their places  
 for the debate.

Venus sat in her  
 seat far above.

One lady I  
 especially noticed,

whose beauty no  
 man's wit can  
 describe.

But I must try  
 and describe her  
 if I can.

Her sides were  
 long, her middle  
 small, her face  
 well-coloured,

<sup>1</sup> MS. " Oof."

[Fol. 52. b.]  
and every man  
admired her.

There was none so  
gentle,  
courteous,

agreeable,

and true.

Gay she was, and  
danced and sang,

and no ill word  
escaped her lips.  
On her I set my  
heart,

and withdrew into  
a corner

to compose a  
'little songe' to my  
lady fair,

[Fol. 53.]

which was to this  
effect,—

"Sovereign Prince  
of all gentleness,  
whom I have ever  
truly served,

- And stode in euery mannes *grace*,  
This goodly yong and fresche of face ;  
60 and too speke of condicion,  
Coude noo man fynde in noo regiō  
One of soo grete gentillnesse,  
Of curtaise and lowlynesse,  
64 Of chere, of port, and dalyaunce,  
And mastres eke of all pleasaunce ;  
All-soo welle of secretenesse,  
The werray merroure of stedfastnesse.  
68 Of onest merth sche cowde rith mosche,  
Too daunce and synge and othre suche ;  
Soo well assuryd in here hert,  
That none il worde from here scholde stert.  
72 And thus on here y set my mynde,  
And left all othere thyng by-hynde  
As touchyng too these louers all,  
whysche on here causes fast kan call.  
76 and for too tell theire all cumplayntes,  
In sothe too me the matire queynte is ;  
For as too hem i toke none hede.  
But in myne nowne <sup>1</sup> causes <sup>2</sup> to prosede,  
80 I drowe me by [my] sylf allone,  
And into a corner gan too gone,  
And there I satte me downe a while,  
A litle bill for too compile  
84 Vn-too thys lady wych was soo faire,  
and in here doying soo debonaire.  
And if ye list too hyre & rede,  
Theffect of whych was thus in dede.  
88 " O souereyn <sup>3</sup> prince of all gentillnesse,  
Too whom I haue and euyr-more schall bee  
Trewē seruānt with all maner humblenesse ;

<sup>1</sup> *Sic* in MS.    <sup>2</sup> *Sic* in MS. Read "cause."

<sup>3</sup> MS. "soueuerayn."



What payne I haue or what aduersyte,  
 92 yet 3ee schall eyr fynde suche feyth on me  
 þat I schall doo that may be your plesaunce,  
 If god of his *grace* list me so a-vaunce.

whatever trial  
 comes, you shall  
 ever find me true.

“ And yow I pray, as lowly as I can,  
 96 Too take my seruice if hyt myth yow please ;  
 And if 3ee list too reward thus yowre man,  
 Than mygth hee say he were in hertis easee ;  
 For by my trouth y wulde not yow displease  
 100 For all the goode þat euer I hadde or schall,  
 By my goode wille, what euer me be-fall.

I pray you  
 humbly, accept  
 my service, and if  
 you please to  
 reward me, then  
 my heart will be  
 at ease.

“ And if I haue seide any <sup>1</sup> thyng amyse  
 Too pardon me I yow be-sech and pray ;  
 104 For as wissh as euer y cum too blisse,  
 My will is goode what euer y write or say.”  
 Go, thow litle songe, thow hast a blisful day ;  
 For sche þat is the floure of wommanhede  
 108 At her oown leyser schall the syng and rede.

Pardon anything  
 I haue said amiss.

for indeed my will  
 is good.”

Go, happy song,  
 the Flower of  
 Womanhood shall  
 sing and read  
 you.

<sup>1</sup> MS. “my.”

# La Belle Dame Sanz Mercy.

TRANSLATID OUT OF FRENCH BY SIR RICHARD ROS.

[MS. Harl. 372, fol. 61, ? ab. 1460 A.D.]

Half in a dream

I rose,  
and suddenly  
remembered

that I was  
bound

to translate the

*Belle Dame  
sanz Mercy,*  
that Aleyn  
(Chartier) Secre-  
tary to the King  
of France, wrote.  
I stood a while

considering my  
want of skill,  
and, on the other  
hand, the strait  
command laid on  
me:

- \* **H**alf in a dreame, not fully weel a-wakid,  
the golden sleep me wrapt vndir his wieng ;  
yet not for-thi I rose, & wel nyghe nakid,
- 4 Alle sodenly my self remembryng  
of a matier, levyng alle othir thyng  
which I shold doo, *with*-oute more delay  
for them to whom I dorst not sey nay.
- 8 **M**i charge was þis, to *translate* by & by,  
(alle thyng for-given,) as parte of my penaunce,  
A book called Belle Dame sanz mercy,  
which maister Aleyn made of Remembraunce,
- 12 Chief secretarie *with* the kyng of Fraunce,  
And *per*-vpon a while I stood musyng,  
and in my self gretly ymagynyng
- What wise I sholde *parfourme* this seid *pro-*  
*cesse*,
- 16 Consideryng by good advysement  
myn vnkunynyng and my symplesse,  
And ayeinward the streit *commaundement*  
which that I hadde ; & þus in myne entent
- 20 I was vexed, and turned vp and down ;  
yet at the last, as in *Conclusyoun*,

\* The big initial H is not in the MS., only a small central one.

- I cast my clothis on, and went my way,  
 this forsaid charge hauyng in remembraunce,  
 24 til I come in-to a lusty green valey  
 ful of floures ; to see, a grete plesaunce.  
 and soo booldid, *with* theire benyngne suf-  
     freaunce  
 that rede this booke, towchyng the seid matiere,  
 28 Thus I begynne, if it please you to here.

so I put on my  
 clothes, and  
 walked

to a lovely green  
 valley, full  
 of flowers, fair  
 to see.  
 And, by them  
 made bold,

I begin.

- Not long a-goo, ridyng an easy pas,  
 I fel in thought of Ioye ful desperate  
*with* grete dysease & peyne, so þat I was  
 32 of alle lovers the most infortunate,  
 Sithe *with* his darte most cruel, ful of hate,  
 the deth hath take my lady & maistresse,  
 and lefte me soole, thus discomfytt & maate,  
 36 Soore languysshynge, & in way of distresse.

Not long ago

I was

the most unfor-  
 tunate of lovers,

Death having  
 slain my Lady.

- Thenne seid I thus, " It fallith me to cesse  
 Eyther to Ryme, or ditees for to maaake ;"  
 & I, suerly, to make a ful promesse  
 40 To laughe no more, but wepe in clothis blake.  
 Mi ioyful tyme, Allas, now is it slake,  
 for in my self I fele no manere ease ;  
 lete it be wrytene, such fortune I take  
 44 which neiþer me, ner dothe noon oþer, please.

Then I said  
 I must stop  
 making ditties,

must laugh  
 no more, but weep;  
 my joyful time  
 is gone.

[Fol. 61. b.]

- If hit were soo, my wille or myn entente  
 were constreyned a ioyfulle thyng to write,  
 myn eyen coude haue [no] knowlege<sup>1</sup> what it  
     mente ;  
 48 To speke þer-of my tonge hath no delite ;  
 & *with* my mouth if I laugh moch or lite,  
 Myn yen sholde make a contynaunce vn-trewe,  
 myn hert also wolde haue þer-of despite,  
 52 the wepyng teres haue so large yssewe.

If I were obliged  
 to write a joyful  
 thing

mine eyes would  
 not know what  
 it meant.  
 [t Margin, 'my  
 penn could neuer  
 know.']

I sympathize  
with sad lovers.

She who was my  
joy and my  
delight,

has all my heart  
with her in the  
grave.

Henceforth I hold  
my peace.

Let other lovers  
strive, my day is  
gone.

Time has unlock-  
ed my treasure  
house ;  
[1 Margin, *sparde*,  
locked, shut.]

I cared not  
whether I did ill  
or well.

When my mistress  
died, all my wel-  
fare ceased.

[2 Margin, *shette*.]

Thus in great  
trouble I rode  
alone,

but soon I heard  
minstrels playing  
in a garden.

Thise seke louers, I leve that to hem longes,  
which lede her lyve in hope of allegeance,  
that is to say, to make balade or songes,  
56 Eueriche of them as thei fele *per* grevance.  
For she *pat* was my Ioy & my plesance,  
whose soule I pray god of his *mercy* save,  
She hath my wille, myn hertis ordynance,  
60 which lithe *wit* hir vndir hir tombe in grave.

From *pis* tyme forth, tyme is to holde my peas ;  
hit werieth me *pis* matier for to trete ;  
lett *oper* louers put hem selfe in preas  
64 there seson is, my tyme is now for-yete ;  
Fortune *wit* strengthe the forcere hath vnshete  
where-ynne was spradde<sup>1</sup> al my worldly richesse,  
& alle *pe* goodes which *pat* I haue gete.  
68 In my beste tyme of youthe and lustynesse

Love hath me kepte vnder his *gouvernaunce*.  
yef I mysdede, god *graunt* me foryifnes ;  
if I did wele, yet felt I no plesance,  
hit causid nother Ioye nor heuynesse ;  
72 For whan she died that was my maistresse,  
alle my weelfare made than the same purchas ;  
the deth hath sette<sup>2</sup> my boundys, of witnes,  
76 which for no thyng myn hert shalle neuere pas.

In this grete thoughtis, sore troubled in my  
mynde,  
allone thus rode I alle the morwe tide,  
til at the last it happid me to fynde  
80 the place where-ynne I *purposid* me to bide  
whanne *pat* I hadde noo ferther forth to ride ;  
& as I went my loggyng to *purveie*,  
righte soone I herd but litle me beside  
84 In a gardeyn where mynstrels gan to pleye.



With that a-noon I went me bakkermore ;  
 my silf & I, me thoughte were I-nowe ;  
 But tweyne *þat* were my frendis here be-fore  
 88 had me espied, and I wot not howe  
*þei* come for me ; a-wayward I me drowe  
 Som-what bi force, som-what bi *þer* requeste,  
*þat* in noo wise I cowthe my silf rescowe,  
 92 but nede I must come Inne, & se *þe* feeste.

I drew back,

but two old  
 friends saw me,

and made me  
 come in and see  
 the Feast.

[Fol. 62. a.]

The Ladies bade  
 me welcome,

At my comyng the ladyes euerychone  
 bade me welcome, god wote, right gentilly,  
 & made me chere, eueryche by one & one,  
 96 a grete dele better than I was worthy,  
 & of *þer* grace shewed me gret curtesy  
 with good disporte, bi-cause I shold not morne.  
*þat* day I bode stille in *þer* companye,  
 100 which was to me a gracious soiourne.

and showed me  
 great courtesy,  
 that I might not  
 mourn.

The boordes were spred in righte litle space,  
 the ladies sate, eche as hem semed best ;  
 were none *þat* serued in that place  
 104 but chosen men, righte of the goodliest,  
 and some *þei* were, *para*uenture fresshest,  
 that sawe there Iuges, sitting fulle demvre,  
 with out semblant, othir to moste or leest,  
 108 notwithstanding *þei* hadde them vnder cure.

Tables were  
 spread ;

the servants were  
 picked men,

and I saw judges,  
 sitting solemn,  
 regarding no one.

Among alle *oper*, one I gan espye  
 which in grete thought ful ofte come & wente  
 as man *þat* hadde ben ravesshede vtterlye,  
 112 In his langage not gretely dyligente,  
 his Countynauce he kept with grete tormente,  
 But his desire ferre passid his reason,  
 for euer his yee yode after his entente  
 116 At many a tyme whan it was no season.

One there was who  
 looked as if en-  
 tranced,

his eye seeking  
 his Love at every  
 turn.

They made him  
sing,

but the tone of his  
sadness came un-  
sought into his  
voice.

He was pale and  
lean, his speech  
faltered,

and I saw his  
heart was not his  
own.

His mistress had  
such power over  
him that he could  
not speak, but only  
gaze on her  
beauty.

[Fol. 62. b.]

Others he might  
turn to,

but she drew back  
his eyes.

[<sup>1</sup> Margin, *shott*.]

[<sup>2</sup> Margin, I or  
bat; MS. 'there  
that I.']

To make good chier, righte sore hym self he  
peyned,  
and outward he feyned grete gladnes;  
to synge also, bi force he was constreyned,  
120 for noo plesance, but verray shamefastnes,  
for þe Cempleynte of his most heuynes  
Come to his voice alway *with*-oute requeste,  
lyke as þe sowune of birdis doth expres  
124 whanne thei synge lowde, in frith or foreste.

Othir *þer* were that serued in the halle,  
but not like hym, as after myne advice,  
for he was paale, & sunwhat lene *with*-alle;  
128 his speche also trembled in ferefulle wise,  
and euer alone; but whan he did scruyse,  
al blakke he ware, and noo devyce but pleyne.  
me thought bi hym, as my witt couthe suffice,  
132 his hert was noo thyng in his owen demayne.

To feste hem alle he did his diligence,  
and wele he couthe, righte as semed me,  
But *euere*-more whanne he was in *presence*,  
136 his chiere was doo, it wolde noon other be.  
his scolemaister hadde suche auctorite  
That alle the while he bode stille in the place,  
Speke coude he not; but vp-on hire beaute  
140 he lokid stille with righte a pituous face.

With that, his heed he turned at þe laste  
for to be-holde the ladies euerichone;  
But euer in oon he sett his yee faste  
144 On hire the which his thoght was most vppon;  
and of his yeen þe sighte<sup>1</sup> I kneuþe a-noon,  
which fedired was *with* righte humble requestes;  
Than to my silfe I seide, "bi god allon,  
148 Suche on was I that there<sup>2</sup> sawe these gestes."

- Owte of þe prease he went ful easely  
 to make stable his hevy contenance,  
 and witt ye wele he sighed tendirly<sup>1</sup>  
 152 For his sorows and wofulle Remembrance.  
 Thanne in hym silf he made his ordenance,  
 and forth-with-al come to bryng Inne þe mes ;  
 but for to juge his ruful<sup>2</sup> semblance,  
 156 god wote it was a piteous entemes.

He went out to  
 recover his coun-  
 tenance,

[<sup>1</sup> Mar., wonders-  
 ly]

and then brought  
 in a dish.  
 [<sup>2</sup> MS. iuful]

- After dynere a-none thei hem avaunced  
 to daunce a-bowte, these folkes euerichon,  
 and forth-with-al this hevy lover daunced,  
 160 sum tyme with tweyne, and sum tyme but  
 with on ;  
 vn-to hem alle his chier was after one,  
 now here, now there, as felle by aventure ;  
 But euere among, he driewe to hir allone  
 164 which he most dredde of lyuyng creature.

After dinner,  
 dancing began,

and this sad lover  
 danced with  
 others,

but always drew  
 to his Love,

- To myn Aduys, god<sup>3</sup> was his purveance,  
 whan he hir chase, to his maistresse allone,  
 If þat hir herte were sett to his plesance  
 168 as moche as was hir beautevous persone ;  
 For who þat euer sett his trist vp-on  
 the reporte of there yeen with-owte more,  
 he myghte be dede, & graue vnder stone,  
 172 or euere he sholde his hertis ease restore.

[<sup>3</sup> glossed *good*]

to try whether  
 her heart was as  
 fair as her person.

[Nota]

- In hir failed nothyng, as I koude gesse,  
 On vice,<sup>4</sup> ner othir prive, or perte,  
 A garnyson she was of alle goodnesse  
 176 to make a frounter for a louer-is herte,  
 Right yong, & fresshe, a woman ful couerte ;  
 assured weel here porte, & eke hir chiere,  
 weel at hir ease, with-oute woo or smerte,  
 180 Al vndernethe the standart of dangiere.

In that, nothing  
 was wanting ;  
 [<sup>1</sup> Margin, *wise*]

she was young,  
 fresh, and well at  
 her ease.

I withdrew from  
the press, and sat  
down behind a  
screen of leaves so  
thick that no one  
could see me.

To see þe feeste, it wried me fulle soore ;  
for hevy Ioye dooth soore the hurte traunaile.  
Owt of the preas I me *with-drewhe* *per*-fore,  
184 and sett me doun by-hynde a traile  
Fulle of levis, to see, a grete meruaile ;  
*with* grene wythyys y-bounden wonderlye,  
þe leewis wore so thicke *with*-oute faile  
188 That thorughe-oute myghte no mann me espye.

[Fol. 63.]  
The lady and her  
lover came

To his lady he come ful curteisly  
whanne he thoght tyme to dance *with* hir a  
trace ;

[1 Margin, *sett*]  
and rested in an  
arbour, all alone,

sithe <sup>1</sup> in an herbier made ful plesantly  
192 thei restid them from thens but litle space ;  
nygh hem were none, a *certeyne* of compace,  
but onely thei, as ferre as I couthe see,  
and saue þe traile, *per* I had chose my place,  
196 there was no more betwix them tweyne & me.

with the leaf-  
screen between  
them and me.

The Lover sighed,

I herde þe lover sighyng wonder soore,  
for ay þe neer, þe sorer it hym soght ;  
his Inward peyne he couthe not keep in store,  
ne for to speke, soo hardy was he noughte,  
200 his leche was nere, þe gretter was his thoghte ;  
he mused soore to conquere his desire ;  
For noo man may to more penance be broghte  
204 Thanne in his hert <sup>2</sup> to brynge hym to the fyre.

but coul not  
speak at first,

so anguished was  
his heart,

The herte began to swelle *with*-ynne his cheste,  
soo sore streyned for anguysshe & for peyne  
þat alle to pecis almoste itt to-breste ;  
208 whanne both at ones, so soore it dide constreyne,  
Desire was bolde, but shame it can refreyne.  
þe toon was large, þe toþer was fulle cloos ;  
Noo litle charge was leide on hym certeyne  
212 To keepe suche werre and haue soo many foos.

and his longing so  
restrained by  
saine.



- Ful ofte tymes to speke, hym silf he peyned,  
 but shamefastnes and drede seid euere nay ;  
 yet at þe last soo soore he was constreyned  
 216 whanne he ful long hadde put it in delay,  
 To his lady right thus thanne gan he say  
 with dredefulle voice, wepyng, half in a rage ;  
 " For me was purveid an vnhappy day  
 220 whanne I first hadde a sighte of youre visage.
- But at last he addressed the Lady,  
  
 " Black the day  
 that I first saw  
 you !
- " I suffre peyne, god woot, fulle hoote brennyng,  
 to cause my deth, al for my trewe seruyce ;  
 and I see weel ye rechche þer-of no thyng,  
 224 ner take noon hede of itt in noo kyns wise ;  
 But whanne I speke aftir my beste avise,  
 ye sett it nought, but make þer-of a game ;  
 And thow I sewe soo grete an enterprise,  
 228 It peyareth noughte *your* worship nor *your* fame.
- " Allas ! what sholde <sup>1</sup> be to you preiudice  
 if þat a man dothe love you feithfully  
 to *your* worship, escusyng <sup>2</sup> euery vice ?  
 232 Soo am I youre, and wil be verily ;  
 I chalenge not <sup>3</sup> of righte, and reson why,  
 For I am hoole submytt to your seruise ;  
 Righte as ye liste it be, euyn soo wil I,  
 236 To bynde my self where I was in Franchise.
- [1 *it* inserted by a  
 later hand.]  
  
 [2 Margin, *eschewing*]  
 Yet I am wholly  
 yours,  
 [3 Margin, *nought*]  
 and in your  
 service.
- " Thow it be soo, I can not deserue  
 to haue your grace, but ay to lyve in drede,  
 yet suffre me you to loue and serue  
 240 *with*-oute maugre of *your* moste goodlihede ;  
 Bothe feithe and trouthe I gif *your* woman-  
       hede,  
 and my seruice, *with*-oute a-yein callyng ;  
 love hath me bounde *with*-oughtyn wage or  
       mede  
 244 To be *your* manne, and leue alle other thyng."
- [Fol. 63. b.]  
  
 Suffer me to love  
 you,  
  
 for love binds me  
 to be your man  
 alone."

## LA DAME.

The Lady  
answered,

quietly,

"You are very  
foolish, for I shall  
never love you."

Whanne þis lady had herd alle this langage,  
She yafe answare fulle softē and demurely,  
With-outē chaungyng of coloure or corage,  
248 Noo thyng in haste, but mesurably ;  
" Me thynketh, sir, ye doo fulle grete foly.  
purpose ye not *your* labour for to ceas ?  
For thynk ye not, whil þat ye lyve & I,  
252 In this matier to sett *your* herte in peas."

## LAMANT.

The Lover said,  
" You alone can  
give me peace.

Your eyes and  
pleasant look  
made me put all  
my trust in you."

" There may none make the peas but only ye  
which ar the cause & ground of alle þis werre,  
For with your yeen the letters writen be  
256 be which I am defied and putte a-ferre ;  
*your* plesaunte loke, my verray loodsterre,  
was made Heraulde of thilke same defiance  
which vtterly behighte me to forbarre  
260 Mi feithfulle truste and alle myne affiance."

## LA DAME.

" A man must  
have a great fancy  
for woe who is put  
out by a look.

Oureyes are made  
for looking. Why  
shouln't we use  
them ? "

" To lyve in woo he hath grete fantasie,  
and of his herte also hath sliper holde,  
that only for þe biholdyng of an yee  
264 Can not abide in peas, as Resoun wolde ;  
Other, or me, if ye liste to biholde,  
Our yeen ar made to looke ; whi shulde we  
spare ?  
I take noo keepē nother of yong nor oolde ;  
268 whoo felith smerte, I counseil hym be ware."

## LAMANT.

" But ince you  
have caused me so  
much pain, why  
don't you keep  
this in mind ?

" If it be soo, on hurte an othir soore,  
In his defeaute that felithe the grevance,  
of verry righte a man may doo noo more,  
272 yet Reason wolde it were in Remembrance ;

and sithe fortune, not oonly bi his<sup>1</sup> Chance  
 hath caused me to suffre alle þis peyne,  
 but<sup>2</sup> your beaute with al the circumstance,  
 276 whi liste ye haue me in soo grete Disleyne?"

[<sup>1</sup> Margin, *hir* ;  
<sup>2</sup> *by*]

Why do you hold  
 me in such dis-  
 dain?"

LA DAME.

"To your persone ne haue I noo disdeyn,  
 ner neuere hadde, ner neuere wille haue,  
 nor righte grete love ner hatrede in certeyn ;  
 280 nor your counsail to knowe, soo god me saue ;  
 yf suche bileve<sup>3</sup> be in your mynde y-grave,  
 That litelle thyng may doo you plesance  
 yow to beguyle, or make you for to rave,  
 284 I wil not cause noon such encombrance."

"I neither dis-  
 dain, nor love you,  
 nor hate you.

[<sup>3</sup> Margin, *love*]

Pray understand  
 that I don't want  
 to trouble you."

LAMANT.

"What euere it be þat me hath this purchaced,  
 wenyng hath not disseived me, certayne,  
 But fervent love soo sore me hath y-chaced  
 288 þat I, vnware, am castyn in your chayne ;  
 and sithe soo is, as fortune list ordeyne,  
 Alle my weelfare is in your handes y-falle,  
 In eschewyng of more myschevous peyne,  
 292 Who sonnest dieth, his care is leeste of alle."

[Fol C4.]

"Ah, but I love  
 you fervently,

all my welfare is  
 in your hands :  
 and I had better  
 die."

LA DAME.

"This sikenes is righte easy to endure ;  
 but fewe puple it causith for to dye ;  
 but what þei mene, I knowe it verry sure,  
 296 Of more comforte to drawe þe Remedye ;  
 Such ben þer noughte pleynyng ful pitously  
 that fele, god wote, not alther grettest peyne ;  
 And, if so be, love hurte soo greuously,  
 300 lesse harme it were, one soroufulle, than  
 tweyne."

"Your illness  
 won't trouble you  
 much ; few people  
 die of that.

If it were real ;  
 why, one had  
 better be ill than  
 two."

## LAMANT.

"No, surely ;  
better  
[1 Margin puts in  
it]

[2 Margin, *sory*] ;  
put two in case  
than destroy the  
one who suffers.  
Make two joys  
instead of one  
pain."

"Alas ! madame ! if þat I myghte you please,  
Muche bettir,<sup>1</sup> were, be way of gentilnesse,  
Of on sorwe,<sup>2</sup> to make tweyn wele at ease,  
304 Thanne hym to stroye þat livith in distresse ;  
For my desire is nothir more ne lesse  
But my *seruise* to doo for *your* plesance,  
In eschiewyng alle manere Doublenesse,  
308 To make two Ioyes in stede of oo greuance."

## LA DAME.

"But I don't want  
any trouble about  
love, and don't  
care whether  
you're ill or  
happy."

I am free, and am  
not going to put  
myself under any  
man's rule."  
[3 *that* is from  
Margin.]

"Of love I seke nothir plesance, ne ease,  
nor grete desire, nor righte grete affiance ;  
thogh ye beseke, it doth me no thing please ;  
312 alsoo I take noo hede to *your* plesance,  
Chese who soo wil, theire hertis to avance,  
fre am I now, and fre I wil endure ;  
To be ruled by manes gouernance,  
316 For erthely good, nay, that<sup>3</sup> I you ensure."

## LAMANT.

"Love makes  
ladies

lords and rulers,  
[4 Margin, *nought*]

and their lovers  
only homagers."

"Love, which Ioye and sorowe doth departe,  
hath sett the ladies out of seruage,  
and largely doth graunt hem, for þer parte,  
320 lordship & rule of euery maner age ;  
þe pore *seruant* not<sup>4</sup> hath of a-vantage  
but what he may gete only of purchase,  
And he þat ones to love dothe his homage,  
324 Fulle ofte tyme dere his richesse boughte has."

## LA DAME.

"Ladies are not  
such fools as to be  
taken in by pretty  
speeches."

[5 M., *daily*]

"Ladies be not so symple, thus I mene,  
Soo dulle of witte, so sottid of folye,  
That for wordes which seide are on þe splene,  
328 In faire langage peynted ful plesantlye,  
which ye and moo scoolys holden dienlye,<sup>5</sup>  
To make hem of grete wonders to suppose ;



But soone þei can þer hedys a-way wrye,  
 332 And to faire speche lightly ther erys close."

They can turn  
 their heads, and  
 shut their ears."

LAMANT.

"There is no man that Iangelithe busily,  
 and settithe his hert and alle his mynde þer-fore,  
 that by Reason may playne so pitously  
 336 as he that hath moche heuynes in store ;  
 whos hede is hoole, & seith it is sore,  
 his feyned chiere is harde to kepe in miewe,  
 But thought, which is vnfeyned euer more,  
 340 The woordes preuen, as the werkes sewe."<sup>1</sup>

[Fol. 64. b.]

"The mere talker  
 speaks not like the  
 man þiden with  
 woe,

whose words are  
 proved by deeds."<sup>1</sup>  
 [1 M., *shew*]

LA DAME.

"Love is subtille, and hath a grete abaite,<sup>2</sup>  
 Sharp in worsching, in gabbyng grete plesance,  
 and can hym venge of such as by disceite  
 344 wolde knowe & fele his secrete gouernance,  
 and maketh hem to obeye his ordynance  
 by cherefulle weies, as in hym is supposed ;  
 But whanne þat þei fallen in to repentance,  
 348 Thenne in a rage theire counseil is disclosed."

[2 M., *awayte*]

"Love delights in  
 lying."

LAMANT.

"Sithe for-as-moche as god & eke nature  
 hath avaunced love to soo highe degre,  
 Moche sharper is the poynte, þis am I sure ;  
 352 hit grevith more, the faulte, where eue it be.  
 whoo hath no colde, of heete hathe no deynte ;  
 þe toon for þe tothir askid is expresse,  
 and of plesance knowith noon the certainte  
 356 But it be wonnen<sup>3</sup> with thoughte and heuynesse."

"None know the  
 sweets of Love but  
 those who have  
 suffered its pains."

[3 M., *one*]

LA DAME.

"As for plesance, it is not alway on ;  
 that yow is<sup>4</sup> swete, me thynketh a bittir peyne ;

[1 M., *thynke*]

‘But you cannot  
make me love  
what you like.

ye may not me constrayne, ne yit righte noon  
360 Aftir *your* lust to love, that is but veyne ;  
To chalenge love, be right was neuere seyne  
but hert assent bi-fore bonde or promyse,  
For strengthe, ner force, may nat atteyne *certayne*  
364 a wille *þat* stant enfeffyd in Fraunchise.”

No force can bind  
a will that’s free.”

## LAMANT.

“Lady, I only seek  
to show you my  
distress ; and I  
wait your grace.

“*R*ighte, fair lady, god myghte I neuere please  
if I seche *oper* right, as in this caas,  
But for to shewe you pleylnly my disease,  
368 and *your* mercy abide, and eke *your* grace.  
If I purpose youre honoure to deface,  
or euer dide, god and fortune me shende !  
and that I neuer rightwisly purchace  
372 Oon only joye vn-to my lyvys ende !”

If I ever sought to  
stain your honour,  
may God punish  
me.”

## LA DAME.

“You men that  
swear oaths so  
fast, know they  
last only till the  
words are uttered.

“Ye and othir that swere *suche* othis faste,  
and soo condempne & cursen too & froo,  
ful sekerly ye weene *your* othes laste  
376 No lenger thanne the wordis ben a-goo ;  
and god & eke his seynteȝ laughe alsoo ;  
In *suche* sweryng *þer* is no stedfastnesse,  
and these wretchis *þat* haue ful trust *þer*-too,  
380 Aftir, *þei* wepe and waylen in distresse.”

If poor wretches  
trust them, they’ll  
weep for it.”

## LAMANT.

[Fol. 65.]  
“The man who  
would dishonour  
woman’s reputa-  
tion is not worthy  
to live.”

“He hathe no corage of a man truly  
that sechith plesaunce worshippe to despise,  
Nor to be called forthe, is not worthy  
384 The erthe to touche, the heire in no kynswise ;  
A trusty hert, a mowthe *wiþ*-oute feyntise,  
theise ben *þe* strenthe of euery man of name,  
and who that latithe his feithe for litle price,  
388 he losithe bothe his wershop and his fame.”

## LA DAME.

“A kurresshe herte, a mouthe þat is curteise,  
 Ful wele ye wote thei be not accordyng;  
 yet feyned chere ful sone may them appeise,  
 392 where of malice is sette alle there werchyng,  
 Ful fals semblant, thei bere a triewe menyng;<sup>1</sup>  
 There name, þer fame, þer tongis, be not<sup>2</sup> feyned;  
 Worship in hem is put in foryeting,  
 396 Not repentid, ner in no wise compleyned.”

“A cur’s heart and  
 a courteous  
 tongue do not  
 agree, though  
 hypocrisy may  
 make them seem  
 to.”

[1 M., *senyng*;  
 2 *but*.]

## LAMANT.

“Who thynkethe Ille, no good may hyme be-falle;  
 God of his *grace* graunte ech mane his deserte;  
 But, for his love, a-mong *your* thought’s alle  
 400 As think vp-on my wofulle sorowe smerte;  
 For of my payne, where youre tendre herte  
 Of swete pyte, be not þer-withe agrevid,  
 and if youre grace to me be Discouerte,  
 404 Thanne be *your* meane; soon shulde I be re-  
 levyd.”

“For God’s love  
 think on the pain  
 and woe I suffer;

be gracious to me,  
 and I shall soon  
 be cured.”

## LA DAME.

“A lightesum hert, a foly of plesance,  
 Are muche better, the lesse while þei a-bide,  
 thei make you thynk, and bryng you in a  
 traunce;  
 408 but that sekenes wil sone be remediede,  
 respite *your* thoughte, and put al þ’s on side,  
 Ful good disportes werieth men al day;  
 To helpe, ne hurte, my wille is not applied;  
 412 who trowithe me not, I lete it passe a-way.”

“Your illness will  
 soon be over; put  
 this nonsense on  
 one side.

I neither care to  
 help nor hurt  
 you.”

## LAMANT.

“Who hathe a bridde,<sup>3</sup> a faucoun, or a hounde  
 that folowithe hym for love in euery place,  
 he cherisithe hym, & kepithe ful sounde;  
 416 Owt of his sighte he wil not [hym] enchace;

[3 M., *bird*.]  
 “If a bird or a  
 dog loves a man,  
 he cherishes it,  
 and doesn’t drive  
 it away,

but me, who love  
you above all  
others,

[<sup>1</sup> Margin, *Am*;  
MS. *And*]  
you set less by  
than you do by  
strangers."

And I that sette myn wittes in þis case  
On you allone, *with-outene* any chaunge,  
Am<sup>1</sup> put vnder muche ferther owte of grace,  
420 And sette lesse by, thanne oþer that be straunge."

LA DAME.

"Though I am  
pleasant to other  
men I shan't be so  
to you.

Love

will have his own  
way and do as he  
likes."

"Thoughe I make chire to euery man a-boughte  
for my worship, and of myn owen fraunchise,  
to you I nil do soo *with-owte* doughte  
424 In eschiewyng of al maner preiudice ;  
For wit þe weel, love is soo litel wise,  
and in bileve soo lightly wil be brought,  
That he takethe alle at his owne devise,  
428 Of þing, god vote, that *seruithe* hym of noughte."

LAMANT.

[Fol. 65. b.]

"I did hope that  
you would be  
pitiful, but now  
all hope is gone.

One thing only is  
sure, that I must  
suffer."

"I haue myn hoope soo sure and soo stedfaste  
that suche a lady shulde not faile pyte ;  
but now, alas ! it is shitte vp so faste  
432 that Dangier shewith on me his cruelte,  
and if she see the vertue faileth in me  
of trewe *seruice*, thanne she to faile alsoo  
Noo wonder were ; but þis is the surtee,  
436 I must suffre, which way that euer it goo !"

LA DAME.

"I do advise you  
give this matter  
up:

for never can you  
win my love."

"Leve þis purpos, I rede yow for the beste ;  
For lenger that ye keep it þus in veyne,  
þe lesse ye gette, as of *your* hertis reste,  
440 and to reioise it shal ye neuere atteyne ;  
whanne ye abide good hoope to make you fayne,  
ye shal be founde assotted in dotage,  
And in the ende ye shal know for certeyne  
444 that hoope shalle paye the wretchys for þer  
wage."



## LAMANT.

- “Ye say as falleth most for your plesaunce,  
 and youre powere is grete, al this I se,  
 but hoope shalle neuere owte of my remembraunce  
 448 By which I felte soo grete Aduersite,  
 For whanne nature hath sett in you plente  
 Of alle goodnesse, by vertu and bi grace,  
 he neuere assembled hem, as semeth me,  
 452 To put pyte owte of his dwellyng place.”

“But I must hope  
that when

Nature set all  
goodness in you,  
he never left out  
Pity.”

## LA DAME.

- “Pyte of righte aughte to be resonable,  
 and to no wighte of grete dysauantage ;  
 There as is nede, it shulde be profitable,  
 456 and to the piteous shewyng noo dammage ;  
 yf a lady doo soo grete outrage  
 to shewe pyte, and cause hir owen debate,  
 Of suche pyte cometh dispetous rage,  
 460 and of the love also right dedly hate.”

“Pity must be  
reasonable ;

and if a lady were  
to let pity lead  
her love astray, it  
would turn to  
deadly hate.”

## LAMANT.

- “To comforte hem that lyve al comfortlees,  
 that is noo harme, but worship to youre name ;  
 But ye that bere an herte of suche duresse,  
 464 a faire body formed to the same,  
 If I durst say ye wyne al this diffame  
 by cruelte, which sittethe yow ful ylle,  
 but if pyte, which may al this attaine,  
 468 In your high herte may reste & tary stille.”

“To comfort the  
comfortless would  
add honour to  
you ;

but this cruelty  
will defame you

unless Pity dwell  
in your heart.”

## LA DAME.

- “What euere he be that seithe he loveth me,  
 and paraventure I leve that it be soo,  
 Ought he be wrothe, or shulde I blamed be,  
 472 Thoughe I dide noght as he wolde haue me doo?

“Am I to be  
blamed because I  
won't do what a  
man who says he  
loves me, wants  
me to ?

If I gave in to him,  
 [1 Margin, *Maner-  
 les pyte.*]  
 I should be miser-  
 able afterwards,  
 and repent it then  
 too late."

If I medeled *with* suche or othir moo,  
 It myghte be called pyte *manerles*,<sup>1</sup>  
 and aftirward, if I shulde lyve in woo,  
 476 Thanne to repente it were to late, I gesse."

LAMANT.

[Fol. 66. a.]

"My heart is so  
 true that I can be-  
 lieve nothing  
 which does not  
 mean truth.  
 [2 M., is rubbed out  
 and *I see* put in.]  
 You will pity me."

"This *your* counsail, be oughte that I can see,  
 is better saide thanne doon, to myn aduys ;  
 though I beleve it not, for-yif it me,  
 480 Myn herte is suche, soo hoole, *with*-out fayntise,  
 that it may yef [no] credence in noo wise  
 to thyng which is not soundyng vn-to trouthe ;  
 other counsail, it<sup>2</sup> ar but fantaisise,  
 484 save of *your* grace to shewe pite & routhe."

LA DAME.

"He is wise who  
 can quit his folly  
 when he likes ;

but he who will  
 not take advice  
 [3 Mar., *sute.*]

must be set aside  
 as dead."

"I holde hym wise that worchith folily,  
 and, whanne hym liste, can leve & parte *per*-froo ;  
 but in kunnyng he is to lerne truly  
 488 that wolde hym self conduyte, & can not soo,  
 and he *pat* wil not after counsail doo,  
 his suerte<sup>3</sup> he putteth in disesperaunce,  
 and al *pe* good which shulde falle hym too  
 492 Is lefte as dede, clene oute of Remembraunce."

LAMANT.

"Lady, I will love  
 you while I live ;

and if I die,

[4 M., *than*]

I'd rather die

than live as a false  
 lover."

"Yit wil I sue this matier faithfully  
 whils I may live, what euer be my chaunce ;  
 and if it happe that in my trouthe I dye,  
 496 that deth shal not<sup>4</sup> doo me noo displesaunce.  
 But whanne *pat* I, by *your* harde suffraunce  
 shal dye soo triew, and *with* soo grete a peyne,  
 yit shal itt doo me moche lesse grevaunce  
 500 Than for to lyve a fals lover, certeyne."

LA DAME.

"Well, you'll get  
 nothing from me ;  
 I don't care for  
 you,

"Of me gete ye righte noughte, *his* is noo fable ;  
 I nyl to yow be nothir harde ne streight ;

and righte wol not, nor manere customable,  
 504 to thynke ye shulde be sure of my conceyt.  
 who sechith sorwe, is by <sup>1</sup> the receyte ;  
 Othyr counsail can I not fele nor see,  
 Nor for to lerne I cast not to awayte ;  
 508 who wyl *per-to*,<sup>2</sup> lete hym assaye for me."

[1 Mar. *his be*]  
 If you want sorrow, you'll get it."

[2 Margin, *of*]

LAMANT.

"Ones must it be <sup>3</sup> saied, that is noo nay,  
 with such as bethe of Reputacioun,  
 and of trewe love, the right duetes to pay  
 512 of fre hertys gotten by due raunsoun ;  
 For fre wille holdith this opynyoun,  
 that it is grete duresse & discomforte  
 to keepe an hert in soo streight a prisoun  
 516 that hath but oo body for his disporte."

[3 as put in before  
*saied*]  
 "When a free heart  
 has been won, the  
 winner should  
 honourably pay  
 love's dues, other-  
 wise it is great  
 hardship on the  
 lover."

LA DAME.

"I knowe soo many caases<sup>4</sup> *merueyleux*  
 which I mvst nedys of Resoun thynke certeyne,  
 that suche entre is wonder *perileux*,  
 520 And yett wele more the comyng bak ageyne ;  
 Good or worship *per-of* is seeldom seyne ;  
 wherefore I wil not make no suche aray  
 As for to fynde a plesaunce but barayne,  
 524 whenne it shal cost soo dere, the first assay."

[4 M., *causes*]

"That would be  
 dangerous work to  
 begin, and more  
 to rid. I will not  
 try it."

LAMANT.

"Your yeen hathe sette the prynt which *pat* I  
 feele  
 withynne myne herte, that where-sum-euer I goo,  
 If I doo thyng that sowndithe vn-to weele,  
 528 nedys mvste it come from you, and fro no moo.  
 Fortune wil thus that I, for weel or woo,  
 My lif endure, youre mercy abidyng ;  
 and verry right wil that I thynk also  
 532 of youre worship a-bove al othir thyng."

[Fol. 66. b.]  
 "Your eyes have  
 pierced my heart,

and I must ever  
 wait your favour  
 while I live."

## LA DAME.

"You'll waste  
your time, then ;

don't be foolish ;

bridle in your  
fancies."

"To youre worshipe see weel, for þat is neede,  
þat ye your sesoun spende not al in veyne :  
as touchyng myne, I rede you take non heede  
By your foly to putte your self in peyne.  
to ouercome is good, and to restreyne  
an herte which is deceyvid folyly ;  
For wors it is to breke thanne bowe, certeyne,  
540 and better bowe thanne falle to sodenly."

## LAMANT.

"Oh, Lady, think  
how I have been  
always true to  
you,

and always will be,

I cannot change."

"Nowe, faire lady, thynk, sithe it first began,  
that love had sette myn herte vndir your cure,  
I neuere myght, ne truly I ne can,  
544 Noon othir serue, whiles here I shal endure ;  
In moste fre wise ther-of I make you sure,  
which may not be withdrawe ; þis is no nay ;  
I muste a-bide al manere aventure,  
548 For I may not put too, nor take away."

## LA DAME.

"That is no gift  
which is refused  
and discarded.

Cool your desires  
and save your  
anxieties."

"I holde it for no yifte, in soothfastenesse,  
that on offrith, where þat it is forsake,  
For suche yefte is Abandounyng expresse  
552 that with worship a-yein may not be take.  
he hathe hurte ful fele that list to make  
a yifte lightly, that put is in refuse,  
but he is wise that such conceyt wil slake,  
556 so that hym nede neuer to stody ne [to] muse."

## LAMANT.

"A lover must be  
anxious ;

and I am not  
worthy of reproof

"Who shulde not mvse, þat hath his seruise  
spent  
On hir which is a lady honorable ?  
and if I spende my tyme to that entent,  
560 yet at the leeste I am nat repreveable ;



of feylid herte, to thyнк I am vnable,  
 Or me mystoke whanne I made þis requeste,  
 be which love hath of enterprise notable  
 564 Soo many hertis goten by conqueste."

unless my request  
 is mistaken."

## LA DAME.

"If that ye liste doo aftir my counsail;  
 sechith fairer, & of more higher fame,  
 which in *service* of love wil yow prevail  
 568 After youre thoght, accordyng to the same.  
 he hurtith bothe his worshiþe & his name  
 that folily for tweyne hym silf wil trouble,  
 and he also hosithe his after game  
 572 that surely can not sette his pointis double."

"Let me advise  
 you to seek a  
 fairer Love who'll  
 care for you."

You are now only  
 damaging your  
 own reputation."

## LAMANT.

"Al be it soo on doo soo grete offence,  
 and be not dede, ne put to no luyse,<sup>1</sup>  
 Righte wele I wott hym gayneth no diffence,  
 576 but he must ende in ful myschevous wise,  
 And alle that euer is good wole hym dispise;  
 For falshede is soo ful of cursidnesse,  
 that her worship shalle neuere haue enterprise  
 580 where it Reigneth and hathe the wilfulnesse."

[Fol. 67. a.]

[1 M. *Justice*]

"If I were to be  
 false and change,  
 all

good men would  
 despise me."

## LA DAME.

"Off that haue thei noo<sup>2</sup> fere now a daies,  
 such as wil say, and maintene it ther-to,  
 that stedefast trouthe is noo thyng for to preys  
 584 In hem that keep it long for weel or woo;  
 there busy hertis passen to and froo,  
 thei bene so weel reclaimed to the lure,  
 So wel lerned hem to with-holde alsoo,  
 588 And al to chaunge whan luf shuld beste endure."

[2 *great* inserted  
 in a later hand.]

"Oh, don't be  
 afraid of that,  
 there are plenty  
 of changers now-  
 a-days."

## LAMANT.

"When a man has  
once fixed his  
heart, he should  
not change, but  
ever be true.

"Whan on hath sett his herte in stabil wise  
In such a place which is bothe good and trewe,  
he shulde not flitte, but doo forthe his *seruise*  
592 alway *with*-oute chaunge of ony newe.  
As sone as love begynneth to remewe,  
al plesance goth anon in litle space :  
For my party, al that I shal eschiewe  
596 whils that the soule abidithe in his place."

For me, I'll never  
alter while I live."

## LA DAME.

"That is well  
enough when you  
are loved again,

but you have  
made a mistake  
with me, and had  
better give up at  
once."

"To love trewly there as ye oughte of righte,  
ye may not be mystakene douteles ;  
but ye be foule deceyved in *your* sighte  
600 By lightly vnderstandyng, as I gesse ;  
yet may ye weel repele this busynesse,  
and to reson sumwhat haue attendance  
Moche sonner than to bide by folly symplesse,  
604 the feeble socour of desesperaunce."

## LAMANT.

"Reason and good  
advice are set  
aside in love."

"Reasoun, counsail, wisdom, and good advise,  
ben vnder love arestid euerychone,  
to which I can accorde in enery wise,  
608 for thei be not rebelle, but stille as stone ;  
there wille & myn ben medeled al in one,  
and there-withe bounden *with* so strong a cheyne  
that is in hem, departyng shal be none,<sup>1</sup>  
612 but pyte breke the myghty bonde atweyne."

[<sup>1</sup> MS. *a none*]

## LA DAME.

"If you'll not pity  
yourself, you'll get  
pity from no one  
else.  
I mean to have a  
better man.

"Who loveth not hym silf, what euere he be  
In love, he stant for-yete in euery place ;  
and of youre woo, yif ye haue noo pyte,  
616 Others pyte bileve not to purchase,  
but bethe fully assured in this caas,  
I am alwaies vnder an ordynance

To haue better ; trustith not after *grace* ;  
 620 And al *pat* levithe take to youre plesaunce."

Don't hope for  
 favour from me."

LAMANT.

"Ye haue noo cause to doute of this matiere,  
 ner you to meve *with* noo suche fantesye  
 to put me ferre al ought<sup>1</sup> as a strangere ;  
 624 for your goodnesse can thynk and weel Advise  
 that I haue made a prefe in euery wise  
 by whiche my trouthe shewith open evidence.  
 Mi long abidyng, and my trewe *seruise*,  
 628 may weel be knowe by pleyne experience."

[Fol. 67. b.]  
 "You should not  
 treat me as a  
 stranger, for you  
 [<sup>1</sup> M., *out*]

know well my  
 continued truth."

LA DAME.

"Of verry righte he may be called trewe,  
 and soo muste he be take in euery place,  
 that can *deserue*, and lete as he ne knewe,  
 632 and keep the good if he it may purchace.  
 For who *pat* praiethe or sueth in eny cace,  
 Right weel ye woote in *pat* noo trouth is *previd*;  
 Suche hath *per* bene, and are, *pat* getithe grace,  
 636 and leese itt soone whan thei it haue atcheuyd."

"He is true

who deserves  
 favour, and keeps  
 it when got ; but  
 there's no truth  
 in merely pray-  
 ing."

LAMANT.

"If trouth me cause by vertu souereyne  
 to shewe good love, and alway fynde contrarye,  
 and cherisshe *pat* that slethe me with the peyne,<sup>2</sup>  
 640 This is to me a louely aduersarye  
 whan *pat* pyte, whiche long a-slepe doothe tarye,  
 hath sett the fyne of al myn heuynesse ;  
 yet here<sup>3</sup> comforte to me moste necessarie  
 644 shulde sette myn wille more sure in stablenesse."

"If truth makes  
 me love, and be  
 rejected, this is  
 [<sup>2</sup> M., *peyne*]

good, as pity will  
 come at last and  
 comfort me."

[<sup>3</sup> Margin, *hir*]

LA DAME.

"The woful wighte, what may he thynk or seye ?  
 the contrarie of alle Ioye and gladnesse ;  
 a seke body, his thought is al a-waye  
 648 from hem that fele no sorwe or siknesse.

"The sorrowing  
 lover cannot think

of those who feel  
 no sorrow,

and he forgets  
truth too."

Thus hurtes ben of dyuerse busynesse  
which love hath put to right gret hinderauce,  
and trouthe alsoo put in foryetefulnesse  
652 whanne thei soo sore begynne to sighe as-  
saunce."

LAMANT.

"He who turns to

evil any favour

that his lady  
vouchsafes him

deserves more  
than double  
death."

"Now, god defende but he be haueles  
of alle worship or good that may befallle,  
that to þe werste turneth by his leudenesse  
656 a yifte of *grace*, or any thyng at alle  
that his lady vouchith sauf vp-one hyme calle,  
or cherisshe hym in honorable wise :  
In that defaute, what euere he be þat falle,  
660 Deserueth more thanne dethe to suffir twise."

LA DAME.

"Ah, one man

[1 M., *loue*]

curse, another  
threatens, but  
none die,

yet all try new  
tricks to bring  
ladies into  
trouble."

"There is no Iuge y-sette of suche trespase  
by which of right one<sup>1</sup> may recouered be ;  
One curseth faste, anoþer dooth manace,  
664 yet dieth none, as ferre as I can see ;  
but keepe her corse alway in one degre,  
and euere newe there laboure dothe encrease  
to brynge ladies by there subtilite  
668 For othirs gilte in sorowe & disease."

[Fol. 68.]

"Why should I  
for my true service  
lose the favour  
you show to  
straungers ?

Surely, love for  
love is only fair."

LAMANT.  
"Yf I, be love and be my trewe seruice,  
lese the good chiere that strangiers haue alway,  
where-of shuld serue my trouthe in any wise  
672 lesse thanne to hem that come & go al day,  
which holde of you noo þinge þat is non nay ?  
also in you is loste, to my semyng,  
alle curteisie, which of Reson wolde say  
676 that love by love were lawefulle deseryng."

LA DAME.

"Ladies' favour

"Curtesye is allied wonder nere  
with worship, which hym louethe best & tendirly.



- and he wil not be bounde for noo praierē  
 680 nor for [no] yifte, I sey you verily,  
 but his good chiere departe ful largely  
 where hym likithe, as his conceyte wil falle :  
 Guerdon constreynte, a yifte doo thankfully,  
 684 These tweyne may not accorde, ne neuere  
 shalle."
- will not be bound  
by any prayers,  
  
but distributes its  
gifts as it will."

LAMANT.

- "As for guerdoun, I seche none in this caas,  
 for that deserte to me is to highe,  
 where-fore I ashe you *pardoun* and youre *grace*,  
 688 Sithe me behoveth deth or youre *mercy*,  
 to yif þe good where it wantithe truly,  
 that were *Resoun*, and curtesye manere,  
 and to youre owene moche better were worthi,  
 692 thanne to straungiers to shewe hem louely  
 chere."
- "I ask no reward ;  
  
only your grace ;  
  
and Reason would  
that you should  
show it to me  
rather than to  
strangers."

LA DAME.

- "What calle ye goode ? fayn wold I that I  
 wiste :  
 that plesith one, a-nothir smertithe soore ;  
 but of his owen to large is he that liste  
 696 yeve moche, and lese al his good fame þer-fore.  
 On shulde not make a *graunte*, litle nor more,  
 but the requeste were right weel accordyng ;  
 yf worship be not kepte and sette bi-fore,  
 700 alle that is loste is but a litle thyng."
- "What pleases  
me, pains another ;  
  
and no grant  
should be made  
unless it were  
sure to be accept-  
able."

LAMANT.

- "In-to this worlde was neuere fourmed none,  
 ner vnder heven o creature y-bore,  
 ner neuere shal, sauf only *your* persone,  
 704 to whom *your* worship touchithe half so soore ;  
 but me, which haue no seson lesse ne moore  
 of youthe ner age, but stille in youre *seruise*,
- "There is no  
creature under  
heaven to whom  
your good name  
is so dear as to me."

I have no senses  
that are not  
yours."

708 I haue non yeen, no witt, no mouthe in store,  
that ne alle ar yevyn to the same office."

LA DAME.

"Each one's good  
name is enough  
for himself to look  
to.

712 "A ful grete charge hath he *with-outyne* faile  
that his worship kepithe in sikernes; ;  
but in dangier he settithe his travaile  
that feffithe it *with* others busynesse.  
to hym þat longethe honoure and noblesse,  
vp-on non othir shulde not he a-wayte,  
For of [his] owene soo moche hathe he the lesse  
716 that of othir muche folwithe the conceyte."

If he troubles  
about others, he  
has less of his  
own."

LAMANT.

[Fol. 68. b.]  
"O marble heart!

720 "O marbil herte, and yet more harde, parde,  
whiche mercy may not percee for no laboure,  
more strong to bowe thanne is a myghti tre,  
what vaileth you to shewe soo grete rigoure?  
please it you more to see me dye this houre  
be-fore *your* yeen, for *your*e disporte and playe,  
thanne for to shewe som comforte or socoure  
724 to respite dethe that chaseth me alwaye?"

would you rather  
see me die for your  
amusement than  
give me some  
comfort?"

LA DAME.

"Your disease can  
soon be cured;  
mine is nothing.  
It would give me  
no pleasure to see  
you die;

728 "Of *your*e disease ye may haue allegeance;  
and as for myn, I lete it ouere shake;  
also ye shal nat dye for my plesaunce,  
Ner for *your* heele I can no suerte make,  
I nyl not hate myn herte<sup>1</sup> for othris sake;  
weepe thei, laughe thei, or syng, þis I warante,  
for þis matier soo weel to vndertake  
732 that none of you shal make *per-of* avaunte."

[ 1 M., *I will not  
hurt my selfe.*]  
and none of you  
shall be able to  
make a boast  
about me."

LAMANT.

"I cannot sing.

"I can noo skille of song; by god allone,  
I haue more cause to weepe in *your* presence,

and wele I wote, A vauntour am I none,  
 736 for certeynly I love better silence ;  
 On shuld not love, by his hertis credence,  
 but he were sure to keep it secretly,  
 for a vantour is of noo reuerence  
 740 whanne that his tonge is his most enemy."

I will not boast.

No one should  
 love who cannot  
 keep it secret."

## LA DAME.

"Malbouche in courte hath grete comaunde-  
 ment ;  
 Eche man studieth to sey the worste he may.  
 these fals lovers, in this tyme now present,  
 744 thei *serue* to boste,<sup>1</sup> to Iangle as a Iay ;  
 the moste secrete wil wele that <sup>2</sup> sum men say  
 how he mystrustid is on som party[es] ;  
 where-fore to ladies what men speke or pray,  
 748 It shal not be bilevid in noo wise."

"Scandal is much  
 about now, and

falselovers chatter  
 like jays.

[<sup>1</sup> M., *best*.  
<sup>2</sup> *ywis, yet.*]

What men say to  
 women should  
 never be be-  
 lieved."

## LAMANT.

"Of good & ille, shal be, and is alway,  
 the worlde is suche ; the dethe it is not<sup>3</sup> playne,  
 thei *pat* be good, the preve shewithe euery day  
 752 and othirwise grete velany certayne ;  
 It is reson, thoughe one his tonge distayne  
 with cursid speche, to doo hym silf a shame,  
 that suche refuse shulde wrongfully remayne  
 756 vpon the good, renommed in her fame."

"There are bad as  
 well as good in  
 the world,  
 [<sup>3</sup> M., *earth is*  
*not all*]

but the talk of the  
 bad shoulde not be  
 held to sully the  
 good."

## LA DAME.

"Suche as ben noughte, whanne pei herde  
 tidynges newe  
 that eche trespas shal lightly haue pardoun,  
 thei that purposen to be good and trewe,  
 760 weel sette by noble disposicioun  
 to contynue in good condicioun,  
 Thei are the first that fallen in damage,  
 and ful frely theym Abandonne,  
 764 To litle feithe with faire & softe langage."

"When those who  
 have made good  
 resolves hear that  
 faults will soon  
 find pardon,

they will be the  
 first to go astray."

[Fol. 69.]

"Then, though a  
man be true, he is  
to be ruine-l be-  
cause ladies have  
neither justice nor  
pity.

Vice and virtue  
fare alike."

LAMANT.  
 "Now knowe I wele of verry certeynte,  
 thoghe one doo trewly, yet shal he be shente,  
 sithe al manere of Iustice and pyte  
 768 is banshid out of a ladies entente,  
 I can not see but al is at oo stente,  
 the good and ille, þe vice and eke þe vertue ;  
 suche as be good shal haue þe punysshement  
 772 for þe trespase of them þat ben vntrewe."

LA DAME.

"I have no power  
to injure any one,

but I mean to  
keep clear of men.

They are snares,  
and ladies must  
keep a good look  
out."

"I haue noo power you to doo greuaunce,  
 ner to punysshe non othir creature,  
 but to eschiewe the more encombraunce,  
 776 to keepe vs fro you alle, I holde it sure ;  
 Fals semblance hath a visage ful demure  
 lightly to catche the ladies in a waite ;  
 wherefore we must, if that we wil endure,  
 780 Make right good watche : loo þis is mȳ conceite.

LAMANT.

"Since you will  
give me no grace,

I appeal to God  
against your  
hardness."

[1 Margin, *am*]

"Sithe that of grace oo goodly worde allone  
 may not be hadde, but alwey kepte in store,  
 I pele to god, for he may here my mone,  
 784 of the duresse which greuythe me so sore,  
 and of pyte I pleyne me ferthere-more  
 which he forgate in alle his ordynaunce,  
 Or elles my liff to haue endid bi-fore  
 788 which he<sup>1</sup> soo soone put out of Remembraunce."

LA DAME.

"I have never  
given you any  
pledge whatever,  
and,

once for all, your  
desire shall never

"Mȳn hert, ner I, haue doon you noo forfeyte  
 by which ye shulde compleyne in any kynde,  
 there hurteth you noo thyng but youre conceyte ;  
 792 be Iuge youre self, for soo shal ye it fynde.  
 Ones for alwey lete þis synk in youre mynde,  
 that ye desire, shal neuer reioysed be ;



ye noye me soore in wastyng al þis wynde,  
 796 For I haue seide y-noghe, as semethe me."

be gratified. You annoy me terribly with all your talk."

## VERBA AUCTORIS.

This woful man rosse vp al in his peyne,  
 and soo departid *with* wepyng contynance ;  
 his woful hert, almoste it brest in tweyne,  
 800 Ful like to dye, forth walkyng in a trance,  
 and seide, "now deth, come forth, thi silf  
           avaunce  
 or that myn herte forgete his proprete,  
 and make shorte al þis woful penance  
 804 of my pore lyfe ful of aduersite."

On this the woe-ful man departed broken-hearted,

calling on Death to take him.

From thens he wente, but whider wist y noghte,  
 ner to what *parte* he drowhe, in sothfastnesse ;  
 but he noo more was in his ladies thoghte,  
 808 for to þe daunce anoon she gan hir dresse ;  
 And aftirward, one tolde me it expresse,  
 he rente his here for anguysshe & for peyne,  
 and in hym silf took soo grete heuynesse  
 812 that he was dede *withynne* a day or tweyne.

The lady went on dancing again.

Her lover tore his hair

and died.

Ye trewe lovers, þis I beseche you alle,  
 suche aventure, fle them in euery wise,  
 and as puple defamed ye them calle,  
 816 for thei truly doo yow grete *preiudise*.  
 Refus hath made for alle suche flaterise  
 his Castelles stronge, stuffed <sup>with</sup> ordenance,  
 for thei haue hadde long tyme bi theirre office  
 820 the hool Contre of love in obbeisaunce.

[Fol. 69. b.]  
 All ye true lovers, keep clear of such affairs as this.

And ye ladies, or what estate ye be,  
 In whom worship hath chose his dwellyng  
           place ;  
 for god is loue, doo noo suche cruelte,  
 824 Namely to hem that [have] deserued grace,

And ye ladies, be not so cruel as she

who is rightly  
named  
*La belle Dame  
sans Mercy.* 828 ner in no wise ne folwe ye not the trace  
of hir that here is named rightwisly,  
which bi reson, me semeth in this caas,  
May be called Le belle Damesanz mercy. Explicit.

## VERBA TRANSLATORIS.

God give this book  
fair way,  
and may those  
who read it  
correct its faults,  
832 Goo, litle book, god sende the good passage ;  
Chese wele thi way, be symple of manere,  
look thi clothyng be like thi pilgrymage,  
and specially lete þis be thi prayere  
vn-to hem that the wil rede or here,  
' Wher þou art wrong, after þer helpe to calle,  
the to correcte in eny parte or alle.'

and pardon my  
boldness,  
836 Praye hem also *with* thyne humble seruice  
thi boldenesse to pardon in this caas,  
For elles thou arte not able in noo wise  
to make thi silf appere in any place ;

taking kindly this  
rude translation,  
840 and ferthermore beseche hem of þer grace,  
by there fauour and supportacioun  
to take in gree this rude translacioun,

destitute of elo-  
quence and metre.  
844 The which, god wote, standithe ful destitute  
of eloquence, of metre, and of coloures,  
wilde as a beeste, nakid *with*-oute refute,  
vp-on a playne, to bide al maner shoures.

I ask help of those  
who asked me to  
write it.  
848 I can no more, but axe of hem socoures  
at whos requeste thou made was in þis wise,  
Comaundyng me *with* body and seruise.

God grant that no  
true man be vexed  
now like our  
Lover :  
852 Righte thus I make an ende of this processe,  
besechyng hym that al hath in balance,  
that noo trewe man be vexed causelesse  
as this man was, which is of Remembrance ;

but may  
all fare well !  
856 And alle that dothe there faithful obseruance,  
And in there trouthe purpose hem to endure,  
I praye god sende hem better aventure. Amen.

Qui legit, emendat scriptorem, non reprehendat.

# A Hymn to the Virgin Mary to preserue King Henry.

- |    |  |                                    |
|----|--|------------------------------------|
|    | O blessed mary, the flowre of <i>virgynite</i> !         | [Fol. 177, back.]<br>Blessed Mary, |
|    | O quene of hevyn <i>Imperyalle</i> !                     |                                    |
|    | O empres of helle, and lady of chastyte !                | Empress of Hell !                  |
| 4  | To the obey alle aungels celestyalle !                   |                                    |
|    | For the hevynly kyng enteryd thy close <i>virgynalle</i> | God entered thee                   |
|    | Man to redeme from dedely synne,                         | to get heaven for                  |
|    | That by his deth, hevyn he myght wyne.                   | man.                               |
| 8  | Hayle bryght starre of Jerusalem !                       | Hail                               |
|    | Heyle ruddy roose of Jerico !                            | Rose of Jericho !                  |
|    | Heyle clerenes of <i>bethlehem</i> !                     |                                    |
|    | To the alle synners do go,                               | All sinners go to                  |
| 12 | Mercy callyng, and besechyng to & fro                    | thee for aid.                      |
|    | Them to dyrect in this stormy se                         |                                    |
|    | As thou art parfyte rodde of Jesse.                      |                                    |
|    | O clere porte of paradyse !                              | O Gate of                          |
| 16 | O spowse of salamon so eloquent !                        | Paradise !                         |
|    | O quene of most precyous pryce !                         |                                    |
|    | Thou art a pyller of feyth excellent !                   |                                    |
|    | My townge is not suffycient                              | My tongue cannot                   |
| 20 | Thy clerenes to comprehende,                             | express thy                        |
|    | Yf euery membre a tunge myght extende.                   | brightness.                        |
|    | Heyle flece of gedion, <i>with</i> vertu decorate !      | Hail                               |
|    | Heyle plesaunt lyly, most goodly in bewty !              | lovely Lily !                      |
| 24 | Heyle towre of Daudid & <i>vyrgyn</i> immaculat !        |                                    |

- |                          |    |   |
|--------------------------|----|---|
| Save men from<br>misery, |    | Redres mans sowle from alle mysery,<br>That he may enter the eternal glorye.  |
| and hear my<br>moan.     | 28 | As thou art cyte of god, & sempiternal throne,<br>Here now, blessyd lady, my wofulle mone.  |
| O pleasant Olive!        |    | O plesaunt olyue <i>with</i> grace circundate !<br>O lemyng lawmpe, in light passyng nature !<br>How greatly is thy name glorificate !  |
|                          | 32 | To the geuyth <i>praysynges</i> euery creature !<br>As thou art goddys modyr & <i>virgyn</i> pure,<br>Grant man eternal bliss,<br>Graunt to man the blysse eternalle<br>When he passith thys lyfe terrestryalle ! |
| Hail Virgin Mary         | 36 | Heyle <i>virgyn</i> mary <i>surmountyng</i> clere tytan !<br>Syttyng in hevyn most <i>triumphantly</i> !<br>Heyle blasynge starre <i>withowte</i> peere !<br>I beseche the as thou art moder of <i>mercy</i> ,    |
| Preserve King<br>Henry ! | 40 | To <i>preserue</i> nobyl kyng herry<br>And alle hys holy realme,<br>As thou bare Jubyter In bethleem.   |

EXPLICIT.

[The Wright's Chaste Wife follows, though headed by "A  
medycine for the tothe ache."]



## Trentalle Sancti Gregorii.

[Brit. Mus. MS. Cott. Calig., A ii., fol. 84 back, col. 2., and  
MS. Lambeth 306, fol. 110.]

[The B. Mus. text is rather earlier than the Lambeth, and is  
therefore printed here, the chief variations of the Lambeth  
MS. being put in the notes.]

A nobulle story wryte y fynde,  
A pope hit wrote to haue yn mynde  
Of his modur, (& of her lyf)

4 That holden was an holy wyfe,  
Of myrthes sadde,<sup>1</sup> & mylde of mode,  
þat alle men held here holy & gode,  
Bothe deuowte & mylde of steuene

8 þat alle men helde<sup>2</sup> here wordy heuen ;  
So holy as she was holde of name,  
Alle men were gladde of here fame,  
But as holy as she holden was,

12 þe deuelle brow3th here yn a foule cas,  
He trifeled<sup>3</sup> here so with his trecherye  
And ledde her yn lust of lecherye :  
For with lust of lecherye he hir begylde

16 Tylle she hadde conceyued A chylde,<sup>4</sup>  
And al so priuely she hit<sup>5</sup> bare  
That þere-of was no man ware.

And, for no mon shuld wyte of þat case,<sup>6</sup>

20 A-none as þe chylde born was,  
The chylde she slow3 & wryede,<sup>7</sup>

This noble story  
was written by a  
Pope about his  
mother; who was  
held to be a holy

and good woman,

worthy of heaven.

But the Devil

made her  
lustful,

and she conceived  
a child.

As soon as it was  
born, she killed it,

<sup>1</sup> So sade of maneres

<sup>2</sup> gessed

<sup>3</sup> travailde

<sup>4</sup> So ffer that she was with childe.

<sup>5</sup> her

<sup>6</sup> MS. Cot. tale, L. ease.

<sup>7</sup> Be the necke the child she wried.

buried it secretly,

and never confessed her sin to a priest.

Afterwards she died suddenly, and men hoped she had gone to heaven.

But one day as  
[Fol. 85, col. 1.]

the Pope was at  
Mass

- And pryuely she hit byryede.  
*þer* was she combred yn a carefulle case,  
 24 And vnshryuen *þer*-of she was ;<sup>1</sup>  
 She ne tolde no preste here *priuyte*,  
 For she wolde holy holden be.<sup>2</sup>  
 Efte sones she felle in *þe* same case  
 28 Ryȝth as beforn here be-tydde was ;  
 For she was comen of hyȝ<sup>3</sup> parage,  
 Of gentylle<sup>4</sup> kynne & worȝy<sup>5</sup> lynage,<sup>6</sup>  
*þerfore* she wolde not here synne<sup>7</sup> shewe,  
 32 Nor yn schryfte hit be<sup>8</sup> knowe,<sup>9</sup>  
 And so here dedes were not a-spyed,  
 But *afturwarde* sodenly<sup>10</sup> she dyed.  
 When she was seyn so sodenly<sup>11</sup> dye,  
 36 Men hoped she was yn heuen hye ;  
 They helde here so holy & deuowte,  
*þat* of here deth *þey* made no dowte,  
 But sykurly men wende y-wys<sup>12</sup>  
 40 *þat* she was worȝy<sup>13</sup> heuen blys.  
 Then *aftur with-Inne* a shorte<sup>14</sup> tyme,  
 Vpon a day soone *aftyr pryme*,  
 The pope as he at his masse stode

<sup>1</sup> She shewed neuer shryfte *þerof*, alas !

<sup>2</sup> L. transposes this and the line above, and adds,  
 Alle folke were fayne of hir name,  
 So holy she was holden, and of gode fame.  
 Twyes

<sup>3</sup> price.      <sup>4</sup> Riche      <sup>5</sup> gentille

<sup>6</sup> L. adds,  
 Hir sonne was Gregory the pope ;  
 Men helden hir holy with alle her hope.

<sup>7</sup> durste she no shryft      <sup>8</sup> lest be schreft hir case were

<sup>9</sup> L. adds,  
 So shame maketh men to hide ther shryffte,  
 And lese the grace of god alle-myghte,  
 And sethen to lyve synfully,  
 And fallen to dethe sodeynly.

<sup>10</sup> sothely      <sup>11</sup> softly      <sup>12</sup> wenden witterly al to wysse.

<sup>13</sup> sett in      <sup>14</sup> litelle

- 44 Vpon his modur he hadde þowȝt goode,  
 Praying to god with conciens clere  
 The soþe to knowe as hit were;<sup>1</sup>  
 And sodenly yn myddes his masse
- 48 þer þrowȝ<sup>2</sup> to hym suche a<sup>3</sup> derkenesse  
 þat he lakkede ner<sup>4</sup> þe dayes lyȝt,  
 For hit was derke as mydnyȝt;  
 In þat derkenes was myste among.
- 52 Alle a-stonyed he stode, so hit stongke;<sup>5</sup>  
 Be-syde he loked vnþur hys lere;  
 In þat derknes a þyng þrew hym<sup>6</sup> nere,  
 A wonþurfulle grysely creature,
- 56 Aftur a fend fyred with alle here feture,<sup>7</sup>  
 Alle ragged & rente, boþe elenge &<sup>8</sup> euelle,  
 As orrybulle<sup>9</sup> to be-holde as any<sup>10</sup> deuelle:  
 Mowthe, face,<sup>11</sup> eres & yes,
- 60 Brennede alle<sup>12</sup> fulle of brennyng lyes.  
<sup>13</sup>He was so agast of þat grysyly goste  
 That yn a swonyng he was almoste;  
 He halsed hit þorow<sup>13</sup> goddes myȝte
- 64 That þe fende he putte to flyȝte,<sup>14</sup>  
 And be þe vertu of hys blode  
 That for mankynde dyed on Rode,  
 "Sey me sykerly þe soþe soone
- 68 What þou hast yn þis place to done;  
 What ys þy cause þou cursed<sup>15</sup> wrecche,  
 Thus at masse me for to<sup>16</sup> drecche?"  
 þe gost answered with drury<sup>17</sup> chere
- he prayed God to  
 tell him the truth  
 about his mother;
- and suddenly a  
 great darkness  
 came over him,
- which stank,
- and from it came  
 a grewsome thing
- like a fiend,
- as horrible as any  
 devil,
- all aflame.
- He conjured the  
 spectre
- to tell him why  
 it came
- to trouble him at  
 Mass.  
 The ghost  
 answered,

<sup>1</sup> L. omits these lines.    <sup>2</sup> drewe    <sup>3</sup> a grete    <sup>4</sup> That blacked all

<sup>5</sup> L., Stonyed he was of a stynche fulle stronge.

Ther-of so gresely he was a-gaste

That in swonyng he was alle-moste.

<sup>6</sup> that þat drewe on    <sup>7</sup> But as a ffende was hir feture.

<sup>8</sup> rent and also    <sup>9</sup> dredfulle    <sup>10</sup> helle    <sup>11</sup> and nose

<sup>12</sup> Flammynge    <sup>13-13</sup> He asked fullyche bi

<sup>14</sup> That alle deuclis shulde drade by right.

<sup>15</sup> the cause that þu weled    <sup>16</sup> do der and    <sup>17</sup> drery

"I am thy  
mother."

"Tell me then why

thou art in such  
torment,

[col. 2.]

for all men  
thought thee  
good."

"Son,

I was worse  
than I seemed,  
and lived in lust."

The Pope wept,  
and asked whether

any prayer or  
masses could help

or relieve his  
mother.

- 72 "I am þy modur þat þe beere,  
þat for vnschryuen dedes so derne  
In byttyr paynes þus y brenne."  
Then sayde þe pope, "alas ! Alas !
- 76 Modur, þis ys to me a wondur case.  
A ! leef modur ! how may þis be  
In such paynes <sup>1</sup> þe for to se ?  
For alle men wende y-wys<sup>2</sup>
- 80 That þou hadde bene wordy<sup>3</sup> heuen blys,  
And fulle good<sup>4</sup> þat þou were  
To praye for vs þat ben<sup>5</sup> here.  
Sey me, modyr, with-uten fayne
- 84 Why art þou put to alle þis payne."  
She sayde, "sone, sykerly<sup>6</sup>  
I shalle þe telle þe cause why :  
For y was not such as y semed,
- 88 But myche<sup>7</sup> worse þen men wened ;  
I lyuede in lustes<sup>8</sup> wykkydly in my lyfe,  
Of þe whyche y wolde me not<sup>9</sup> shryfe ;"  
And <sup>10</sup> tolde hym trewly alle þe case .
- 92 Fro þe bygynnyng how þat<sup>11</sup> hit wase.  
<sup>12</sup> The pope lette teres a down Renne,  
And to his modyr he sayde þen,<sup>12</sup>  
"Telle me now, modur, for loue of mary flour,
- 96 If any þyng may þe help or sokour?  
<sup>13</sup> Bedes, or masse, þy penaunce to bye,  
Or ony fastyng þy sorowe to aleye ;  
What curste, or caste, or any oþur þyng
- 100 The may help, or be þy Releuyng."<sup>13</sup>
- <sup>1</sup> A-Raye    <sup>2</sup> Men wendyne witterlyche I-wis  
<sup>3</sup> were worthi to haue    <sup>4</sup> fulle welle with god    <sup>5</sup> leuen  
<sup>6</sup> sothefastlye.    <sup>7</sup> Butt wecked and    <sup>8</sup> I synned  
<sup>9</sup> durste me neuer    <sup>10</sup> She    <sup>11</sup> From one tille other as  
<sup>12-12</sup> L. omits these lines.  
<sup>13-13</sup> Wheþer fastyng or pennaunce may þee alegge,  
Bedis or masses thi peynes to brygge,  
With cost, and crafte, and other thinge  
To the be helpe of Any sayynge.



- "My blessed sone," sayde she,  
 "Fulle welle y hope þat hit <sup>1</sup> may be ;  
 Syker & saf <sup>2</sup> myȝth y be welle,  
 104 Who-so trewly wolde take a <sup>3</sup> trentelle  
 Of ten chef festes of þe ȝere,  
 To syng for me yn þis manere,  
 Thre masses of crystys natyuyte,  
 108 And of þe xij day <sup>4</sup> oþur þre,  
 Thre of our ladyes purifycacioun,  
 And oþur þre of here Annunciacioun,  
 Thre of crystes glorious Resurreccioun,  
 112 And oþer þre of his hyȝ Ascencioun,  
 And of pentecoste oþur þre,  
 And þre of þe blessed trinite,  
 And of our ladyes Assumpcioun, oþur þre,  
 116 And of here joyfulle natiuite þre ;  
 These ben þe chefe <sup>5</sup> festes ten  
 That sokour þe sowles þat ben fro heuenn.<sup>6</sup>  
 Who so <sup>7</sup> sayth þese masses with-out fayle,  
 120 For synnfulle sowles þey shalle a-vayle ;  
 Alle A <sup>8</sup> ȝere, with-outene trayne,  
 They delyuere a sowle <sup>9</sup> out of payne.  
 Lette say þese masses be ȝour hestes  
 124 With-Inne þe <sup>10</sup> vtas of þe <sup>10</sup> festes ;  
 And he þat shalle þese masses do,  
 Sey he þer-with þis oryson also, <sup>11</sup>  
 'Deus qui es nostra Redempcio'  
 128 With alle þe oþur þat longen þer to."  
 The pope was gladde here-of in fay,  
 And to his modur þen gon he say,

"Yes, I should be safe

if any one would sing 30 Masses for me on ten Chief Feasts :

3 at Christmas,  
 3 at the Circumcision,  
 3 at Mary's Purification,  
 3 at the Annunciation,  
 3 at Christ's Resurrection,  
 3 at His Ascension,  
 3 at Pentecost,  
 3 on Trinity Sunday,  
 3 at Mary's Assumption,  
 and 3 at her Nativity.

These Masses

said in one year  
 [Fol. 85, back,  
 col. 1.]  
 deliver a soul  
 from torment ;

but with them  
 should be said the  
 prayer 'God who  
 art our Redemp-  
 tion.' "

The Pope was  
 glad, and  
 promised that

<sup>1</sup> welle y-holpen y myght

<sup>2</sup> Holpen and said

<sup>3</sup> vnder-toke a trewe

<sup>4</sup> Epuphanie. L. compresses the next eight lines into four.

<sup>5</sup> ilke

<sup>6</sup> That souerely socouren synfulle men.

<sup>7</sup> Whate preeste

<sup>8</sup> In one

<sup>9</sup> sowles

<sup>10</sup> euery

<sup>11</sup> For the next four lines the Lambeth MS. (fol. 112) reads :

Trewly with-owten ony were

Euery day thorowe-oute the yere ;

the 30 Masses  
should be sung,

that very year,

and told his  
mother to come  
and tell him that  
time twelvemonth  
how she fared.

The Pope never  
forgot his Mass,  
but on the proper  
days sang it and  
the additional  
prayer.

Twelve months  
after,

- “Modyr,” he sayde, “*pis* shalle be do,  
132 For y am most bounde <sup>1</sup> *perto* ;  
Thou were <sup>2</sup> my *modur*, I was <sup>3</sup> *py* sone,  
Thys same *zere* hit shalle be done ; <sup>4</sup>  
God *graunte* me *grace* to <sup>5</sup> *stonde* in *stede*  
136 *Azeyns* alle *pe synnus* *pat* *euur* *pou* *dede* ;  
I *commaunde* <sup>6</sup> *hooly*, my *moder* *dere*,  
*pat* *pis* tyme *twelfmoneþ* *pou* to me *apere*,  
And *hooly* to me *py* *state* *pou* *telle*, <sup>7</sup>  
140 That how *pou* *fare* y may *wyte* *welle*.” <sup>8</sup>  
“My sone,” she sayde, “y wolle yn *fay* ;”  
And *with* *pat* *worde* she *wente* *here* <sup>9</sup> *way*.  
Day by day *pe* *zere* *gon* *passe*,  
144 The pope for-*zate* *neuur* <sup>10</sup> *his* *masse*  
The same *dayes* *pat* were *a-syned*,  
To *helpe* *his* *modur* *pat* was <sup>11</sup> *pynd* ;  
And *toke* *pe* *orysons* *alle-way* *per-to*  
148 *Ry3th* as she *bad* <sup>12</sup> *hym* for to do.  
*xij* *moneþ* *aftur* <sup>13</sup> as he at *masse* *stode*

Do hem it to saye euery daye,  
Or he that dothe thes masses to saye,  
Whoso wille knowe this orison clene,  
Hit is in Englysshe this myche to mene  
Oracio, ‘*Deus qui es nostra Redempcio*’  
“God, that arte oure verray Redempcion,  
To owre sowlis sothefast saluacion :  
That chesest, alle *oþer* *londis* be-forne,  
The lond of hest in to be borne,  
And thi dethe suffrest in that same,  
Delyuere the soules from helle blame !  
Brynge hem oute of the fendis bonde,  
And that lond oute of hethen men honde !  
And that pepille that leuith not on the,  
Throwe thi vertue a-mendid may be,  
And alle that trustyn on thi merce,  
Lord, save hem alle for thi pite !”

<sup>1</sup> holdynge    <sup>2</sup> arte    <sup>3</sup> am

<sup>4</sup> To synge these masses y shalle not shonne    <sup>5</sup> me moder the

<sup>6</sup> pray the    <sup>7</sup> shewe    <sup>8</sup> mowe it knowe    <sup>9</sup> she vanshipped awaye

<sup>10</sup> lete neuwer to say    <sup>11</sup> was soo    <sup>12</sup> As his moder praide

<sup>13</sup> That time a twelmothe

- With gret deuocioun & holynesse gode,<sup>1</sup>  
 At þat same tyme fulle Ryghte<sup>2</sup>
- 152 He sawe a fulle swete<sup>3</sup> syghte : appeared to him  
 A comely lady dressed & dyghte, a comely lady  
 That alle þe worlde was not so<sup>4</sup> bryȝt,  
 Comely<sup>5</sup> crowned as a qwene, crowned like a  
 156 Twenty Angellys here ladde<sup>6</sup> betwene. Queen, and led by  
 He was so Raueshed of þat syghte 20 Angels.  
 That nyȝ<sup>7</sup> for Ioye he swoned<sup>8</sup> Ryghte ;  
 He felle down flatte by-fore here fete,  
 160 þat deuowtly<sup>9</sup> teres wepynge he lete, He fell down be-  
 And grette here with a mylde steuen, fore her, and said,  
 And sayde þere, " lady, qwene of heuen, " Virgin Mary,  
 Modyr of Ihesu, mayde marye, [Fol. 85 b. col. 2.]  
 164 For my modyr mercy I crye." have mercy on my  
 9 At þat worde, with mylde chere mother."  
 She hym answered on þis manere,  
 " Blessed sone,<sup>9</sup> I am not she  
 168 Who<sup>10</sup> wenest þou þat I be ;  
 But certes<sup>11</sup> as þou seest me here  
 I am þy modyr þat þe bere,  
 That here by-fore,<sup>12</sup> þou wyste welle, but thy mother,  
 172 I was wordy payne yn helle,<sup>13</sup> who was worthy  
 And now y am such as þou seest here of hell, but now  
 þorow help of þe vertu of þy prayere ; from thy prayers  
 Fro derknesse I dresse to blysse clere ;  
 176 þe tyme be blessed þat y þe bere !  
 And, for þe kyndenesse of<sup>14</sup> þy good dede,  
 Heuen blysse<sup>15</sup> shalle be þy mede. shall enjoy  
 And alle þo þat leten þese masses be<sup>16</sup> do, heaven's bliss.  
 And all those who  
 have Masses sung

<sup>1</sup> Holy in prayers, with deuociouns gode<sup>2</sup> tide a-plight      <sup>3</sup> wonder sely      <sup>4</sup> alle the place of hir shone<sup>5</sup> Comly and      <sup>6</sup> Two Angilles helden hir hem      <sup>7</sup> allemoste<sup>8</sup> felle downe      <sup>9-9</sup> Do way, she saide      <sup>10</sup> Ne whom      <sup>11</sup> sothe<sup>12</sup> Be-forne y ferde      <sup>13</sup> Right foule as a deville of helle,<sup>14</sup> and, sonne, for      <sup>15</sup> Sovereyn Joye      <sup>16</sup> this

shall save them-  
selves and their  
sinning friends.

Preach this, my  
son."

Then an angel  
bare the Pope's  
mother into  
heaven.

Such is the power  
of St. Gregory's  
Trental.

But the priest  
who sings the

Mass should say  
the Commenda-  
tion the eve be-  
fore, the Dirge  
too,

and the 7 Peni-  
tential Psalms,

for every Psalm  
quenches a sin.

- 180 Shalle saue hem self & oþur<sup>1</sup> mo ;  
þus may þey helpe here frendes alle  
That Reche-lesly yn synne falle :  
Therefore, sone, þis story þou preche ;  
184 And almyȝty god y þe be-teche."  
<sup>2</sup> At þe endyng of her wordes euene  
An Angelle her ber yn to heuen :  
In-to þat place god vs sende,  
188 To dwelle with her with-outene ende !  
¶ Thys ys þe vertu, y þe telle,<sup>2</sup>  
Of seynt gregory trentelle ;  
But who so wyll do hit trewely,<sup>3</sup>  
192 He moste do more sykurlly :<sup>4</sup>  
þe preste þat þe masse<sup>5</sup> shalle synge,  
At eche feste þat he doþ hit mynge,<sup>6</sup>  
He moste say with good deuocioun,  
196 Ouer<sup>7</sup> Euene þe commendacyoun,  
Placebo & dryge<sup>8</sup> also,  
The sowle to brynge out of woo ;  
And also þe salm's<sup>9</sup> seuenne  
200 For to brynge þe sowle to heuen,  
Among oþur prayeres þey ben good  
To brynge sowles fro helle flode,<sup>10</sup>  
For euery psalme qwencheth<sup>11</sup> a synne  
204 As ofte as a man þoth hem mynne.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup> and the soules. L. omits the next two lines.

<sup>2,2</sup> When she hadde this saide A-none,

The Angelle to hevyn with her con gone ;

To that place god vs sende

That wonneth in blysse with-owten ende !

Now haue we herd fayre and wele

The vertus

<sup>3</sup> parfytely <sup>4</sup> therto trewly <sup>5</sup> this trentalle <sup>6</sup> mynde <sup>7</sup> Euery

<sup>8</sup> & the direges he most sey <sup>9</sup> spalmes <sup>10</sup> flode

<sup>11</sup> dothe quynche <sup>12</sup> be-gynne. L. adds :

And with gode Devocioun seith þem to the ende,

Then may the soules to hevyn wende ;

Therfor this Salme haue ye in thought ;

The xv Salmes for-yete ye nought ;

The letany also ye haue in mynde,

Loke thou leve hit not be-lynde.



- Loke *with* good deuocyon þou hem say,  
 And to alle halewes þat þou <sup>1</sup> pray,  
 To <sup>2</sup> helpe þe *with* alle here myȝte
- 208 The sowle to brynge to heuen bryghte  
 There euur ys day, and neuur nyghte ;  
 Cryst graunt vs parte of þat lyghte !<sup>3</sup>  
 Loke þese ben sayde alle in fere
- 212 Euery day yn <sup>4</sup> þe ȝere ;  
 Neuer a day þat þou for-ȝete,  
 These to say þou ne lette ;  
 Also in þe vtas <sup>5</sup> of euery feste
- 216 Al so longe as hit doth <sup>6</sup> leste—  
 viijte dayis mene callen þe vtas—  
 þe preste moste say in his masse,  
 (A nobulle orysoun hit ys holde,) the priest must
- 220 þe colette þat fyrst y of tolde ;  
 And aftur þe fyrste orysoun,  
 þer ys an-opur of gret Renoun  
 þat to þe sowle ys wonþur swete,
- 224 Menne calle hit þe 'secrete.' <sup>7</sup>  
 When þe preste hath don <sup>8</sup> his masse,  
 Vsed,<sup>9</sup> & his hondes wasche,  
 A-nopur oryson he moste say
- 228 þat yn þe boke fynde he may,  
 þe 'post comen' <sup>10</sup> men don hit calle,  
 That helpeth sowles out of þralle ;  
 And þat þis be don at eche a feste
- 232 As þe trentelle speketh moste & leste ;  
 Then may þou be sykur & certayne  
 To brynge þe sowle out of payne  
 To endeles Ioye, þat lesteth aye,
- [Fol. 86, col. 1.]  
 He should pray  
 also to all the  
 Saints,  
 and say all these  
 prayers every day  
 in the year.  
 And in the octave  
 of every feast  
 say the Collect I  
 spoke of first, and  
 after the first  
 orison,  
 the Secret ;  
 and after Mass  
 the Post Com-  
 munion.  
 If this be  
 done, assuredly  
 the soul will be  
 brought from hell  
 to endless joy.

<sup>1</sup> hallown ther-*with* to    <sup>2</sup> Pray hem to    <sup>3</sup> grace to se that sight<sup>4</sup> thorowe<sup>5</sup> vtas<sup>6</sup> they do<sup>7</sup> L. has the side note, *Secret[um.] Omnipotens sempiternus deus.*<sup>8</sup> sacred<sup>9</sup> And vsid<sup>10</sup> L. side note, *post communionem. Deus cuius nomine (?)*

May God bring  
us to everlasting  
joy in heaven!  
Amen!

- 236 þat god dyed fore on good fryday.<sup>1</sup>  
To þat Ioye he<sup>2</sup> vs brynge  
þat ys in heuen *with*-oute endynge!  
Pray we alle hit may so be,  
240 And say Amen for<sup>3</sup> charyte!

EXPLICIT. [SENT GREGORYS TRENTALLE, L.]

[HERE AFTER FOLOWETH MEDCYNES OF LECHECRAFTE,  
FOL. 114 L.]

<sup>1</sup> He vs *graunte* that for vs Dyed on gode Frydaye.

<sup>2</sup> god

<sup>3</sup> Amen, Amen *per*

## The Adulterous Falmouth Squire.

(A STORY OF TOO SKWYRYS THAT WERE BRETHERN, THE WYCHIE DWELLYD HERE YN YNGLOND, YN THE TOUNE OF FALMOWTHT, YN DORSETSCHERE; THE TONE WAS DAMPNYD FOR BREKYNG OF HYS WEDLOK, THE TOTHER WAS SAUYD.)

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### PROLOGUE.

*From MS. Ashmole 61, fol. 136.*

#### SIR WILLIAM BASTERDFELD'S WARNING.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| All crysten men þat walke me by,                    | Christian men!                                  |
| Be-hold and se þis dulfull syȝht!                   |   |
| It helpys not to calle ne cry,                      |   |
| 4 For I ame dampned, a dollfole wyȝht.              | I am damned.                                    |
| Some tyme in Ingland duellyng—                      |   |
| Thys was trew <i>with</i> -outen lesyng—            |   |
| Y was callyd <i>sir</i> Wylliam Basterdfeld, knyȝt; | I was Sir William Basterdfeld.                  |
| 8 Be-were be me, both kyng and knyȝht,              |   |
| And amend ȝou whyle ȝe haue space,                  |   |
| For I haue lost euer-lastyng lyȝht,                 | I have lost everlasting bliss;                  |
| And þus of mercy can I gete no grace.               |   |
| 12 When I was now as ȝe be,                         |   |
| Y kepyd neuer oþer lyffe,                           |   |
| I spendyd my lyffe in vanyte,                       | for I spent my life in vain-glory and swearing, |
| Y[n] veynglory, bate, and stryffe;                  |   |
| 16 Grete othes <i>with</i> me were fulle ryffe;     |   |

- and spared neither  
maide nor wife. .
- I did not repent
- till it was too late,
- and I shall burn  
for ever in hell.
- I spent my life in  
lechery,
- gluttony,  
and sloth.
- I was slain,
- and am now  
gnawed by toads  
and snakes.
- I sinned with  
women great and  
small,
- and was as gay as  
a bird on brier ;  
but now I suffer  
sharply for it,
- and no prayer  
can help me.
- Woe be to them
- I had no *grace* me to amend,  
Y sparyd no *per* meyd ne wyffe,  
And *pat* hath brouzt me to *his* ende.
- 20 Y hade no hape whyll I was here  
Forto a-ryse and me repent,  
Tyll *pat* I was brouzt on bere ;  
Than was to late, ffor I was schente.
- 24 All-wey with *hem* I ame awayde,  
In fyre of hell I schall euer be brente ;  
Alas ! *his* world hath me deseyuede,  
Fore I had no *grace* me to amende.
- 28 Yn lechery I lede my lyfe,  
For I hade gode and gold at wylle ;  
I schenze my selue with-outene knyffe,  
And of glotony I hade my fylle ;
- 32 Yn sleuth I ley, and slepyd styлле.  
I was deseyued in a reyste,  
A dolefulle deth *pat* dyde me kylle ;  
Than was to late off had-I-wyste.
- 36 Thus ame I lappyd all a-boute ;  
With todys and snaks, as ze may se,  
Y ame gnawyn my body a-boute.  
Alas, alas ! full wo is me,
- 40 It is to late, it will not be.  
I knaw welle women, more and mynne,  
For hym *pat* dyzed for zou and me,  
Aryse, and rest not in *your* syne !
- 44 For when I was in my flowres,  
Than was I lyzht as byrd on brere ;  
Ther-for I suffere scharpe schoures,  
And by *pat* bergayne wonder dere,
- 48 And byde in peynes many and sere ;  
Ther-for *pus* I make my mone.  
Now may helpe me no prayer,  
Y have no gode bot god alone.
- 52 Wo be *pei*, who so euer *pei* be,



- And haue *þer* v wytts at wylle,  
 And wyll not be *wer* be me,  
 And know gode thinge fro *þe* ylle.
- 56 The pore, for faute late *þem* not spylle !  
 And *þe* do, *þour* deth is dy3ht ;  
*þoure* fals flessch *þe* not fullfyllle,  
 Lost *with* lueyfer fro *ye* ly3ht.
- 60 Yn delycate mets I sette my delyte,  
 And my3hty Wynes vn-to my pay ;  
 That make *þis* wormys on me byte,  
 There-for my song is well-y-wey !
- 64 I my3ht not fast, I wold not praye,  
 I thou3t to amend me *in* myn age,  
 Y droffe euer forth fro dey to dey,  
 Ther-for I byde here *in* *þis* cage.
- 68 Thys cage is euer lastynge fyre ;  
 I ame ordeynd *þer*-in to duelle ;  
 Yt is me gyuen, for myne hyre,  
 Euer to bryne in *þe* pytte of helle.
- 72 Y ame feteryd *with* *þe* fends selle,  
 Ther I a-byde as best in stalle ;  
 Ther is no tonge my care cane telle,  
 Be were *þe* haue not sych a falle !
- 76 Alas *þat* euer I borne was,  
 Or moder me bore ! why dyde sche so ?  
 For I ame lost for my trespas,  
 And a-byde in euer-lastynge wo ;
- 80 Y haue no frend, bot many a fo.  
 Be-hold me how *þat* I ame tourne,  
 For I ame rente fro tope to to ;  
 Alas *þat* euer I was borne !
- 84 Gode broþer, haue me *in* mynd,  
 And thinke how *pou* schall dy3e all wey,  
 And to *þi* soule be not vn-kynde,  
 Remembyr it boþe ny3t and dey !
- 88 Besyly loke *þat* *pou* praye,

who will not be  
 ware by me !

[Fol. 136. b.]

Let not the poor  
 want, or you will  
 die for it.

I delighted in  
 delicate dishes,

and now worms  
 bite me.

I would not pray ;  
 I put off amend-  
 ment ;

therefore I burn  
 in everlasting  
 fire—

in the pit of hell,  
 fettered as a beast  
 in a stall.

Be ware by me.

Alas that I ever  
 was born !

I am in woe for  
 ever,

and torn from top  
 to toe.

Good brother,  
 think on thy  
 death

night and day.  
 Pray Heaven's  
 King

to save thee on  
the Day of  
Reckoning,

when no lords  
or man of law  
can help thee,  
nor any plea.

God grant thee  
and every man to  
know himself!

Farewell! The  
horn blows forme.

And be-seke þou heuen kyng  
To saue þe on þat dredfull dey  
That euery man schall gyffe rekenyng;

92 For þer no lords schall for þe praye,  
Ne Justys, noþer no mane of lawe;  
Ther charter help-ys þe not þat dey,  
Ther pletyn is not worth an hawe.

96 God gyue þe grace þi selue to know,  
And euery mane in hys degre!  
Fare wele! I here an horne blow,  
Y may no lenger byde with þe.

### The Story,

*From MS. Lambeth 306, fol. 107—110,*

WHICH HAS NO PROLOGUE.

Take heed to my  
talking!

Keep from the  
seven Sins.

God will be  
avenged on him  
who breaks his  
wedlock,

which lasts till the  
judgment day;

for death shall  
come to all,

and the greatest  
kings shall lose  
their crowns.

100 **M**an, Frome<sup>1</sup> myschefe thou þe A-mende,  
And to my talkyng thou take gode hede,  
Fro synnes vij thou the defende,  
The leste of alle is for to drede;  
104 For of the leste y wille you speke,  
And for to fabille I wille you nought;<sup>2</sup>  
Be ware, man, god wille him wreke  
Off him that is cause spowsode to breke.<sup>3</sup>  
108 Thet<sup>4</sup> first Sacrement that euer god made,  
That was wedlok, in gode faye;  
Kepe<sup>5</sup> thou hit<sup>6</sup> with-oute dred,  
For hit lastith tille<sup>7</sup> domes daye.  
112 For his bonde we may alle breke,<sup>8</sup>  
His owne worde, and<sup>9</sup> we wille halde,  
To<sup>10</sup> dethe come that shalle wreke,<sup>11</sup>  
And be cast in claye fulle colde.<sup>12</sup>  
116 The gretter<sup>13</sup> kyng of alle the worlde  
By som cause his Crowne may forgone,—

<sup>1</sup> MS. Ashmole, fro

<sup>2</sup> fro hell I wyll you tech

<sup>3</sup> his teching do breke

<sup>4</sup> The

<sup>5</sup> Be-leue

<sup>6</sup> þat

<sup>7</sup> þat schall last to

<sup>8</sup> This line omitted.

<sup>9</sup> if

<sup>10</sup> Tyli

<sup>11</sup> all shall werke

<sup>12</sup> vs all in cley to fold

<sup>13</sup> gretyst

- I take witnesse of olde and yenge,<sup>1</sup>  
 Off kynge Sacre and kynge Salamond,<sup>2</sup>  
 120 Off Davit<sup>3</sup> that made the Sauter booke,<sup>4</sup>—  
 Criste of<sup>5</sup> hym his crowne con<sup>6</sup> take.<sup>7</sup>  
 The grettest Clerke that Euer thou seste,  
 To take hym vnder heuen cope,<sup>8</sup>  
 124 He may neuer take order of preste  
 But he haue licence<sup>9</sup> of the pope  
 And he be getten in bawdre,<sup>10</sup>  
 Or ellis a bastarde he be borne,—  
 128 This cause I telle welle for the,<sup>11</sup>—  
 The order of preest-hode<sup>12</sup> he has forlorne.  
 The<sup>13</sup> begger at the townes ende,  
 To hym wedlok is as fre  
 132 As to the Ricchest kynge or quene,<sup>14</sup>  
 For alle is but one<sup>15</sup> dignyte.  
 Man, yf thou wist whate it were  
 To take a-noper then thi wyffe,  
 136 Thou wolde<sup>16</sup> rather suffre here<sup>17</sup>  
 To be quyeke<sup>18</sup> slayne with a knyffe ;  
 For yf thou take a-noper manes wyffe,  
 A wronge aire<sup>19</sup> thou moste nedlis gette  
 140 And this (*sic*) thou bringest iij sowles in stryfe,  
 In helle fyre to bren<sup>20</sup> and hete.  
 But write thes thinges in thine<sup>21</sup> herte  
 That felis the<sup>22</sup> guilty in this case,  
 144 With shryfte of mouthle and pennaunce smerte,  
 They wene ther blis for to vmbrace,<sup>23</sup>  
 But and thei dye a sodeyne dethe

[Fol. 107 b.]

No Clerk begotten  
 in bawdry can be  
 ordained Priest,  
 without the Pope's  
 license.

If you knew what  
 adultery was,  
 you'd rather be  
 killed alive than  
 do it.

If you take  
 another's wife,

you bring three  
 souls to hell-fire.

Let all guilty  
 herein be shriven,

or if they die  
 suddely

<sup>1</sup> kyng rycherd<sup>2</sup> And kynge fabere and Absaleme<sup>3</sup> And kynge Dauid<sup>4</sup> Add, "For synne þat he dyde with bersabe"<sup>5</sup> fro<sup>6</sup> he<sup>7</sup> Add, "Thus holy wryte tellys me"<sup>8</sup> This line is from MS. Ashmole.<sup>9</sup> leue<sup>10</sup> vowtry<sup>11</sup> Thus I came well telle to ye<sup>12</sup> preste<sup>13</sup> And the<sup>14</sup> þe ryall kyng of kyne<sup>15</sup> a<sup>16</sup> woldyst<sup>17</sup> it<sup>18</sup> Omitted.<sup>19</sup> eyere<sup>20</sup> ly<sup>21</sup> wreeches thinke in þer<sup>22</sup> fele þem<sup>23</sup> vn brace

- they'll go to hell. 148 With-oute shrefte or penaunce,<sup>1</sup>  
 To helle they gone <sup>2</sup> with-oute lese,<sup>3</sup>  
 For thay can chese none oþer chaunce.  
 I'll tell you an instance. A gode Ensampille<sup>4</sup> y wille<sup>5</sup> telle ;  
 To my talkynge ye <sup>6</sup> take gode <sup>7</sup> hede,  
 In Falmouth, 30 years before 152 In Falmowthe <sup>8</sup> this case be-felle.  
 [Fol. 103.]  
 the Black Death, dwelt two brothers,  
 Thirty wynter be-for <sup>9</sup> the dethe  
 Ther dwellyd two breþeren in a <sup>10</sup> towne,  
 By on Fadir and moder goten and borne,<sup>11</sup>  
 156 Squiers thei were of gret Renowne,  
 the elder of whom had a lovely wife,  
<sup>12</sup> As the story telle <sup>13</sup> me by-forne.  
 The elder broþer had a wyfe,  
 The fairest woman in any <sup>14</sup> londe,  
 but he lived a cursed life, 160 And yett he <sup>15</sup> vsid a cursid lyfe,  
 And brought his <sup>16</sup> soule in bitter bonde ;  
 and had every woman he could,  
 He Rought not whate woman he toke,  
 So litelle hé sett by his spoushode,<sup>17</sup>  
 till the devil crooked him. 164 To <sup>18</sup> the deville caught him in his <sup>19</sup> croke,  
 And with grete myschefe marked his mede.<sup>20</sup>  
 One day both Brothers were slain ;  
 Thes two breþeren vpon a daye  
 With Enmyse were slayne in fight ;  
 the elder went to Hell, and the younger to Paradise. 168 The elder to helle <sup>21</sup> toke the waye,  
 The yonger to paradice bright ;<sup>22</sup>  
 And this was knowen in sothefastnes ;<sup>23</sup>  
 Herken,<sup>24</sup> sires, whate y wille<sup>25</sup> saye !  
 172 Take gode hede bothe more and lasse,  
 For godis loue ber this <sup>26</sup> a-waye !  
 The elder left a son  
 The elder broþer hade a sonne to <sup>27</sup> clerke,  
 Welle of fyftene wynter of age ;<sup>28</sup>  
 176 He was wyse & <sup>29</sup> holy in <sup>30</sup> worke,

<sup>1</sup> repentans      <sup>2</sup> go      <sup>3</sup> lete      <sup>4</sup> sampull      <sup>5</sup> þou inserted.

<sup>6</sup> tale if 3e      <sup>7</sup> Omitted.      <sup>8</sup> felamownte      <sup>9</sup> some      <sup>10</sup> þe

<sup>11</sup> getyne      <sup>12</sup> This line follows line 154 in MS. Ashmole.

<sup>13</sup> tellys      <sup>14</sup> all þat      <sup>15</sup> Omitted.      <sup>16</sup> hyre      <sup>17</sup> wyffe

<sup>18</sup> Omitted.      <sup>19</sup> A      <sup>20</sup> And marked his mede with, &c.

<sup>21</sup> helle he.      <sup>22</sup> ry3ht      <sup>23</sup> sothnes      <sup>24</sup> Herkyns      <sup>25</sup> schall

<sup>26</sup> this tale.      <sup>27</sup> a      <sup>28</sup> fully xv 3ere of Age      <sup>29</sup> ry3ht

<sup>30</sup> in hys.



- To <sup>1</sup> hym shulde falle the Eritage.  
 For his Fader he made grete mone,  
 As fallis a gode childe euer <sup>2</sup> of kynde ;  
 180 Eiche<sup>3</sup> nyght to his Fadir grave wolde he gone,  
 To <sup>4</sup> haue his soule in specialle mynde.<sup>5</sup>  
 Thus he *prayed* bothe day and nyght  
 To god and to his modir dere,  
 184 Off his Fadyr to haue a sight  
 To wytt <sup>6</sup> in whate place that he <sup>7</sup> were.  
 The childe that was so nobille and wise  
 Stode at his Fadir graue at eve ;<sup>8</sup>  
 188 Ther come in <sup>9</sup> oone in a white surplice,  
 And priuely toke him by the sleve,  
 And sayd, " Childe, come on with me,<sup>10</sup>  
 God <sup>11</sup> hase herde thi prayer ;  
 192 Child, thi Fader thou shalt see,  
 Where he brenys <sup>12</sup> in helle fyre."  
 He led him to A comly hille,  
 The Erthe opened, and in thay yode ; <sup>13</sup>  
 196 Smoke and fire ther con <sup>14</sup> oute falle ; <sup>15</sup>  
 And many gostis glowinge on glede,<sup>16</sup>  
 In peynes stronge, and trouble *with*-alle.<sup>17</sup>  
 Ther he sawe many sore turment,  
 200 How saules were putt in grete pyne ;<sup>18</sup>  
 He sawe his Fader how he brentt,  
 And by the membrys how that <sup>19</sup> he henge ;<sup>20</sup>  
 Fend's black <sup>21</sup> with Crok's kene  
 204 Rent his body fro lithe to lyth.<sup>22</sup>  
 " Child, þu comyste <sup>23</sup> thi Fadir to sene,  
 Loke vp now, and speke him with."<sup>24</sup>  
 " Alas, Fadyr, how stand's <sup>25</sup> this case

and heir,

a good child,

who prayed

to know where his  
father was.

[Fol. 108 b.]

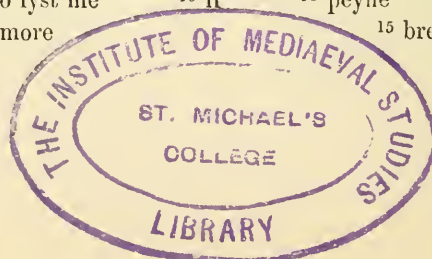
An Angel in white  
came to him,

told him he

should see his  
father in Hell-fire,and then took him  
into Hell.The son saw  
spirits in torment,and his  
father burning,  
hung up by his  
sinning members,  
and torn by fiends  
with sharp hooks.<sup>1</sup> Tho      <sup>2</sup> sone      <sup>3</sup> Euery      <sup>4</sup> For to.      <sup>5</sup> in minde<sup>6</sup> Omitted.      <sup>7</sup> he in.      <sup>8</sup> grauys graue      <sup>9</sup> Omitted.<sup>10</sup> Come onne chyld and go *with* me      <sup>11</sup> For God.<sup>12</sup> bryueth      <sup>13</sup> he in 3ede      <sup>14</sup> gan þer      <sup>15</sup> welle<sup>16</sup> saules glo-wand in glede      <sup>17</sup> This line omitted.      <sup>18</sup> py[n]ginge<sup>19</sup> Omitted.      <sup>20</sup> hyngre      <sup>21</sup> bold      <sup>22</sup> fader fro lyth to leme<sup>23</sup> conets      <sup>24</sup> with him      <sup>25</sup> stand

- The father repents  
of his sin against  
his fair, good wife,
- 208 That ye bene in this peynes stronge ? ”  
“ Sonne,” he said, “ y may sey alas  
That euer y did thi moder wronge,  
For she was bothe fayre and gode,
- 212 And also bothe tresti and trewe.  
Alas ! y am <sup>1</sup> worsse than wode  
Myn owne bale for to <sup>2</sup> brewe.”  
“ Fadir,<sup>3</sup> is ther no <sup>4</sup> saint in hevyn
- 216 That ye were wonte to haue in mynde  
That myght you helpe <sup>5</sup> oute of this payne,<sup>6</sup>  
Our lady mary, or some gode frende ? ”  
“ Sonne, alle the saintes that bethe in hevyn,
- [Fol. 109.]  
and says that no  
saint or angel can  
rid him of his  
pain,
- 220 Nor alle the Angilles vndir the trinite,<sup>7</sup>  
For to redde me <sup>8</sup> of this payne  
They haue no power for to helpe <sup>9</sup> me.  
Sonne, and <sup>10</sup> euery gresse were a preeste
- not if every blade  
of grass were a  
priest to pray for  
him ;
- 224 That growith vpon godd<sup>is</sup> grownde,  
Off this paynes <sup>11</sup> that thou me seste  
Canne neuer make me vnbounde.  
Sonne, þu shalt be a preeste, y wote it wele ;
- and his son, when  
made priest, must  
never pray for him  
for seven whole  
years
- 228 Onys or this day seven yere—  
Att messe ne <sup>12</sup> matynes, mette ne <sup>13</sup> mele,—  
Thou take me neuer in thi prayer :  
Loke, sonne, þu do as y the saye !
- lest he should  
increase his pains,
- 232 Therfor y warne the wele before,  
For euer the lenger <sup>14</sup> þu prayes for me  
My paynes shalle be more and more.  
Fare wele,” he saide, “ my dere sonne,
- 236 The Fadir of hevyn be-teche y the,  
And warne euery man, where-so þu come,  
Off wedlok to breke,<sup>15</sup> ware to be.”  
The Angille be-ganne þe child to lede
- but he must warn  
all against break-  
ing their wedlock.  
The Angel then  
takes the son up

<sup>1</sup> was      <sup>2</sup> þer I dyde      <sup>3</sup> Wheþer      <sup>4</sup> any      <sup>5</sup> lowse  
<sup>6</sup> prison      <sup>7</sup> skye      <sup>8</sup> one oure space oute  
<sup>9</sup> to lyst me      <sup>10</sup> if      <sup>11</sup> payne      <sup>12</sup> At      <sup>13</sup> ne At  
<sup>14</sup> more      <sup>15</sup> brekyng



- 240 Oute <sup>1</sup> of that wreechidly <sup>2</sup> wone  
 In-to a forest was longe in brede ;  
 The sonne was vp, and bright it shone.  
 He led him to a fayre Erbere,<sup>3</sup> to a fair Mansion  
with crystal gates
- 244 The yatis <sup>4</sup> were of elene Cristalle  
 That to his sight were passyng fayre.  
 And as <sup>5</sup> bright as any beralle ;  
 The wallys semed of gold bright,
- 248 With dorrys that were high and longe,<sup>6</sup> whereon they  
hear Angels,  
[Fol. 103 b.]  
 Thay harde vpon the yatis on high,<sup>7</sup>  
 Mynstralsy and Angelle <sup>8</sup> songe :—  
 The pellycan and the papynjaye, pelicans,  
turtle doves,
- 252 The tymor and the turtill trewe,  
 An hondered thousande in <sup>9</sup> her laye,<sup>10</sup> and nightingales  
sing.  
And on a hill a  
tree,  
 The nyghtyngale with notis newe.  
 On a grene hille he sawe a tre,<sup>11</sup>
- 256 The savoure <sup>12</sup> of hit was stronge & store,  
 Pale it was, and wanne of ble, wan  
 Lost hit had bothe <sup>13</sup> frute and floure.  
 A Ruthefulle <sup>14</sup> sight that child con see,
- 260 And of that sight he had grete drede,  
 “ A ! dere <sup>15</sup> lady, howe may this bee,<sup>16</sup>  
 The blode of this tre bledis <sup>17</sup> so rede ? ” and bleeding :  
the Tree forbidden  
to Adam in  
Paradise,  
 The Angille saide, “ childe,<sup>18</sup> this is the tree
- 264 That God, Adam, the frute for-bede,  
 And therfor drevyn oute was hee,  
 And in the Erthe his lyfe to lede.  
 In the same place ther yn feste it blede,<sup>19</sup>
- 268 Grewe <sup>20</sup> the appille that Adam bote,  
 And that was thorough Evys rede  
 And the deville of helle, fulle welle y wote.<sup>21</sup>  
 Whan Any synfulle comys here in,

<sup>1</sup> Sone oute.      <sup>2</sup> wreechyd      <sup>3</sup> arbour      <sup>4</sup> pathys      <sup>5</sup> als

<sup>6</sup> dores and with tourys strong      <sup>7</sup> hyht      <sup>8</sup> with Angelles

<sup>9</sup> on      <sup>10</sup> rewe      <sup>11</sup> an hylle      <sup>12</sup> fauour      <sup>13</sup> hat þe

<sup>14</sup> reufull      <sup>15</sup> god      <sup>16</sup> le      <sup>17</sup> lokys      <sup>18</sup> Omitted.

<sup>19</sup> For in the place ther thou seys it spred

<sup>20</sup> Grow

<sup>21</sup> it knewote

- which bled afresh  
whenever a sinful  
person came near  
it,
- Then the Angel  
takes the son to a  
shining tent, and  
there he sees a  
man whom
- angels honour,  
even his Uncle,  
in Heaven,
- where his father  
might have been  
had he kept truly  
his wedlock.
- Leave then thy  
misdeeds, man,
- and go to bliss.
- 272 As þu sest nowe here<sup>1</sup> with me,  
For vengeance of that cursyd synne,  
The blode wille Ranne<sup>2</sup> oute of the tre.”  
He ladde him forthe vpon a<sup>3</sup> playne,  
276 He was ware of a pynacle pight,—  
Suche on had<sup>4</sup> he neuer sayne,<sup>5</sup>—  
Off clothes of gold burneysshed bright ;  
Ther vnder sate a creature  
280 As<sup>6</sup> bright as any sonne beme,  
Angillis<sup>7</sup> did him grete honoure ;  
“Lo, childe,<sup>8</sup>” he saide, “this is thy neme ;  
Ther, Faþer<sup>9</sup> broþer thou may senne in heuen,<sup>10</sup>  
284 In heuen<sup>11</sup> blisse with-oute Ende ;  
So myght thi Faþer haue<sup>12</sup> bene  
And he to wedlock had ben kynde,  
But<sup>13</sup> therfor he has gotten him helle  
288 Endles in the<sup>14</sup> depe dongeon  
Ther euer more for to dwelle ;  
Fro that place is þer no<sup>15</sup> Redempcion.”  
Man, from myschefe thou<sup>16</sup> þe a-mende,  
292 And þu may sitt fulle<sup>17</sup> safe from care :  
From dedely synne thou<sup>18</sup> the defende,  
And stryghte to<sup>19</sup> blisse thi soule shalle fare.

## EXPLICIT

<sup>20</sup> A story of too skwyrys that were brethern, the whyche  
dwellyd here yn ynglond, yn the towne of Falmowtht,  
yn Dorsetscheere ; the tone was dampnyd for brekyng  
of hys wedlok, the tother was sauýd.

HERE FOLOWITH SENT GREGORIS TRENTALLE.<sup>20</sup>

- |                        |                              |   |                        |                   |
|------------------------|------------------------------|---|------------------------|-------------------|
| <sup>1</sup> chyld     | <sup>2</sup> rymeth          | <sup>3</sup> þe                                   | <sup>4</sup> saw       | <sup>5</sup> none |
| <sup>6</sup> Als       | <sup>7</sup> The angell      | <sup>8</sup> son                                  | <sup>9</sup> Thy feyr  |                   |
| <sup>10</sup> Omitted. | <sup>11</sup> heuens         | <sup>12</sup> well a                              | <sup>13</sup> Omitted. |                   |
| <sup>14</sup> þat      | <sup>15</sup> in helle is no | <sup>16</sup> Omitted.                            | <sup>17</sup> all      |                   |
| <sup>18</sup> god      | <sup>19</sup> And vnto       | <sup>20.20</sup> These words are in a later hand. |                        |                   |



# Ihesu, Mercy for my Mysdede !

A DEVOYT MEDITACIONE.

[*Trin. Coll. Cambridge, B. 10. 12. Date of MS. about 1450.*]

- |    |   |  |
|----|---|--|
| 4  | Ihesu, mercy ! mercy, I cry :<br>myn vgly synnes þou me forgyfe.<br>þe werkde, my flesh, þe fende, felly<br>þai me besale both strange & styfe ;<br>I hafe ful oft to þaim consent,<br>& so to do it is gret drede ;<br>I ask mercy <i>with</i> gud entent ;  | Jesu, forgive me<br>my sins !<br><br>The world, the<br>flesh, and the<br>devil,<br><br>I have oft con-<br>sented to them.  |
| 8  | Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede !<br><br>þe werkde thurgh his fals couetyse,<br>þe fende <i>with</i> pryde, wreth, ire, envy,<br>I hafe, ihesu, bene fylde oft sythys,<br>my flesche <i>with</i> slewth & lychery,<br>And opere many ful gret synnes :<br><i>with</i> repentance, ihesu, me fede,<br>for euere my tyme opon me rynnys : | Jesu, mercy !<br><br>Pride, wrath,<br>sloth, and lechery<br>have filled me.<br><br>Feed me with<br>repentance.   |
| 16 | Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !<br><br>Turne not þi face, ihesu, fro me,<br>þof I be werst in my lyfyng ;<br>I ask mekely mercy of þe,<br>for þi mercy passes al thyng.<br>In þi fyue wōndes þou sett my hert,<br>þat for mankynde on rode walde blede,<br>& for þi dede vgly & smert,  | Jesu, mercy !<br><br>Turn not thy face<br>from me ;<br><br>meekly I ask<br>mercy.<br><br>Set my heart in<br>Thy five wounds<br><br>and have mercy<br>on my sins. |
| 24 | Ihesu, mercy for [my <sup>1</sup> ] myse dede !   |  |

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in MS.

Give me grace to  
love Thee;

To þi lyknes þou has me made ;  
þe for to lufe þou gyfe me grace !  
þou art þe lufe þat neuere sal fade ;

28      mercy I ask whils I hafe space.

I trust Thee for  
forgiveness,

I tryst ihesu of forgyfnes  
of al my synnes, þat is my crede ;

and I yield myself  
to thy goodness.

I me betake to þi gudnes ;  
32      ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !

I craue thy grace ;

Als touchande grace, bot ask & hafe :  
þus has þou het in þi beheste,  
þarfor sum grace on þe I crafe ;

without it I am  
but a beast ;

36      with outen grace I am bot beste,  
& warre þan beste defyled with syne ;  
þou graunt þat grace may in me brede,  
þat I <sup>1</sup> þi lufe, ihesu, myȝt wynn :

with it I may win  
Thy love.

40      Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !

Thy love passes  
all things.

Al worldely lufe is vanite ;  
bot lufe of þe passes al thyng.  
þar is no lufe with outen þe ;

44      & þe to lufe I aske syghynge.

Grant it to me,

Ihesu, me graunt lufe þe forthy,  
& in þi law, ihesu, me lede.

and have mercy  
on me for my  
misdeeds.

þat I myslufede, I aske mercy :

48      Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede !

It is Thine to for-  
give sins, it is  
mine to commit  
them.

It is of þe for to forgyfe  
alkyn tryspas both more & mynn ;

It is of me, whyls I here lyfe,  
52      or more or lesse ilke day to synne,  
And of þe fende to duell þer in :

Give me grace to  
love Thee.

þou gyfe me grace to take gud hede  
þat I þi lufe, ihesu, myȝht wynnne !

Mercy, Christ !

56      Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !

<sup>1</sup> Inserted in a different hand.

- Dispyce me nozt, swete lorde ihesu,  
 I am þe warke of þin aghen hende,  
 þof I hafe bene to þe vntrew ;  
 60 Ihesu, þou kan me sone amende ;  
 þou has me made to þi lyknes,  
 thurgh synne I hafe loste heuenly mede ;  
 Now, lorde, I aske of þi gadenes,  
 64 Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !  
 þow walde be borne for synful man,  
 for syn þou take no wreke on me.<sup>1</sup>  
 My comforth be þi harde passionē ;  
 68 Ihesu, þer of hafe I gret nede ;  
 For synne þou graunt me contrycione :  
 Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede !  
 After my dedes þou deme me nozt ;  
 72 after mercy þou do to me ;  
 If þou me deme als I hafe wrought,  
 in bytter payns I drede to be.  
 My lyfe to mende, & hafe mercy,  
 76 my lorde ihesu, þou be my spede,  
 luf þe, & drede, þat syttis on hy :  
 Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !  
 If I had done ilke cursede warke,  
 80 & alken synnes wer wrozt in me,  
 þou may þaim sleke, als is a sparke  
 when it is put in myddes þe see ;  
 & þar may no man sleke my myse  
 84 bot þou, ihesu, of þi godhede ;  
 when þou vouchesafe, þou sone forgyfese :  
 Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede !  
 Who sal þe loue in fynyal blyse  
 88 bot trow mankynde & aṅgels fre ?

<sup>1</sup> Two lines apparently omitted here in the MS.

Despise me not,

for my  
unfaithfulness.

Thou madest me  
like Thee,

have mercy on me.

Take no ven-  
geance for my  
sin.

Let Thy sufferings  
be my comfort,  
and grant me re-  
pentance for my  
transgressions.

Judge me not  
according to my  
deeds ;

but help me to  
mend my life and

love Thee.

Thou canst quench  
my sins

like a spark put  
in the sea ;

vouchsafe me Thy  
mercy.

- Restore me to the  
heritage I have  
lost
- through frailty of  
my nature!
- Mercy, Jesu !
- Thou desirest not  
man to sin,
- but to turn and  
amend.  
Give me Thy grace
- and love for ever.  
Mercy, Jesu !
- Thou art my God,  
help me !
- Thou shalt judge  
me when all  
people shall arise.
- Mercy, Jesu !
- Thou helpedst  
Susan in her  
trouble ;
- put too my soul  
at ease !
- Jesu, mercy !
- My baptismal  
vow
- I have not kept,
- Myne heretage forsoth þat is :  
thurgh gude lyfeynge & grace of þe,  
þou me restere vnto þat blyse ;
- 92 beholde frelete of my manhede  
þat makes me oft to do of myse :  
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !
- þo[u] wil no dede of synful man :  
96 þus says þou, lorde, in haly wryt ;  
Ful wele wote þou coueytis þan  
he turne his lyfe & sone mende it :  
þou gyfe me grace my lyfe to mende,  
100 beswylede in synn als wyckede wede ;  
graunt me þi lufe with outen ende :  
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !
- þow art my god, I þe honour ;  
104 þou art þe sone of maydyn & moder,  
In my dysese þou me succurre :  
þou art my lorde, þou art my brother ;  
þou sal me deme, my cryatour,  
108 when vp sal ryse euere ilke a lede.  
Mercy, ihesu, my sauour !  
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !
- þou helpe me, lorde, in my dysese,  
112 þat walde susan helpe in hir tyme ;  
Ful gret clamour þan gon þou pese  
when scho acusede was of crime.  
þou sett my saule, myn hert, in ese,  
116 þe fende to flee & his falshede,  
& soferandely þe for to plesse :  
Ihesu, mercy for my mysedede !
- In my baptym I mayde beheste  
120 þe for to serue lelely & wele ;  
Of þi seruyse oft hafe I seste,



- with synnes thowsandes serued vnsele ;*  
 Bot þi mercy nedes moste be sene  
 124 þer moste synn is & wyckededede ;  
 þe moste synful I am, I wene ;  
     Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !  
     but Thy mercy is  
     seen where most  
     sin is.  
     Have mercy on  
     me !
- For synful man walde þou be borne ;  
 128 for ryghtwys not þou wil recorde ;  
 when man had synnede, he was forlorne,  
 & þan him kyndely þou restorde ;  
 þou sufferde paynes corōnde *with* thorne,  
 132 nakede *with* outhen clath or schrede,  
*with* mykel sorue þi body torne :  
     Ihesu, mercy for my mysdede !  
     and sufferedst  
     pain and thorns.  
     Jesu, have mercy  
     on my sins !
- þou art my hope, my way ful sure,  
 136 ay lastande hele, both streng[t]h & pese ;  
 þou art pyte þat ay sal dure ;  
 þou art gudenes þat neuer sal sese ;  
 þou art clenness, both mylde & mure ;  
 140 me þe displese, ihesu, for bede,  
 Als þou was borne of virgyne pure :  
     ihesu, mercy for my myse dede.  
     Thou art my hope  
     and my salvation.  
     Prevent me from  
     displeasing thee.
- þou byddes ilke man zelde gud for ill,  
 144 not il for il to zelde agayne ;  
 þan I beseke þe þat þou wil  
 graunt me mercy in stede of payne !  
 þou me forgyfe, & mercy graunt,  
 148 & in my saule þou sawe þi sede,  
 þat I may, lorde, make myne auant :  
     Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !  
     As man should  
     return good for  
     evil,  
     grant me mercy  
     instead of punish-  
     ment.
- Bot, worthy lorde, to þe I cry,  
 152 & I in syne stande obstynate ;  
 þarfore þou heres noȝt me forthy,  
 þou wil noȝt here me in þat state.  
     I cry to Thee,  
     but Thou wilt  
     not hear one  
     obstinate in sin ;

give me therefore  
grace to change,  
and love Thee !

156 þou gyfe me grace lefe my folý,  
& fe[r]uently þe lufe & drede,  
þan wate I wele I get mercy :  
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede !

Only they shall  
have thy bliss

160 Noght euere-ilke man þat cales þe lorde  
or mercy askes, sal hafe þi blise,  
his conscienc3 bot he remorde,  
& wirke þi wil, & mende his lyfe.  
to blyse sal I sone be restorede  
164 if I my saule þusgates wil fede ;  
Of þi mercy late me recorde :  
ihesu, mercy for my mysedede !

who repent and  
work Thy will.

Let me experience  
Thy mercy, Lord.

Thou who art  
merciful to  
sinners, keep me.

168 I me betake to þi mercy  
þat mercy gyffes to synful men ;  
þou kepe me, lorde, for I sal dye,  
& wot neuere whore, ne how, ne when.

Make me burn  
with Thy love,

172 In þi hote lufe me graunt to brene,  
& þat lesson trewly to rede ;

and grant me  
mercy for my  
misdeeds.

Mercy þou graunt ! amen ! amen !  
Ihesu, mercy for my myse dede ! Amen !

## Alva Cantica.

[*Trin. Coll. Cambridge, B. 10. 12. Date of MS.  
about 1450.*]

- |        |  |   |
|--------|--|---|
| Ihesu, | þi name honourde myzt be<br>with al þat any lyfe is in.  | Jesu, keep me   |
|        | Nou, swet ihesu, als þou made me,  |   |
| 4      | þou kepe me ay fro dedely synne !<br>Ihesu, þe sone of mary' fre,  | ay from mortal<br>sin,  |
|        | þe ioy of heuen þou graunt me wynne ;  | and grant me the<br>joy of heaven.                            |
|        | My saule, ihesu, take I to þe  |   |
| 8      | when my body & it sal twymne.  |   |
|        |  |   |
|        | Ihesu, þi name in me be sett<br>als þou art kynnge & lorde of lyght,<br>& graunt me grace ai bett & bett   | Set Thy name in<br>me ; grant me<br>grace to mend my<br>life, |
| 12     | my lyfe to mende & lyf ay ryght.<br>Ihesu, þi sydes with blode war wett,<br>& dulefully for me war dyght ; |   |
|        | þou kepe me oute of syne & dett,   | and keep me out<br>of sin.                                    |
| 16     | now, swete ihesu, ay moste of myght !  |   |
|        |  |   |
|        | Ihesu, þi name is hegh to neuen,<br>& zit I, katyfe, cry & kalle,  | Jesu,   |
|        | Ihesu, me helpe & brynge to heuen  | help me to heuen<br>to dwell with Thee,                       |
| 20     | with þe to won my synful salle.  |   |
|        | Myghty ihesu, þou here my steuen<br>als þou me boght when I was thralle,                                   |   |
|        | & forgyfe me þe synnes seuen,  | and forgive me<br>the Seven S. ns.                            |
| 24     | for I am giltly in þaim alle.  |   |

- Jesu, my love,  
 my darling,  
 make me sing 'A  
 lovely King is  
 come to me.'  
 My trust is all in  
 Thee.
- 28 Ihesu, my lufe & my lykynge,  
 for euere more blyste mot þou be.  
 Mi lufely lorde, my dere darlynge,  
 ful wer me [fayne<sup>1</sup>] myght I þe se.  
 Ihesu, my lorde, þou gar me synge  
 a lufely kyng is comen to me ;  
 My swete swetnes of alkyn thynges,  
 32 my hope & tryste is al in þe.
- Help me evermore  
 at need ;  
 fix my soul in  
 love of Thee :
- 36 Ihesu, me helpe euere more at nede,  
 & fro þe fende þou me defende ;  
 þou sett my saule in lufe & drede,  
 & al my myse þat I may mende.  
 Ihesu, þi blude þat þou walde blede,  
 fro þis fals lyfe or þat I wende  
 þou wesche a way al my mysdede,  
 40 & graunt me blyse with outen ende. Amen.
- wash away my  
 sins, and grant  
 me endless bliss.

<sup>1</sup> Omitted in the MS.



# Whi art thou froward sith I am Merciable.

[MS. Univ. Libr. Camb., Hh. iv. 12. fol. 85 *a*; handwriting of the 15th century. In every case a stroke is drawn over the final *on*. Sometimes the preceding *i* is omitted, in which case it is here inserted in italics. The final *e* after *ll* indicates, as usual, that the *ll* is crossed like a *t*.]

In cruce sum pro te, qui peccas; desine, *pro* me,  
Desine, do veniam; die culpam, retraho penam.

¶ “Vpon a crosse naylyd I was for the,

Soffred deth to pay thy rawnison;<sup>1</sup>

Forsake thy synne for the losse of me,

I, Christ, died for  
thee; forsake thy  
sin,

4 Be repentant, mak playne confession.

To contrite hertis I do remission;

Be nat dispayryd, for I am not vengeable;

for I forgive all  
contrite hearts.

Gayn gostly ennys thynk on my passion;

8 Whi art thou froward sith I am merciable?

¶ “My blody woundis downe raylyng by thys tre,

loke on hem well, and haf compassion;

The crowne of thorne, þe spere, and nailys thre

Look on My  
wounds,

12 Percyld hand and fote of indignacion,

Myn hert ryuen for thy redempcion;

lat us tweyn in thys thyng be greable,

losse for loss, by iust conuencion;

My riven heart!

16 whi art thou froward sith I am merciable?

Why art thou  
froward?

<sup>1</sup> or, rawmson

- I pitied Peter  
[Fol. 85. b.]  
and Thomas.
- I am kind  
and merciful.
- Think on My  
humility,  
and love ;  
My blood spilt  
drop by drop  
as balm against  
thy spirit's  
poison !
- " Lord, we are  
mindful of thy  
death,  
grant us Thy  
mercy, for Thy  
Mother's sake ! "
- ¶ " I had on petyr and magdaleyne pite  
For the gret constrent of there contricion ;  
Gayne thomas *Indes* incredulite  
20 he put hys [hand] <sup>1</sup> depe in my side adowne ;  
Rolle up thys mater, graue it in thy reson ;  
Sith I am kynd, why art þou so vnstable ?  
My blod, best triacle for thy tran[s]gression ;  
24 Why art thou froward sith I am merceiable ?
- ¶ " Thynk, a-gayne pride, on myn humilete ;  
Ren to scole, record welles thys lesson,  
Gayn fals enuy, thynk on my charite,  
28 My blode alle spilt by distillacion ;  
whi did I thys to save the fro prisoun,  
afforne thyn hert hang thys lityll table,  
Swetter than bawme gayn alle gostly poyson ;  
32 Be þow not froward sith I am merceiable."
- ¶ " lord, on synfulle knelyng on ther knee,  
Thi deth remembryng of humble affeccion,  
O ihesu, grant of thy benignite,  
36 That tho .v. wellys plenteuose of fuyson,  
Callyd thy .v. wowndis by computacion,  
May wach in vs alle surfetis reproueable.  
Now, for thy moders meke meditacion,  
40 At hyr request be to us merceiable."

## EXPLICIT.

NOTES.—L. 11, *Nailys Thre*, because one was put through the two feet, and one through each hand. L. 19, *Thomas Indes* :—Thomas was said in old legends to have preached in India ; see "The Complaynt of Criste" in this volume, l. 58, and "Piers Plowman" (v. 2, p. 405, l. 13283), "Thaddec and ten mo : with *Thomas of Inde*."

<sup>1</sup> A word is here lost.

## Incypyt the Stacyons of Rome.

[Cott. Calig. A ii. fol. 81, and Lambeth 306, fol. 152, back. The text, to line 553, is that of the Cotton MS.: the readings of the Lambeth MS. are in the notes.]

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>He <i>pat</i> wylle hys sowle<sup>1</sup> leche,<br/>         Lysteneth to me, and y wolle <i>3ou</i> teche.<br/>         Pardon ys <i>þe</i> sowle bote,</p> <p>4 At grete Rome <i>þer</i> ys <i>þe</i> Rote :<br/>         Pardon, yn frensh a worde hit ys,<sup>2</sup><br/>         For3euenesse of synnes y-wys.<br/>         The<sup>3</sup> Duches of troye <i>pat</i> <i>sum</i> tyme<sup>4</sup> was,</p> <p>8 To Rome she come <i>with</i> grete pres,<sup>5</sup><br/>         Of hyr came Romyrus<sup>6</sup> &amp; Romulus<br/>         Of whom Rome ys eleped <i>3yt</i> ywys?<sup>7</sup><br/>         Hethen hit was, &amp; <i>cristened</i><sup>8</sup> now3t</p> <p>12 Tylle petyr and paule hadde hit bow3t,<br/>         Wyth golde, syluere, ne<sup>9</sup> <i>with</i> good,<br/>         But <i>with</i> here flesh &amp;<sup>10</sup> her blode,<br/>         For <i>þer</i> þey suffrede bothe dethe,<sup>11</sup></p> <p>16 Here sowles to save fro <i>þe</i> qweþe.<sup>12</sup><br/>         In Rome Y shalle <i>3ou</i> steuene<br/>         And honyred kyrkes fowrty and seuen ;<br/>         Chapelles <i>þer</i> ben many mo,</p> <p>20 Tenne þowsand &amp; fyfe ; also</p> | <p>Pardon is the<br/>         soul's cure, and<br/>         its root is in<br/>         Rome.</p><br><p>The Duchess of<br/>         Troy begat<br/>         Romyrus and<br/>         Romulus,</p><br><p>from whom Rome<br/>         was named,</p><br><p>and Peter and<br/>         Paul converted it.</p><br><p>In Rome are 147<br/>         churches,</p><br><p>and 10,005<br/>         chapels,</p> |
|---|--|

<sup>1</sup> wolle be his soullis

<sup>2</sup> Pardon, A worde in trouthe is.

<sup>3</sup> A      <sup>4</sup> whilom there

<sup>5</sup> moche solace.

<sup>6</sup> Remus

<sup>7</sup> thus.

<sup>8</sup> Rome was hethen, and crysten

<sup>9</sup> Neydur *with* syluer, neyður

<sup>10</sup> and *with*

<sup>11</sup> to be dede.

<sup>12</sup> qweede. L. omits the next eight lines.

About the 42 walls  
are 360 towers,

and 24 chief gates.

St Peter's

is a fair minster  
with 29 steps.  
When you go up  
or down, if you  
say a prayer, you  
shall have 7 years  
of pardon for  
every step, and  
also God's bless-  
ing.

Above the steps  
is the Chapel,  
where St Peter  
sang his first  
Mass.

[Fol. 81, back,  
col. 1.]

For every visit to  
it, you get 7000  
years' pardon, and  
Lents.

In St Peter's are  
100 altars: at  
their consecration  
the Pope gave 24  
years of pardon,  
and Lents, and  
God's blessing.

- A-bowte þe walle to & fowrty,  
Grete towres þre hondredde & syxty,  
Fowr & twenty gret ȝates þer be  
24 Prynceypalle ouur oþur, y telle þe.  
At seynt petur whe shalle be-gynne  
To tell of pardon þat slaketh<sup>1</sup> synne:  
A fayr mynstyr men may þer<sup>2</sup> se,  
28 Nyne and twenty greycys þer be;<sup>3</sup>  
And al so ofte as þou gost vp or downe,  
Begynneth<sup>4</sup> of gode deuocoun  
Thow sha[l]t haue at eche a gree,<sup>5</sup>—  
32 Man or wommon wheþur þou bee,—  
Seuenne ȝere of<sup>6</sup> pardon,  
And þer-to goddes benysoun;<sup>7</sup>  
Pope Alyxandur hit graunted at Rome  
36 To man or womman þat dedur come.  
A-bouenne þe grece as þou shalt gone,  
Stondeth a chapelle hym self a-lone,  
In þe whyche song petur his fyrst masse,  
40 As þe Romaynis seyn more & lasse.  
As often as þou wylt þyður come,  
Seuenne þowsand ȝer þou getest of pardon;  
And as mony lentones mo  
44 Euery day ȝyf þou wylt þedur go.  
In þat mynster may þou fynde  
An hounpred<sup>8</sup> Auteres by-fore & be-hynde;  
And when þe<sup>9</sup> Auters halowed were,  
48 xxiiij<sup>10</sup> ȝere, & so mony lentones more<sup>11</sup>  
He ȝaf & graunted to pardon,  
And ther-to goddes<sup>12</sup> benesoun.

<sup>1</sup> quenchithe                      <sup>2</sup> there þou myght

<sup>3</sup> xxxix Auters there be spesyally.    <sup>4</sup> Be cause    <sup>5</sup> degree.

<sup>6</sup> to    <sup>7</sup> And of thy synnes Remyssyon. The next two lines are,  
Pope Alysaundur grauntythe alle and some  
to all theyme that thyddur come;

and the next eight lines are omitted.

<sup>8</sup> fowre score    <sup>9</sup> Alle the    <sup>10</sup> xvij    <sup>11</sup> by-foore    <sup>12</sup> crystys

- A-mong þe auters vij þer be  
 52 More <sup>1</sup> of grace & dyngnyte :  
 The Auter of þe vernake ys þat on  
 Vpon þe Ry3th hond as þou shalt gon,  
<sup>2</sup> The secunde yn honour of our lady ys,  
 56 The pryddle of seynt symon y-wys,  
 The iiij of seynt Andrew þou shalt haue,  
 þe .v. of seynt gregour þer he lys yn graue,<sup>2</sup>  
 The syxte of seynt leon þe pope <sup>3</sup>  
 60 There he song masse yn his cope ;  
 Of þe holy crosse þe seuennyþ ys,  
 In þe whych no wommon cometh ywys.  
 At eche on of þese Auteres þere  
 64 Is euery tyme of pardon vij zere,  
 And as mony lentones mo  
 To alle þat wylle depur goo,  
 At þe hy3 Auter þer petur ys done,  
 68 Pope gregory graunteth a pardon  
 Of synnes for-gyffenne & opes <sup>4</sup> Also,  
 Seuenne & twenty zere <sup>5</sup> he 3af þer-to,  
 Fro holy þorsday yn-to lammes  
 72 Is euery day more & lasse,  
 Fowrtene <sup>6</sup> þowsand zere.  
 To alle þat cometh to þat mynstere  
<sup>7</sup> On our lady day þe Assunpeioun  
 76 Is a þowsand 3er of pardon.  
 On seynt petur & powle day <sup>7</sup>  
 þat mynster was halowed, as y say,
- There are 7 chief altars.  
 I. The Veronica one,  
 II. Our Lady's,  
 III. St Simon's,  
 IV. St Andrew's,  
 V. St Gregory's,  
 VI. Pope Leo's,  
 VII. that of the Holy Cross.  
 At each you get 7 years and 7 Lents.  
 At the high altar you get pardon of sins  
 for 27 years,  
 and from Holy Thursday to Lammes  
 14,000 years,  
 and on the Assumption of the Virgin 1000 years.  
 On Peter and Paul's day you get

<sup>1</sup> moste

<sup>2-2</sup> þe secunde is symonde & Iude, þou myght haue,  
 there of seynt gregorye there he is grave.  
 the iiij<sup>te</sup> of oure ladye I-wys,  
 of whome the covent syngithe messe ;  
 the fyvithe of seynt Andrewe is.

<sup>3</sup> leo papa I-wys. L. omits the next seven lines, and transposes the eighth and ninth.

<sup>4</sup> for-yeett and odur<sup>5</sup> MS. 3ef; L. and vij yere<sup>6</sup> there is xiiij<sup>7-7</sup> omitted.



14,000 years of  
pardons and  
Lents, and are let  
off one-third of  
your penance.  
[Pol. 81, back,  
col. 2.]  
Whe the Veronica  
is shown, the  
residents in the  
City get 4000 years'  
pardon; outsiders  
9000 years;  
sea-crossing  
visitors 12,000  
years,

and one-third of  
theirsins forgiven.  
In Lent all par-  
dons are doubled,

In that place are  
many holy bones,

of Peter, Paul,  
Gregory, Leo,  
St Petronilla,  
St Stephen,  
and others  
dear to Christ.

Pass we over four  
miles to St Paul's.

Saul was his first  
name,

- þen ys þer xiiij<sup>1</sup> þowsand 3er & le[n]tons<sup>2</sup> þer-to,  
80 & þe þrydde part of þy penauns vndo.  
when þe vernaculle shewed ys,  
Gret pardon for soþe þer ys,<sup>3</sup>  
Fowr<sup>4</sup> þowsand 3ere, as y 3ou telle,  
84 To men þat yn þe cyte<sup>5</sup> dwelle;  
And men þat dwellen be-sydwarde,<sup>6</sup>  
ix þowsand 3er shalle be here part;  
And þou þat passen ouur þe see  
88 xij þowsand 3ere ys graunted þe;  
And þer-to þou shalt haue more,<sup>7</sup>  
þe þrydde parte forzeuenesse of þy sore.<sup>8</sup>  
In lenton ys more<sup>9</sup> grace,  
92 Eche pardoun ys dowbled yn þat place.  
In þat place þer be done  
Holy bones mony on,  
Of petur, powle, & saynt<sup>10</sup> symon,  
96 Seynt Iude,<sup>11</sup> gregour, and leon,  
<sup>12</sup> Seynt parnelle þat holy vrygyn,  
And seynt Stephen þat þoled<sup>13</sup> pyne,  
And mony mo þer are yn fere  
100 þat to Ihesu bethe leue & dere,  
No mon kan þe soþe say.  
þerfore passe we forth an opur way  
To seynt powle, as y wene,  
104 Fowr myle ys holden<sup>14</sup> be-twene;  
In þat place<sup>15</sup> ys grette pardon,  
And of many synn<sup>is</sup> remyssyoun;  
Sawle was his nome<sup>16</sup> by-fore  
108 Syth þe tyme þat he was bore;

<sup>1</sup> is vij      <sup>2</sup> lenttis      <sup>3</sup> is there I-wys      <sup>4</sup> thre  
<sup>5</sup> to hem that in Rome      <sup>6</sup> were thyddyrwarde.  
<sup>7</sup> wyne,      <sup>8</sup> For-yevenes of alle thy synne.      <sup>9</sup> that holy  
<sup>10</sup> Iude and      <sup>11</sup> and of sent  
<sup>12</sup> L. inserts,  
Seynt Iohn and seynt Boniface,  
Proscesse[?] and Martyn in that place  
<sup>13</sup> suffyrde      <sup>14</sup> been      <sup>15</sup> waye      <sup>16</sup> name

- Heþen he was, & cristened noȝthe  
 Tylle criste hit putte yn his þowȝthe ;  
 And þat holy mon Ananyas <sup>1</sup>
- 112 Crystened hym þorow goddis grace,  
 And called <sup>2</sup> hym paule, petur brodur,  
 þat eche of hem shuld comforte oþur ;  
 And yn þe worshyp of þat <sup>3</sup> conuercyoun
- 116 ys graunted a M<sup>ll</sup> <sup>4</sup> ȝere of pardon,  
 And at þe feste of his day  
 Two <sup>5</sup> M<sup>ll</sup> ȝere haue þou may.<sup>6</sup>  
 On chyldermasse day yn cristemasse
- 120 Is iiij M<sup>ll</sup> ȝere to <sup>7</sup> more & lasse ;  
<sup>8</sup> And on seynt Martyn þe viij day  
 That mynster was halewed as y ȝou say,  
 Ther ys xiiij þowsand ȝere, & lentones þer-to,
- 124 And þe þrydde part of þy penauns vn-do.<sup>8</sup>  
 And ȝyf þou be þere alle þe ȝer  
 Eche a day <sup>9</sup> yn þat mynster,  
<sup>10</sup> Thow shalt have as moche pardon
- 128 As þou to seynt Iame wolde gon.<sup>10</sup>  
 Her may we no lengur be,<sup>11</sup>  
 To saynt Anastase moste we ;<sup>12</sup>  
 Two myle þer ys be-twene
- 132 Of fayr way & of clene ;<sup>13</sup>  
 And eche a day ȝyf þou wolte trace,<sup>14</sup>  
 Seuenne <sup>15</sup> M<sup>ll</sup> ȝere þer þou hase ;  
 And þer-to shalt þou have also
- 136 The þrydde parte of þy penaunce vn-do.  
 Pope vrban þat holy syre  
 So rewardeth men for here hyre ;

till Ananias  
christened him.

In honour of his  
conversion you  
get 1000 years'  
pardon, and on  
his Festival 2000  
years.

On Childermas  
Day you get 4000  
years ;  
[Fol. 82, col. 1.]  
at Martinmas

14,000 years, and  
Lents, and one-  
third of your  
penance excused.  
A year's daily  
visit to St Paul's  
is as good as a  
pilgrimage to St  
James's.

Next we go 2 miles  
to St Anastasius's,

and for a daily  
visit there you  
get 7000 years'  
pardon, and one-  
third of your  
penance off.

<sup>1</sup> an holy man Amas

<sup>2</sup> cleped

<sup>3</sup> In that Ilke

<sup>4</sup> Is an hundyrde

<sup>5</sup> A

<sup>6</sup> the saye

<sup>7</sup> Be xl. yere more

<sup>8-8</sup> omitted

<sup>9</sup> soneday

<sup>10-10</sup> thowe hatt pardone all and some

as thowe to seynt Iamis had gon & comyn.

<sup>11</sup> nat longe dwelle

<sup>12</sup> of seynt Austyn must I telle

<sup>13</sup> a green

<sup>14</sup> crave

<sup>15</sup> viij. L. omits the next two lines.

If you are con-  
trite, you are quit  
of all your sins.

Before the door is  
the stone that St  
Paul was  
beheaded on,

whence three  
wells sprang

that heal the sick.

The Virgin's first  
chapel,  
*Scala Celi*,  
is there, close by.

[Fol. 82, col. 2.]

in it

140 Tho þat ben shryuen & verry <sup>1</sup> contryte,  
Of alle here synnes he maketh <sup>2</sup> hem qwyte.

<sup>3</sup> Pope siluestur<sup>4</sup> 3af to pylgrymes  
That þyður come yn þere <sup>5</sup> tymes,  
Penans broken, & othes also,  
144 His holy help he putte <sup>6</sup> þer-to ;  
Wrathyng <sup>7</sup> of fadur & modur, 3yf hit be,

In goddes name he for-3eueþ hit þe  
So þou smyte not with þyn honde ;  
148 Ry3th so hit ys, I vnþerstonde.

Be-fore þat <sup>8</sup> dore stondeth a stone,  
Seynt powle hedde was layde þer on,  
A traytur<sup>9</sup> smote of his hede

152 With a swerde þat þer-by ys layde ;  
Ther sprong welles þre,—  
Who so ys þere welle may his <sup>10</sup> se,—  
Of watyr bothe fayr <sup>11</sup> & good,

156 Menne & wymmen haue þer boote.

In þat place a chapelle ys,  
Scala cely called hit ys,<sup>12</sup>  
' Laddere of heuen ' men clepeþ hit

160 In honour of our lady, be my wytte.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>14</sup> Ther ys two chapelles of her more,  
As menne in Rome tellys þore ; <sup>14</sup>

<sup>1</sup> yf men be shreffe and <sup>2</sup> god make

<sup>3</sup> L. inserts, to alle thoo that are Redye

In alle þe festis of oure ladye,  
of pere, powle, and seynt Iohn,  
Evangelystis baptysyd, & many one,  
of mary mawdelyn, and kateryne,  
Seynt Marget, Annes þe holy vyrgyne  
thre thowesande and fyfty yere  
of penaunce ben for-yevyn there ;  
Syluestre and gregory and odur moo,  
pope Nicholas confermethe thoo.

<sup>4</sup> gregorye <sup>5</sup> by dyuers <sup>6</sup> hande of helpe he doþe

<sup>7</sup> wrathe <sup>8</sup> a <sup>9</sup> tyraunt <sup>10</sup> comythe there he may

<sup>11</sup> In that watyr that is ffresche <sup>12</sup> celi I-clepyd I-wys <sup>13</sup> hit is sett

<sup>14-14</sup> the seconde chapelle, I telle the,  
In the name of her þer þou myght see

- Manye ys þe holy bone <sup>1</sup>  
 164 That vnþur þe hyȝ awter ys done <sup>2</sup>  
 Ten þowsand Marteres *with* honour  
 In þe tyme of tyberye <sup>3</sup> þe *emperour*  
 They suffred dethe alle yn Rome, <sup>4</sup>  
 168 Her sowles yn <sup>5</sup> heuene for to wone, <sup>6</sup>  
 þer men may helpe boþe qwykke & dede,  
 As clerkes yn her bokes Rede ;  
<sup>7</sup> Who-so syngeth masse yn þat chappelle .  
 172 For any frend (.) he loseþ hym fro helle,  
 He may hym brynge þorow purgatory y-wys  
 In to þe blys of paradys  
 Ther sowles abyde tyll domis day  
 176 In myche Ioye, as y ȝou say ;  
 And iij M<sup>ll</sup> ȝer ar graunted more  
 Of holy popes þat have ben þore :  
 And syx popes graunted þat þanne  
 180 That lyen at seynt sebastyan,  
 Pope vrban, siluester, & benet,  
 Lyon, Clement, confermed hyt. <sup>7</sup>  
 Passe we forth on our ȝate <sup>8</sup>  
 184 To saynt marye Annuncyate, <sup>9</sup>  
 Two myle ys bytwene, y vnþurstonde,  
 But þey be somdele large & <sup>10</sup> longe.  
 Ther ys wryten, as y ȝou say,  
 188 Of ovr lady yn þe way  
 Down she come *with* angelus  
 To a brodur of þat hows, <sup>11</sup>  
 And sayde to hym þat eche manne

are the bones of  
10,000 Martyrs

slain in Tiberius's  
time.

A mass sung there  
for any friend  
looses him from  
hell ;

and 3000 years'  
further pardon  
have been  
granted by six  
Popes.

Let us next visit  
St Mary  
Annunciate, two  
long miles off.

Our Lady came

to a Brother of that  
house, and told  
him

<sup>1</sup> boowe    <sup>2</sup> that on to the Auters men dothe vowe    <sup>3</sup> tybyan  
<sup>4</sup> alle and some    <sup>5</sup> to    <sup>6</sup> come

<sup>7-7</sup> forty and viij popys grauntythe than  
 that lyethe at seynt Bastyan ;  
 pope syluestre, Orban, and benett,  
 seynt leo, and element, confermythe hit.

<sup>8</sup> *with* deuocyon    <sup>9</sup> Annunciaiyone    <sup>10</sup> L. omits *large* &

<sup>11</sup> A downe she come in to þat place,  
 to a frere, by goddis grace.

that whoever  
came there, she  
would save from  
hell;

and Popes have  
granted to repent-  
ant men 500 years  
of pardon.

We pass on, 3  
miles, to St  
Fabyan and  
Sebastian,  
where an Angel  
appeared to St  
Gregory, and said  
[Fol. 82, back,  
col. 1.]

the light of heaven  
and remission of  
sins were there.

Gelasius too gave  
40 years' pardon  
and Lents.

The pardons are  
equal to St Peter's

on account of the  
holy bones.

Peter's and Paul's  
lay for 500 years  
before they were  
found.

- 192 That out of dedely synne þyður<sup>1</sup> camme,  
Fro þe fyr of helle she wold hym shyldē  
As she was mayden & modur mylde.  
<sup>2</sup> And þis pardon papēs han graunted
- 196 To hem þat ben verry Repentaunt,  
Fyfe hondereth 3er of pardon,  
And þer-to goddes benyson.<sup>2</sup>  
To fabyane & bastiane moste<sup>3</sup> we,
- 200 Thyþur haue we myles þre.  
An Angelle from heuenne þyður kamme  
To seynt gregory, þat holy manne,  
As he songe masse at þe<sup>4</sup> Aweter
- 204 Of seynt fabyane, þat<sup>5</sup> holy martyr,  
And seyde, 'her yn þys place  
Is lyȝth of heuen þorow goddis grace,  
And of mony synnes Remyssoun;'
- 208 And fowrty 3er of pardon,  
And also mony lentones<sup>6</sup> mo,  
Pope Gelacyus<sup>7</sup> 3af þer-to.  
As moche pardon ys there
- 212 As yn saynt petur mynstere,  
By cause of<sup>8</sup> þe holy bones  
That were buried þer<sup>9</sup> at ones.  
And þer lay petur & powle vnþur grounde
- 216 Fyfe<sup>10</sup> hondred 3er er<sup>11</sup> þey were founde,  
And aftur-warde<sup>12</sup> þorow goddes grace  
They wer founden yn þat place<sup>13</sup>  
As þey Awȝte for to be.
- 220<sup>14</sup> Pope pelagyus, y telle þe,

<sup>1</sup> woulde    <sup>2-2</sup> omitted in L.    <sup>3</sup> sebastyan passe    <sup>4</sup> sange at an  
<sup>5</sup> of Sebastyan the    <sup>6</sup> as many lenthis    <sup>7</sup> glasyus    <sup>8</sup> that is for  
<sup>9</sup> alle    <sup>10</sup> vij    <sup>11</sup> afore    <sup>12</sup> than

<sup>13</sup> L. inserts, In tyme of glasyus the pope,  
with-owten dowte this is hope,  
and than with grete devosyon  
they were broughte to Rome towne,  
And worshupped with gret solempnyte.



- (Of syxe popys telle y wylle,  
On aftur an opur as hit ys skylle,) <sup>14</sup>  
Gregory, Sylvester, per ben pre
- 224 Alysaunder & nycholle per ben fyue  
Honoryus was þe sixte whylle he was alyue.  
Eche on hem 3af hys grace,  
A þowsand 3er yn þat place
- 228 To alle þat per <sup>1</sup> bene  
Of dedely synne shryuen elene ;  
For ellis <sup>2</sup> hit may not his sowle vaylen  
Of deedly synne but he be shryuen. <sup>2</sup>
- 232 A lytylle besyde <sup>3</sup> þou may go,  
There standes a chapelle yn a Roo ; <sup>4</sup>  
Six <sup>5</sup> & fowrty popes somtyme were  
Verrey marteres, & lyene <sup>6</sup> þere,
- 236 Eche of hem 3af his benyson ; <sup>7</sup>  
Of alle þe synnes þat þou haste done  
Synne <sup>8</sup> þou yn to þe worlde kom,  
Forzeuenesse hast þou per a-non,
- 240 Alle hit ys forzeuen þe ;  
So harde y a clerke say þat per hadde <sup>9</sup> be.  
And 3yf þou dye dydurward, <sup>10</sup>  
Heuene blys shalle be þy part ;
- 244 <sup>11</sup> Thow shalt go as derk as nyȝt  
And perfore þou most haue condelle lyȝt,  
For vnþur þe erþe þou most wende,  
þou shalt not [see <sup>12</sup>] be-fore ny be-hynde ;
- <sup>14-14</sup> Of odyr popes I telle the,  
And so forthe of odyr three,  
pope Gelasius as hit is sec.
- <sup>1</sup> tho that there haue  
    <sup>2-2</sup> thy soule may nought lyve  
    But thowe of dedly synne be shryne
- <sup>3</sup> be-hynde      <sup>4</sup> woo      <sup>5</sup> thre      <sup>6</sup> that lyythe
- <sup>7</sup> L. inserts, There is playne Remyssyon      <sup>8</sup> sythe
- <sup>9</sup> and alle odyr that there bec.      <sup>10</sup> thyddyr-warde
- <sup>11</sup> But þou must haue candyllyght  
    Or ellis þou goest as derke as nyght.
- <sup>12</sup> L. see

Each of six Popes

gave 1000 years of  
pardon to all who  
are shriven there.Near stands a  
chapel where 16  
Popes' bodies lie,and there you get  
forgiveness of all  
[Fol. 82, back,  
col. 2.]  
the sins that you  
ever sinned,

(as I heard say).

And if you die  
there, you shall  
have heaven's  
bliss.

- 248 For þyður fledde mony a <sup>1</sup> man  
For drede of deth to saue hem,  
And suffred payne harde & sore  
In heuen to dwelle for euur more,
- Then we go to the Palm (i.e., foot-sole,) Peter about to leave Rome, through fear of death, met Jesus, Who told him He was going to Rome to die anew on the Cross; which rebuke strengthened Peter to return for martyrdom.
- 252 To þe palme wyllē we goo,<sup>2</sup>  
‘Domine quo uadys’ men clepe hit so,  
And þer mette petur with Ihesu,  
And sayde, “lord, wheþur<sup>3</sup> wilt þou?”
- 256 Cryste Answered to petur þo,  
“In to Rome,” he sayde, “y<sup>4</sup> go,  
Efte to dye on Rode for þe,  
For<sup>5</sup> þou dredest to dye for me.”
- 260 “Lorde,” he sayde, “mercy y cry,  
To take þe deth<sup>6</sup> y am Redy.”  
Ther ys zette a syne of his<sup>7</sup> fote  
On a marbulle stone þer as he stode;
- A print of His foot is still to be seen on a marble stone; and you get 1000 years’ pardon every day you are there.
- 264 <sup>8</sup> Eche a day, a þowsand 3er  
Of pardon þou may haue þer;  
In a stone ys wryten, gret pardon  
Ther ys, of synnis Remyssyoun
- On the Festival of St John of the Latin Gate
- 268 At seynt Iohn þe porte latyn  
Is a chapelle fayr & fyn;  
At þe feste of his day  
A sowle fro purgatorye wyne þou may;
- you may, in his Church there, recover a soul from purgatory, and get 500 years’ pardon for every day you pray.
- 272 And euery day 3yf þou wilt craue,  
Fyfe hondred 3ere þer may þou haue,
- <sup>1</sup> holy      <sup>2</sup> Now weende wee to þe palmete      <sup>3</sup> whyddyr  
<sup>4</sup> A-yeen I wyllē      <sup>5</sup> Petyr      <sup>6</sup> to dye for the      <sup>7</sup> crystis  
<sup>8-8</sup> that stoone is vndyr An Awter  
Palysyd with Iren and stele,—  
that is for drede of stelynge,  
that no man shoulde hit A-way bryng;—  
As ofte as thowe comyst thare,  
xl. thowesande yere þou hast thare.  
At seynt Iohn porte latyne  
Soulys þou myght brynge owte of pyne  
In the daye of the feste of hym,  
As þou shalt fynde hit wryttyn,  
In honowre of

- He þat goth yn-to þat place  
 Where he yn oyle soden was  
 276 The power ys of crystis graunt  
 To hem þat be verry Repentaunt.  
 At <sup>8</sup> saynte Thomas of ynde  
 A kyrke <sup>1</sup> þou may þer fynde ;  
 280 Putte to <sup>2</sup> þy honde with <sup>3</sup> Almesdede  
 (And þou shat haue gret mede,)  
 To helpe hem þat ben there  
 In þe <sup>4</sup> holy lond or elles where,  
 284 Nyȝte & day to pray for the  
 For þe help of the charyte ;  
 Of <sup>5</sup> mony popes þat þer haue be  
 Thys pardon ys granted elene to þe,  
 288 Fourtene M<sup>ll</sup> ȝer & somdelle more,  
 And þe prydde <sup>6</sup> parte forȝeuenys of þy sore.  
<sup>7</sup> Ther ys gret pardon y-wys  
 Wher þe stacyones cleped ys ; <sup>7</sup>  
 292 Pope bonyface confermed alle,  
 And euur more laste hit shalle.  
 To saynte Iohn latronense <sup>8</sup> moste we,  
 A whyle ther for to be,  
 296 To telle of pardon þat ys þore ;  
 In alle Rome ys no more  
 Then <sup>9</sup> ys þer graunted of Ihesu cryste  
 þorow <sup>10</sup> þe prayer of Iohn þe euangelyste  
 300 And saynt Iohn þe baptyste also,  
 To alle þat þyður wylle goo.  
 For sumtyme was a emperour

[Fol. 83, col. 1.]  
 At St Thomas's  
 Church if you  
 give alms

you shall have  
 great reward

in others' prayers

and more than  
 14,000 years'  
 pardon, and re-  
 mission of one-  
 third of your sins.  
 The Stations are  
 productive of  
 great pardon.

At St John  
 Lateran is pardon  
 to be had as great  
 as anywhere else  
 in Rome,

through the  
 prayers of the  
 St Johns.

For the Emperor

<sup>1</sup> fayre place      <sup>2</sup> thyddyr      <sup>3</sup> of      <sup>4</sup> this  
<sup>5</sup> And      <sup>6</sup> sevenythre

<sup>7-7</sup> Pope gregore, Alysaundyr, & Vrban,  
 Alle thre graunted than  
 the pardon that is so grete,  
 the 'stacyons' men clepe hit.

<sup>8</sup> latene      <sup>9</sup> there      <sup>10</sup> L. omits þorow, and transposes the Johus.

- Constantine 304 That loued <sup>1</sup> Rome *with grete honour*,  
 Kyng constantyne men dede hym calle  
 Bothe yn bour & yn halle ;  
 In mahounde was alle <sup>2</sup> his þowzthe,  
 For why, on <sup>3</sup> cryste he leued nowzthe ;  
 308 A meselle we fynde he was  
 Tylle <sup>4</sup> cryste sende hym bettur <sup>5</sup> grace.  
 Pope sylvester gon hym preche, <sup>6</sup>  
 Crystes lawe for to <sup>7</sup> teche ;  
 312 þer leued he welle yn goddis <sup>8</sup> sone,  
 And a crysten <sup>9</sup> mon he wolde be-come ;  
 He dyde <sup>10</sup> hym crystene, as y þou telle,  
 And þis myraculle hit <sup>11</sup> be-felle :  
 316 þe watur wysh a-way his <sup>12</sup> synne,  
 And <sup>13</sup> alle þe fylthe þat he was Inne. <sup>14</sup>  
 Then speke <sup>15</sup> þe emperour  
 To pope sylvester *with gret honour*,  
 320 "Sylvester," he sayde, "goddys klerke,  
 I may se now <sup>16</sup> þat ere was derke ;  
 My mys-beleue blyndede <sup>17</sup> me  
 That y myzte not þe mote <sup>18</sup> se  
 324 Of goddes myzth & his werkes ;  
 Now y wylle be-come one of his clerkes."  
<sup>19</sup> Then þanked he criste *with gret honour*,  
 Kyng constantyne þat emperour, <sup>19</sup>  
 328 "My place, <sup>20</sup> sylvester, y zeue þe to honde,  
 Of me þou shalt hit vnþerfonge,  
 And make þer-of goddys hows,  
 For y wylle þat hit be þus ;  
 332 I wylle hit leue <sup>21</sup> *with alle* my myztes,  
 For y wolle be on of goddis knyktes ; <sup>22</sup>
- was a pagan and  
unbeliever, and a  
leper till Christ  
healed him.  
Pope Sylvester  
converted him  
and baptized him,  
and the water  
washed away his  
sins and his  
disease.  
On this, he  
[Fol. 83, col. 2.]  
confessed his  
errors,  
promised to  
become God's  
clerk,  
gave up his  
palace  
for a church,
- <sup>1</sup> levyd in      <sup>2</sup> In many thyngis he sett      <sup>3</sup> In Ihesu  
<sup>4</sup> But      <sup>5</sup> of his      <sup>6</sup> leche      <sup>7</sup> And of crystes lawe hym  
<sup>8</sup> L. goddis ; Mus. cristis      <sup>9</sup> Crystis      <sup>10</sup> lett      <sup>11</sup> hym  
<sup>12</sup> hym washed of      <sup>13</sup> of      <sup>14</sup> his body *with-in*.      <sup>15</sup> seyde  
<sup>16</sup> that I may see      <sup>17</sup> blent      <sup>18</sup> ne myht the soothe  
<sup>19-19</sup> omitted      <sup>20</sup> palys      <sup>21</sup> hym love  
<sup>22</sup> And pray to been his owne knyght

- And when þou haste so do,  
 3efe þy grete benesoun <sup>1</sup> þere-to  
 336 To alle þat wylle þyður come  
 To honour <sup>2</sup> cryste, goddis one,  
 And saynt Iohne þe euangelyste,  
 Petur, powle, & Iohne þe baptyste.”  
 340 Pope sylvester þen sayde he, <sup>3</sup>  
 “Of petur, powle, & of me,  
 They shalle be clene of synne & pyne <sup>4</sup>  
 As cryste clensed <sup>5</sup> þe of þyne,  
 344 And as þe fylthe felle þe fro,  
 As clene of synne shalle be alle þo  
 Of alle maner kyn of synne  
 That dwelleth þe <sup>6</sup> sowle with-Inne.”  
 348 <sup>7</sup> Pope boneface telleth þis tale,  
 And y tell ythe forth with-outene fayle.  
 Hit were no nede to no mon yn crystyante  
 To passe yn <sup>7</sup> to þe holy lond ouur þe see,  
 352 To ierusalem nor to seynte kateryne,  
 To brynge sowles out of <sup>8</sup> pyne ;  
 For þer ys pardon with-owten ende ;  
 Welle his hym þat þyður may wende !  
 356 Pope boneface tellethe more  
 Of mykylle pardon þat ys þore : <sup>9</sup>  
 Who-so comeþ to þe chapelle of Ion baptyst <sup>10</sup>  
 That dere ys to Ihesu cryste,

and asked  
 Sylvester to give  
 a great blessing  
 to all who came  
 to it.

Sylvester said  
 they should be  
 purified from all  
 sin

in their souls.

This is Pope  
 Boniface's tale.

Therefore there is  
 no need to go to  
 the Holy Land  
 or Jerusalem

to rescue lost  
 souls.

Boniface tells of  
 more pardon.  
 At St John the  
 [Fol. 83, baek,  
 col. 1.]  
 Baptist's chapel  
 in this Church

<sup>1</sup> thy blessing

<sup>2</sup> worshepe

<sup>3</sup> sayde aye    <sup>4</sup> be purgyd clene of synne    <sup>5</sup> sporgyd

<sup>6</sup> that noone shalle dwelle her

<sup>7-7</sup> the pardone of Sylvester, Euery dele  
 the poope gregorye confermythe wele,  
 Boneface the pope seyde this tale ;  
 yff men wyst grete and [s]male  
 the pardon that is at Rome,  
 they wold sey in theyre doome  
 hit were no neede for the

<sup>8</sup> men to helle

<sup>9</sup> in his lore

<sup>10</sup> To Iohn Evangclyste



- whoever prays  
may be cleanse<sup>d</sup>  
from sin,
- 360 And hathe ony<sup>1</sup> deuocyon,  
That pydur wyll go *with* oryson,  
þorow his prayer þey may be clansed of synne<sup>2</sup>  
What tyme þey entre þe chapelle<sup>3</sup> *with*-In ;
- In that minster  
are 4 doors,
- 364 <sup>4</sup> Pope boneface maketh hem clene  
Of alle synnis þat þey in bene.  
In þat mynster þat ys so hende,  
Fowr dores shalt þou fynde ;
- [\* for þrow]  
and if you pass  
through each, the  
sins you pray  
against are all  
remitted.  
Relics are there :
- 368 As sone as þou be In at one  
And passes þowr \* euerychone,  
Plener Remyssyon may þou haue  
Of alle þe synnis þat þou wylt craue.<sup>4</sup>
- 372 Reliquies þer ben mony on  
In worshyp of crist & of seynt Iohne ;  
In þe Roofe<sup>5</sup> ouyr þe popes see,  
A saluator may þou see,<sup>6</sup>
1. A Saviour not  
painted by hand,  
of man,
- 376 Neuur peynted *with* hond of mon,  
As men yn Rome<sup>7</sup> telle kon :  
When syluester halewed þat place  
Hit aperede þorow<sup>8</sup> goddes grace.
- that came when  
the church was  
consecrated.
2. The table of the  
Last Supper.
- 380 <sup>9</sup> A tabulle þer ys þat<sup>10</sup> men mey se  
That cryste made on h's monde,<sup>11</sup>  
On shereþorsday<sup>12</sup> when he breke brede  
By-fore þe tyme þat he was dede :
- 384 " To here of þis<sup>13</sup> hit doth 3ou gode,  
Hit ys my flesh and my blode ;  
When 3e shalle here me not fynde,  
Hit shalle<sup>14</sup> 3ou kepe fro þe fende."

<sup>1</sup> goode      <sup>2</sup> By oure poope wee purgythe his synne

<sup>3</sup> he comythe the chirche      <sup>4-4</sup> omitted.      <sup>5</sup> A chapelle

<sup>6</sup> is, I telle thee.      <sup>7</sup> As the story      <sup>8</sup> stooode there by

<sup>9</sup> L. inserts,

A nodyr chappelle is in house,  
there-in been Relykis precyouse :

<sup>10</sup> there-in      <sup>11</sup> Maundee.      <sup>12</sup> Shrofe thursday

<sup>13</sup> And said "ctythe one of hit      <sup>14</sup> I wole

- 388 Also *per* ben<sup>1</sup> two tabeles, y vn<sup>pur</sup>stonde,  
 That *criste* wrote on<sup>2</sup> with his honde,  
 And toke<sup>3</sup> þe lawe to moyses  
 To† kepe þe pepulle yn goddis pece.<sup>4</sup>
- 392 A<sup>5</sup> 3erde of aaron þat was gode,  
 Hit<sup>6</sup> turnede watyr yn-to blode,  
 And fro blode to watur a-gayn,  
 To shewe þat þey were goddes mene.
- 396 Angelles mete, þey seyn<sup>7</sup> *per* ys ;  
<sup>8</sup> Also of þe fyue loues & of þe feshe,  
 And Releue þat leued aftur hem,  
 That *criste* feed with fyfe þowsand mene.<sup>8</sup>
- 400 Fowr pylers of bras *per* bene strong<sup>9</sup>  
 That have stonden *per* fulle longe,<sup>10</sup>  
 Ther ben none suche yn alle Rome ;  
 Won<sup>pur</sup> hit ys how þey þedur come :
- 404 But vaspasyon þat holy<sup>11</sup> kyng,  
 And tytus<sup>12</sup> h's sone þat was so 3yng,  
 From ierusalem he dede hem come  
 In-to þe holy place of Rome.
- 408 Ther ben þe<sup>13</sup> chayn's of saynt Iohne  
 When<sup>14</sup> he was bownden, & myzt not gone ;  
 And þe vesselle þat þey 3af hym drynke In,—<sup>15</sup>  
 Moche<sup>16</sup> þe more was her pyne;<sup>17</sup>
- <sup>1</sup> Above An Auter made of tree  
 lyche A tabylle, I telle thee,  
 vndyr the Awter An Arche of stoone  
 with holy Relykys many one.
- <sup>2</sup> wrought      <sup>3</sup> tolde      <sup>4</sup> his pepulle for to holde in pease  
<sup>5</sup> The      <sup>6</sup> he      <sup>7</sup> fulle sothe
- <sup>8,9</sup> And fyve lovys and ij ffyshys  
 with whiche cryste ffed v thowesande men,  
 xij baskettis fulle of Releeffe leifte then ;  
 Ho-so is there, the sothe may see.
- <sup>9</sup> there bec.
- <sup>10</sup> A-boute the hyghe Auter stande ;  
 they been styffe and stronge
- <sup>11</sup> Vaspasius the nobylle      <sup>12</sup> tutus      <sup>13</sup> ij      <sup>14</sup> where-with  
<sup>15</sup> the venym was in      <sup>16</sup> alle      <sup>17</sup> synne
3. The two tables of stone written on by Christ and given to Moses.  
 [† MS. *the*]  
 4. Aaron's rod.  
 5. Angels' food. [Fol 83, back, col. 2.]  
 6. Part of the five loaves, fishes, and fragments, that Christ fed 5000 men with.  
 7. Four pillars of brass  
 brought by Vespasian and Titus from Jerusalem.  
 8. The chains St John was bound with, and the cup they gave him poisoned drink from.

9. A kirtle of the  
man then raised  
from death.

10. Christ's  
clothes.

11. John the  
Baptist's ashes.

12. The table-  
cloth of the Last  
Supper.

13. A Shirt the  
Virgin made for  
Christ.

14. The Blood and  
Water out of His  
side.

15. The Virgin's  
milk.

16. Mary Mag-  
dalen's foot.

17. Christ's grave-  
clothes.

18. Christ's  
foreskin.

19. The heads of  
Peter and Paul,

which, when  
shown, give as

much pardon as  
the Veronica does.

412 He dronke hit vp, hit greued hym now<sup>3</sup>t,  
For yn Ihesu <sup>1</sup> was alle his pow<sup>3</sup>the ;—

<sup>2</sup> And a kertelle of þat manne  
That fro deth was Reysed þan.<sup>2</sup>

416 Ther be þe <sup>3</sup> clop<sup>is</sup> of Ihesu criste,  
And þe askes of <sup>4</sup> Iohne þe baptyste ;  
<sup>5</sup> Also þe cloth þat Ihesu gan lede  
Hys dyssypeles on to fede,

420 \* And a serke þat our lady gon make  
† For her swete sones sake ;  
§ Of þe blood & watyr also  
‡ That out of cristis syde gane go ;

424 And mylke of marye þe vyrgyne,  
And a foote of marye Magdeleyne,<sup>5</sup>  
And þe clop<sup>is</sup> þat criste was wonden In <sup>6</sup>  
When he shulde dye <sup>7</sup> for mann<sup>is</sup> syn ;

428 || <sup>8</sup> And of þe flesh of his cyrcumsyce ;  
Men hit holde yn grete pryse.

Of petur & powle þe heddis ben þere,  
Welle closed a-bowte þe hy<sup>3</sup> Auter ;

432 When þe heddis shewed shalle be,  
Then ys þer pardon gret plente,  
As mych pardon y-wysse  
As when þe vernaculle shewed ys ;

436 And þat ys graunted certaynly  
Of pope Vrban & of gregory.

<sup>1</sup> on cryste

<sup>2.2</sup> of A curtylle of Seynt Iohn

that iij men frome þe dethe a-Ryse be-goone

<sup>3</sup> Of the

<sup>4</sup> asshis of seynt

<sup>5.5</sup> And of the clothe that cryste wpyd on foote & hande  
On schroffethursday his Dissypyls to foonde

<sup>6</sup> wrapped

<sup>7</sup> was ded

<sup>8</sup> § of bloode and watyr also there is

‡ that owte of crystis syde gon goo I-wys ;

\* And the shyrt that our ladye made

† for hyr swete sonnys saake ;

|| of Ihesu cryste the Syrcumsyse ;

of the cloþe of seynt Iohn bapetyse,

and odyr Relykys many oone

- Ther ben opur Relykes mony on  
 In worshyp of criste & of seynt Iohne.<sup>1</sup>
- 440 Her may we no lengur be,  
 In to þe popes halle moste<sup>2</sup> we ;  
 In þat halle þre dores þer be ;  
 Eche a day open þou may hem se,<sup>3</sup>
- 444 <sup>4</sup> As ofte as þou gost þorow ony of hem  
 And þou be of synne elene,  
 And enterest þorow any of hem þre,<sup>4</sup>  
 Fowrty 3er of pardon ys graunted to de,<sup>5</sup>
- 448 <sup>6</sup> The pope vrbane, y 3ou say,  
 In lenton þe fyrst þoresday  
 Shewede petur & powle heuedes two  
 Byfore þe Romanes and opur mo,
- 452 And graunted a hondred 3ere of pardon  
 Seuē myle abowte Rome towne ;  
 And also mony lentones mo  
 That same tyme he 3af þer-to ;
- 456 There ys no man now y-bore,  
 Nor hys fadur hym be-fore,  
 That of þe heddes haue a sy3th  
 At þat<sup>7</sup> tyme but be grace of god almy3t.
- 460 Ther ys a chapelle of gret pardon  
 And of mony synnis Remyssyon,  
 Menne calle hit *sancta sanctorum* ;

[Fol. 84, col. 1.]

We pass to the  
 Pope's Hall.  
 In it are three  
 doors,

and as often as  
 you go through  
 any you are quit  
 of sin,

and have forty  
 years' pardon.  
 Pope Urban,  
 when he showed  
 Peter and Paul's  
 heads

granted 100 years'  
 pardon

and many Lents,

but by God's  
 grace only were  
 the heads seen.

In the chapel  
*Sancta Sanctorum*  
 is much pardon.

<sup>1</sup> L. inserts : On the mynyster ende iij durrys there bee—  
 Whan thowe art there þou mayst see ;—  
 As oft as thy be opynnyd to thee,  
 And þan passithe thorowe ony of hem thre,  
 pleyne Remyssyon þou myght have  
 of alle thy Synmys yf þou wolte hit crave.

<sup>2</sup> pase <sup>3</sup> they stonde opyn vnto thee

<sup>4-4</sup> As ofte as þou passyste one of hem  
 And entyrst by A-nodyr A-yeen,  
 And passythe euery of the thre,

<sup>5</sup> grauntyd thee

<sup>6-6</sup> **N**owe pase wee to *sancta sanctorum* swythe,  
 that mannys hart makythe blythe.

<sup>7</sup> the letter over the þ is blurred.

In it is a figure of  
the Saviour sent  
by Christ to the  
Virgin

after His Ascen-  
sion.

No woman may  
go into Sancta  
Sanctorum on  
account of Eve's  
sin.

Every day 7600  
years' pardon and  
full remission of  
sins are to be had.

[Fol. 84, col. 2.]

The Holy Rood  
chapel is called  
Jerusalem [The  
Baslica of Santa  
Croce in Gerusa-  
lemme]. It was  
built

[i shriven, AS.  
*bescrijfen*, con-  
fessed, Som.]

[Fol. 158 b.]

- In þat chapelle shalle no womon com.<sup>4</sup>  
 464 Ther yn ys A saluatore  
 To whom men don gret<sup>1</sup> honour,  
 The whyche was sent to our lady  
 (Whyle þat she was her<sup>2</sup> vs by)  
 468 From here sone þat ys a-bouen,  
 Aftur þe tyme of his<sup>3</sup> ascencion.  
<sup>4</sup> Ther may no wommon entre þor  
 By-cause of her þat synned sore ;  
 472 She browȝt vs alle to þe qwede  
 Tylle cryste on crosse suffered dede,  
 Euery day seuen þowsand ȝere  
 Of pardon þou may have þere ;  
 476 And also ȝyf þou wylt craue,  
 Plener Remyssyon þou may haue.  
 \* At þe chappelle of þe Rode  
 Is an offrynge fayr & gode,  
 480 † Men calle hit Ierusalem ;

<sup>1</sup> yee shalle do

<sup>2</sup> in eorthe

<sup>3</sup> after his

<sup>4-4</sup> the hedys of petyr & poule beþe there,

wele I-closyd vndyr An Awter ;

And odyr Relykys many one

been closed in Iren and in stoone.

who-so is poope of Roome,

the keyys þer-of with hym dothe nome

that no man may hem see

But he hym selffe in presence bee.

In that chapelle, yf þou wolte craue,

vii M<sup>i</sup> yere þou myghtest have,

And so many lenttis more

yff thoue be sereffe,<sup>1</sup> þou mayste have soo ;

And yett theere is grauntyd therto

the thyrd parte of pennaunce vndo.

\* the pardone of holy Rood chyrche,  
 whiche is the name of þe seyde kyrke,—

† Ierusalem, men clepe hit sertayne,

§ Saynt Elyn hit made with noble mayne,

And put there-in Relekys fele,

As I can shewen swythe wele ;

hit was her house and her socoure

god to serve withe honowre.



- § Seynt Elene latte make hem.<sup>4</sup>  
 Constance þe holy wommon,  
 Of kyng constantyne she kam ;  
 484 Hys þow<sup>3</sup>tur<sup>1</sup> she was, & þat was sene,  
 For þorow þe prayr of seynt Elene  
 That holy place she<sup>2</sup> made thus  
 In honour<sup>3</sup> of þe holy crosse.  
 488 <sup>4</sup> Pope sylvester hit halewede þo,  
 And gret pardon he 3af þer-to ;  
 For eche sonday yn þe 3er,  
 And eche wednesday, 3yf þou be þer,  
 492 <sup>5</sup> Is two þowsand & fyfe 3ere,  
 And yeche a day on hondred ys þer.<sup>5</sup>  
 Relykes þer be mony & fele ;<sup>4</sup>  
 The sponge of galle & of eyselle  
 496 That<sup>6</sup> þe Iewes profered cryst to<sup>7</sup>  
 When<sup>8</sup> he sayde scicio ;  
 ‡<sup>9</sup> And a nayle when Ihesu criste was

by St Helena.  
 The holy Con-  
 stance, Constan-  
 tine's daughter,

made it in  
 honour  
 of the Holy Cross  
 Sylvester  
 hallowed it,

and every Wed-  
 nesday you get  
 2005years' pardon.

Its relics are :

1. The Sponge of  
 gall and vinegar  
 offered to Christ.

2. A Nail He was

for eche day in that mynystre,  
 of pardoune is xxviij yere ;  
 Also as many lenttis moo  
 Certenly is grauntyd þerto,  
 At the hye Awter shalt þou have Also  
 fourty yere, and lenttis moo,  
 for Anastace, cesar the martyr,  
 Bothe were buryede there.

<sup>1</sup> doughtter                      <sup>2</sup> he                      <sup>3</sup> worshupe

<sup>4-4</sup> transposed, and put after scicio, (spelt *sissio*) l. 497. [L. *sitio*,  
 I thirst.]

<sup>5-5</sup> An hundyrde yere myght þou have  
 of pardone yff þou wylt hit crave,

<sup>6</sup> is there for sothe to telle  
 Whan

<sup>7</sup> to drynk

<sup>8</sup> Whan that

<sup>9-9</sup> And yeet moore I wole the telle :  
 there is A coorde In one chapelle,  
 Ane highe in the Roofe hit is doo,  
 for no man shoulde come þer-too.  
 that ylke coorde, they sey hit is,  
 with whiche cryste was led to þe crosse I-wys ;

‡ And A nayle that smyte cryst Ihesus

[Fol. 159.]

nailed to the cross  
with.

3. A piece of  
Christ's cross, and

4. of the Penitent  
Thief's cross.

5. The Title  
written over the  
cross by Pilate :  
'This is Jesus the  
King of the Jews;'

and it hangs like  
a bow by a cross  
in the middle of  
the church.

At St Lawrence's,  
every day you can  
get 7000 years'  
pardon, and Lents  
too,  
[Fol. 84, back, col.  
1.]

through St  
Stephen's

- Don on þe Rode for our trespas ;<sup>9</sup>  
500 And yn þat cherche ys also  
Of þe crosse þat he was on Ido,  
And of þe tre þat þe þeues<sup>1</sup> henge on by  
That of his synnis askede<sup>2</sup> mercy ;  
504 <sup>3</sup> And a titylle of syr pylat,  
He may hit Rede þat ys<sup>4</sup> þer-at,  
" Thys ys Ihesu of nazarethe,  
Kyng of Iewes, þat þolede<sup>5</sup> dethe ;"  
508 The tytylle ys honged, y wylle not<sup>6</sup> lye,  
By<sup>7</sup> a crosse þat ys hym bye,<sup>8</sup>  
In þe maner of a bowe  
In þe myddes of þe kyrke, y trowe ;<sup>9</sup>  
512 In þat maner hit ys do  
For no man shulde come þer to.  
Of more pardon y wylle 3ou say  
That at seynt laurence ys eche day ;  
516 Seuen þowsand 3er, & lentones þer-to,  
And þe þrydde parte of þy penauns vndo.<sup>10</sup>  
Pope pelagys,<sup>11</sup> þat holy man,  
That chyrche to halowe fyrst be-gan,  
520 And graunted þer-to hys pardon<sup>12</sup>  
And also goddes<sup>13</sup> benyson,  
Thorow prayres of two martires<sup>14</sup>

whane he suffyrde Dethe for us ;  
And the hede of seynt vynsent ;  
the elothe of bapetyse whan he was brent.

<sup>1</sup> the crosse þat þe theefe                      <sup>2</sup> whan he cryed, Lorde

<sup>3</sup> L. inserts :

the tethe Also there been of seynt blase,  
And odyr Relykys many oone,  
I cannat telle hem everychone.

<sup>4</sup> made hit Red þat was              <sup>5</sup> suffyrde              <sup>6</sup> hyde with-owten

<sup>7</sup> In                      <sup>8</sup> hangithe hye                      <sup>9</sup> menytre Rooffe

<sup>10</sup> L. inserts :

In tyme off the Emperoure  
kyng constantyne of grete honoure

<sup>11</sup> honorius                      <sup>12</sup> the pardoone he grauntyd to alle Anoone

<sup>13</sup> there-to his                      <sup>14</sup> the holy marter

- Steuē & laurence *þat þer lyes*.<sup>1</sup>
- 524 <sup>2</sup> And vnþur þe awter ys made a stone,  
There a-bowte þey may gone,  
An hole on þis awter þou may fynde ;  
Knele down *þer with* good mynde,
- 528 Putte yn þy heed or þy honde,  
And þou shalt fele a swete gronde,  
A swete smelle of bodyes *þat þer be* <sup>2</sup>  
Here sowles be *with* god in trinite.
- 532 <sup>3</sup> And 3yf þou be *þer alle þe 3ere*,  
Eche wednesday yn *þat mynster*,  
Thow may haue of cristes powere  
A sowle to drawe out of purgatory fyre.<sup>3</sup>
- 536 At seynt sympylle, fawstyne, & betrys,<sup>4</sup>  
That ben alle martyres of <sup>5</sup> cryste.  
Seynt sympulle, pope of Rome he was,  
And god hym sente a fayr *grace* ;
- 540 Seuen hondred holy <sup>6</sup> bones  
He gedered, but not <sup>7</sup> at ones,  
And yn *þat chyrche* he dede hem *grauē*,  
For ho-so seke hem *his sowle* he may saue ;<sup>8</sup>
- 544 And he 3af pardon to alle þo  
That be shryuen & þyður wyllē go,  
Fyfe þowsand 3er <sup>9</sup> & more  
Thorow prayeres of hem *þat lyen* <sup>10</sup> þore.
- <sup>1</sup> be there
- <sup>2-2</sup> A-bowte the Awter þou shalt goone ;  
At every ende þou shalt fynde—  
knele there-to yf þou be hende,—  
A swete smelle, thoowe hit be derke,  
(thorowe grace of crystis owne werke,)  
of bodyes that there beryed be
- <sup>3-3</sup> Who-so wole dwelle in halle,  
And go eche Daye to seynt lawrence mynstyr,  
he may there delyuer *with* orysone  
A sowle owte of purgatory presone.
- <sup>4</sup> In the chyrche of fastym, simple, beatrice,  
<sup>5</sup> be very Martyrs of Ihesu <sup>6</sup> vij M<sup>1</sup> [= 6000] holy mennys  
<sup>7</sup> alle <sup>8</sup> Sykyr he was that they were savede. (*Sowle* is in  
a later hand.) <sup>9</sup> vij M<sup>1</sup> yere of pardoone <sup>10</sup> lygg
- and St Lawrence's prayers.
- In the altar is a hole :
- put your head in, and you'll smell a sweet smell of bodies whose souls are with God.
- If you are at St Lawrence's every Wednesday, you can free a soul from Purgatory.
- St Simplicius,
- the Pope,
- put 700 holy bones
- in his church,
- and gave 5000 years' pardon to all who are shriven and visit it.
- [Fol. 159 b.]

Outside St Julian's  
is a stone saying

548 <sup>1</sup> *With-owte þe kyrke of Iulyan*<sup>2</sup>

Ther ys wryten yn a stone

That honoryus, þat holy pope,

That kyrke <sup>3</sup> halewede yn his cope,

that 6000 years'  
pardon is given  
toall who gothere.

552 And six <sup>4</sup> þowsand þere he ȝaf to pardon

To alle þo þat þyður wyll come.<sup>5</sup>

EXPLICIT þE STACIONES OF ROME.

[Here the Cotton MS. ends, but the Lambeth MS. (fol. 160)  
continues.]

At St Eusebius's

In the menyster of þat holy preste  
that is dere to Ihesu cryste,

556 Eusebius is there name,—

to telle of hym hit is goode game,—

hit is wryttyn in A stoone

‘I wole the halowe or I goone,’

Pope Gregory

560 that pope gregory *with* his hande

that chirche halowed, I vnderstande,

and yave pardoun, I yowe saye,

A C yerys and fourty daye

gives 100 years'  
and 40 days'  
pardon.

564 and there-to mo I wole yowe telle

to abate the peyne off helle.

<sup>1</sup> Cott. MS. *With-owte owte*. L. inserts :

Whane he was dede, þer was he grave ;

Cryste his soule kepe and save !

A stoone doþe stande in þe weye

By-twyx the chyrche and martyrs twey,

Seynt Iulyan and seynt vrbā,

there was men and women,

In that stoone wryttyn is

grete pardoone, soothe I-wys,

Euery daye in the yere

vij thowesande yere þou myght have there.

<sup>2</sup> chirche of seynt vyuyen

<sup>3</sup> chirche

<sup>4</sup> thre

<sup>5</sup> And there-to goddis benysone

lastynge for euer-more

to alle men that been there.

- and In the chyrehe of seynt Iulyan  
there is his chykk, and tethe per-one ;
- 568 A thorne thyrlid in crystis hed,  
when he suffyrde for us to be ded,  
And odyr Relykys many and dere ;  
Go thyddyr and haue vij C yere.
- 572 Anodyr chyrehe for-sope there is,  
Of seynt Mathewe worshupe I-wys,  
In the Right hande as þou shalt goone  
to the chyrehe of seynt John :
- 576 An hole Arme of seynt *Christofre*, goddis knyght,  
[In a chiste right there is dyght,]  
In that same chyrehe hit is I-doo,  
And grete pardone yeve thertoo,
- 580 for cryste hym selffe there-on stooode.  
whan he bare hym one the Floode.  
In the chirche of uyght and modeste,  
there men mowe have, moste & leste,
- 584 the iiij<sup>te</sup> parte of for-yevenes of syn,  
what tyme he comythe þe chirche *with-in*.  
vij M<sup>l</sup> martyrs lyggythe there,  
As hit is wryttyn in that mynystre ;
- 588 In tyme of Emperoure Anthony[n]e  
that tyrant was, and paynyme ;  
this is the vij parte of þy synne ondoone.  
At seint mary maioure
- 592 Is A chirche of grete honowre ;  
As the hye *Auter*, hit is seyde,  
there is the body of mathewe leyde :  
In the chyrehe, Anodyr partye,
- 596 lyethe seynt Ierome sykerlye ;  
frome the Cyte of Damase,  
<sup>1</sup> he was brought in-to þat plase ;  
by-foore A plase he was pyght,

At St Julian's are  
his cheekbone,  
and a thorn stuck  
in Christ's head,

and other relics :  
the pardon is 700  
years.

At St Matthew's

is an arm of St  
Christopher's,

on which Christ  
stood when the  
Saint carried him  
[Fol. 160, back.]

At St Vitus and  
Modestus you get  
one-fourth of your  
sins forgiven,—

7000 Martyrs lie  
there,—

and lose one-  
seventh of your  
sins.  
At St Mary the  
Greater

are buried  
Matthew, and St  
Jerome, who was  
brought from  
Damascus, and  
put before a place

<sup>1</sup> A long initial letter which looks like I, stands before *he*.



called the Præ-  
scep (boards from  
the Manger of the  
Nativity).

At the chapel of  
St Agas, ten years  
of pardon are to  
be had.

Its relics are,  
1. The cloth Christ  
was put in after  
His birth;

2. His foreskin  
when circumcised;  
[Fol. 161.]

3. The hay He lay  
in before the ass;

4. An arm, and  
5. a bit of brain of  
Thomas a Becket;

6. his rochet;

7. An Image of  
Our Lady,  
(see p. 144, l.  
886—9.)  
which St Luke  
was about to  
paint,  
but when his  
colours were all  
ready, he found  
one painted

by Angels' hands.

600 'precepe' men clepe hit.  
vppon his graue lyethe A stoone,  
And a crosse is leyde there-one ;  
A-bowte that stoone a grate there is  
604 of Irne stronge made I-wys.

In that plase is A chapelle  
of seynt Agas, þou wott hit wele ;  
x yere of pardone is grauntyd there,  
608 lygyng there-to evyr-more.

A lytylle clothe lyethe there too  
of whiche cryst was fyrste in do  
of his modyr, whan he was bore  
612 to save man that was for-lore.

of his Flesche the Syrcumysse,  
Men hit holdythe of grete pryse ;  
And of the hey, more and lasse,  
616 that cryste lay on by-fore þe asse.

An arme is also there  
of seynt thoms the marter,  
and A party of the brayne of his hede  
620 At caunterbury there he was dede,  
And Rochet that is goode,—  
hit was sprongyn *with* his bloode—  
which he had one whan he was take  
624 for alle holy chirche-is saake.

And An Image sykurly  
wondyr fayre of oure ladye ;  
seynt luke, whyles he was in londe,  
628 woulde haue payntyd hit *with* his hande ;  
And whane he hade ordeyinyd hit soo,  
alle his colourse there too,  
he founde An Image alle Redy,

632 Neuer noone syche in eorthe he sy,  
*with* Angellis handis, & nought *with* his :  
the story in Roome wyttnessithe this  
that is wryttn every dele

- 636 At the hyc awter in A tabylle.<sup>1</sup>  
 there is *pardoone*, men may see,  
 of many popys þat there hathe bee ;  
 vppon the chyrche halydaye
- 640 A M<sup>i</sup> yere of pardon þou may,  
 And there-to yff þou wylt more,  
 the thyrd part of alle þy lore,  
 And vii C yere there-too ;
- 644 wele is hym that thyddyr may goo.  
 In eche feste of oure ladye,  
 to þat grauntythe seynt gregorye,  
 he yaffe therto A C yere of pardone,
- 648 And therto crystis benysone.  
 In owre ladijs day assumpsione  
 There is than grete pardone ;  
 frome þat fest tyll Ihesu was bore,
- 652 No daye shalle be for-lore ;  
 there is xv M<sup>i</sup> yere  
 of penaunce þou shuldyst fulle-fylle here.  
 Anodur chyrche also there is,
- 656 ‘Pudencyam’ hit is clepyd I-wys ;  
 An holy woman I fynde she was,  
 Alle fulle fyllyd by goddis grace :  
 the thyrd part of þy synne
- 660 for-yevenes ther þou myght wyne.  
 A chyrche yerde is there too  
 of seynt preselle, men clepe hit soo.  
 Seynt gregory tellythe [us]
- 664 that in þat yarde & in þat house  
 Ben beryed many of thoo,  
 thre thowesand *with-owten* moo ;  
 for eche body þou myght telle,
- 668 O yere and o lent þou myglit spelle  
 of pardon is grauntyd to þe  
 By prayer of hem þat there bee ;  
 for seynt petyr & seynt poule þat some tyme were,

[1 MS. In a tabylle  
 at, &c.]

On the Church's  
 holy day you may  
 have 1000 years'  
 pardon,

and one-third of  
 your loss [perdi-  
 tion?], and 700  
 years.

At every feast of  
 Our Lady

you get 100 years'  
 pardon and  
 Christ's blessing,  
 and from her  
 Assumption

[Fol. 161, back.]

till Christmas

you get as much  
 as for 15,000 years'  
 penance.

At St Puden-  
 tiana's

one-third of your  
 sin is forgiven.

In St Priscilla's  
 churchyard,  
 adjoining,

are buried 3000  
 bodies,  
 and for each a  
 year and a Lent of  
 pardon are to be  
 had.

- At the chapel  
*Sancti Pastoris*
- 672 Bothe were harborowed there.  
A lytylle chapelle yeet there is,  
I-clepyd 'titulus pastoris ;'  
As þou comyst at the chyrche-is ende,
- 676 that chapelle þou shalt fynde ;  
The pope of Rome þat was than,  
seynt peius<sup>1</sup> the holy man, i  
the bapetystore there he founde,
- 680 and holowed [*sic*] hit *with* his honde ;  
And vppon An estyr daye—  
As I telle yowe nowe I maye—  
Syxty soules and xviij there-to,
- converted 78 souls  
to Christianity.
- 684 to Crystyn-dom he brought thoo.  
Of praxed, the holy woman,  
alle the sothe telle I can,  
A thowesande bodyes *with*-owten moo,
- one Easter
- 688 And iij hundyrd there-too,  
In þat place buried shée—  
her sowelys bethe *with* cryst so Fre—  
that suffyrde dethe in þat tyme
- [Fol. 162.]  
At St Praxed's  
are 1300 martyrs'  
bodies buried,
- 692 Of the emperoure Anthonyne.  
pope Innocent, for love of hem,  
graunte tho to alle men  
O yere, and xl dayes there-to,
- and for them a  
year and 40 days'  
pardon are grant-  
ed and one-fourth  
of your penance  
is respited.  
A part of the  
pillar Christ was  
bound to, is there.  
In Lent you get  
double pardon.
- 696 And the iiij parte of penaunce vndo.  
And there is of the pyllur A party  
that cryste was bounde to sykyrly ;  
And yff þou come in lent to chyrche,
- 700 Double pardoone þou myght wyrehe.  
there lyethe bodyes of sylvester & seynt martyn,  
the story of Rome wytnessithe hit myne.  
Anodar Day in the yere
- Sylvester and  
Martin are buried  
there.
- On the day of St  
Peter,  
Ad Vincula,
- 704 of seynt petre men clepythe there  
Ad<sup>2</sup> vincula in londe,

<sup>1</sup> MS. peius *or* peuis. Pius it must be ; but the stroke for the *i* is the mark used for an *er* contraction. <sup>2</sup> M.S. And

- lammasse day *pou* vndyrstonde,  
 whan *petur* was bounde *with* Irnys grete,  
 708 As wee in oure bok's Reede,  
 that days is grete *pardoone*,  
 of alle thy synnys remysson ;  
 And every day, yff *pou* wolt crave,  
 712 fyve hundyrd yere there *pou* myght haue,  
 And so many lentt's moo  
 pope gelasius hape grauntyd *perto*.  
 there is a pese of the Roode  
 716 that cryst was on do for oure goode,  
 And the bed<sup>1</sup> of seynt Martyne,  
 An holy man *pat* tholyd pyne ;  
 In that bed shalle no man lye,  
 720 for he wole not *pat* hit be seye,  
 Ne touche hit *with* no manis hande,<sup>2</sup>  
 for hit is prevy, I vndyrstande.  
 Suche bed of penaunce I not no moo,  
 724 to A plase of<sup>3</sup> the postyll's twoo—  
 cryste us kepe owte of woo !—<sup>4</sup>  
 fyrste of constantyne hit was sett,  
 And sythen herytyk's done hit bett ;  
 Pelagius and pope Iohn,  
 they dede hit Rere vp Anone,  
 And yave there-to grete *pardoone*,  
 for there lyethe many A seynt of grete Renowne, lie  
 732 phylype and Iacobe in shryne,  
 Sent eugenie *pe* holy vyrgyne,  
 Seint sabasabyne, wrete wee fynde,  
 And the tabarde of thomas of Inde :  
 736 An arme of seynt blase is there,  
 And odyr relykys many and sere.  
 two thowesande yere, yf *pou* wolt crave,

Lanmas Day,  
 when he was  
 bound in irons,

is great pardon,  
 remission of  
 all sins ; and every  
 day you can get

500 years' pardon,

and Lents.

The relics are :

1. A piece of  
 Christ's Cross.

2. St Martin's  
 bed,

in which no man  
 may lie.

[Fol. 162, back.]

In the Church of  
 the Twelve  
 Apostles,

(built by Constan-  
 tine, destroyed  
 by heretics,  
 and rebuilt by  
 Pelagius and  
 John.)

St Philip and  
 James,

St Eugenia,

St Sabasabinus,

Thomas's cloak,

St Blasius's arm,  
 &c.

You may get here  
 2000 years' pardon,

<sup>1</sup> MS. *hed*

<sup>2</sup> This line is repeated after the next.

<sup>3</sup> MS. *of of*

<sup>4</sup> Seemingly l. 725 should follow 723, and  
 be followed by a line like 'Now lat us forthe goo.'

- and double on  
each Apostle's  
day.  
  
At St Bartholo-  
mew's 1000 years'  
pardon.  
  
At St Mary  
Rotunda,  
  
on a Sunday in  
May  
  
is full remission  
of sins.  
  
Agrippa built it  
for Sabille's and  
Neptune's sake  
[really Mars and  
Jupiter],  
[Fol. 163.]  
  
and called it the  
Pantheon,  
  
made a golden  
image  
  
called Neptune,  
  
set it high up on  
the temple like a  
cat,  
  
but it burnt up,  
and its brass hat  
was b'own to St  
Peter's.
- 740 Eche day there myght þou have,  
And on eche Apostyllis day  
this *pardon* is dowbyld, I the saye,  
At seynt bartylmewe þou myȝte have  
A thowesande yere yf þou wolte crave ;  
744 there lyethe his bodye on þe hye Auter :  
wele is hym that comythe there.  
at seynt mary Rotounde  
there is A chyrche fayre I-founde ;  
748 there is wryttyn, I yowe saye,  
In o sonday that is in maye ;  
whan the soneday is I-come,  
there is fulle Remyssyone,  
752 And eche daye in the yere  
grete *pardon* þou myght have there :  
Agrypa ded hit make  
for sabillis & neptuno-is sake ;  
756 Modyrs they were of cursyd men,  
And false fendis folowed hem.  
he yave hit name of pantheon ;  
In alle Rome was syche noone ;  
760 A fygur they made of golde Reede,  
More than god they gan hit drede ;  
'Neptune' clepyd hit was I-wys ;  
to leve there-one they were nat wysse ;  
764 An hye on the tempylle hit satt,  
And lokyde forthe lyke A katt,  
vppon the Rooffe in an holle  
hit brent as helle cole :  
768 vppon his hed A covert of brasse ;  
to seynt petyr blowen hit was  
with A wynde of helle, I trowe,  
for no man myght hit thedur throwe ;  
772 there standythe [hit,] I telle thee,  
by-fore the mynyster dor þou myght hit see ;  
the Rofe is opyn there he stooode ;



there stondythe, and doþe no goode.

And the pope boneface

was fulle-fyllyd *with* goddis grace ;

In hym selffe he was dismayed

that mannys soule was so betrayed :

780 to the emperoure Iulius sone he came,  
that was forsoþe A wele goode man ;  
“ that tempylle,” he sayde, “ graunt hit me,

I the praye for seynt charyte,

784 that men clepe pantheon, I leve,  
that mannys soule hit doþe greve.”  
he seyde “ take hit euery dele ;  
that þou hit have, me lykythe wele.”

788 And the fyrst day of novembur,  
pope boneface *with* harte tendyr  
the pepulle of Rome ded calle,  
And bade assemble in his halle,

792 In pantheon alle in-same,  
for to chaunge þat ylke name  
In honowre of oure ladye  
and alle halowen þat bethe þer-bye ;

796 this was noster dame la Rounde  
In pantheon fyrste I-founde ;  
And sange hys mase þat ylke daye,  
And yave grete pardone, I yowe saye,

800 And comawndyd all crystyn men  
that daye to halowe, for love of hem  
that bethe in hevyn *with* swete Ihesus,  
Night and day to praye for us.

804 And on the morowe he hett also  
that men shoulde to chyrche goo  
to praye for hem that ded bee,  
that cryste on hem have pyte,

808 And one us whan wee dye ;  
Amen, saythe alle for charyte.

At seynt mary transpedian

Pope Boniface

asked the Em-  
peror Julius for  
this  
[Phocas, A.D. 609.]

Pantheon :

he gave it him.

Boniface assem-  
bled the Romans  
there,

changed its  
name in honour  
of Our Lady and  
All Saints,

sang Mass, gave  
pardons, ordered  
the day to be kept  
holy,

and that men  
should pray there  
for the dead.

At St Mary  
Transpontine are

two pillars that  
Peter and Paul  
were bound to.

400 years' pardon  
is given for every  
visit there.

At the Hospital  
of Santo Spirito  
you have 7 years'  
pardon and one-  
seventh of your  
penance let off.

At St James on  
the River, 300  
years' pardon, and  
Lents.

[Fol. 164.]

At St Mary  
Trastevere 7 years'  
pardon.  
Two wells that  
spout oil on  
Christmas day,  
are there.

At St Cecilia's 100  
years' pardon.

At St Peter and  
Paul's Prison

2000 years' pardon  
every day.

At St Mary  
Nova, 100 years'  
pardon.

At St Alexis'

2260 years.

- there been ij pyllars made of stoone  
812 to whiche petyr and poule bounden were  
when the levyd in eorthe there.  
there they stonde, I telle thee ;  
whan þou Art there þou mayste hem see ;  
816 Eche day yf þou comyste there,  
foure hundyrd yere þou haste there.

- At seynt speryte hospytalle,  
there men mowe haue, gret and smalle,  
820 vij yere of pardoun,  
the vij<sup>te</sup> parte of penaunce ondone.

- At seynt Iamys vppon the flome  
Be thre hundyrd yere of *pardonne*,  
824 And so many Lentt's moore  
for-sothe ben I-grauntyd there.

- Att seynt mary tryst-iure  
thowe shalt have sevyne yere :  
828 two well's there bethe, I telle thee,  
that sprynggythe oyle, there men may see,  
that ylk nyght þat cryst was boore  
to save man that was for-loore.

- 832 At sesyle, the holy marter,  
thowe myght have A C yere.

- At seynt petyr and poullys preson  
thowe myght have grete *pardonne*,  
836 two thowesande yere, I telle thee,  
Eche day yf thowe there bee.

- thorowe the vertu of her orysune  
A welle spronge there in *prisune*,  
840 with whiche water baptysyd were  
processe and martuman, cryst's dere.

**A**t seynt mary la noue þou myght haue  
an hundyrd yere if þou wolt craue.  
at the chirche of seynt Alext  
there wee mowe have, moste & leste,  
two thowesande and ij C yere,

- eche day yf þou comyst there.
- 848 At seynt cosme and Demiave  
 iij hundyrd yere þou myght have.  
 At the chyrche of seynt eustace  
 there men myght fynde A wele fayre place ;
- 852 there lyethe he and his wyffe,  
 and his ij sonnes *with-owt*ty nstryffe,  
 two thowesande yere þou myght have  
 eche Daye yf þou wolte crave.  
 2000 years' pardon.
- 856 nowe passe wee to þe saluator  
 to whome men dothe grete honowre.  
 A fygur of god þou myght see,  
 his face, his crowne, I telle thee ;  
 Here [*or, At the Church of San Salvadore*] is an  
 innage of the  
 Saviour giving
- 860 there myght þou have A M<sup>i</sup> yere ;  
 Eche day yff thowe be there,  
 Syx hundred and xxx<sup>ty</sup> mo, I the telle,  
 for to Abate the peyns of helle.  
 1000 years'  
 pardon,  
 [Fol. 164, back.]  
 and 630 years off  
 your time in hell.
- 864 at seynt Sysely the holy marter,  
 there thowe myght haue A C yere.  
 the Mawdlene there, I telle thee,  
 whan þou Art there þou myght see.  
 At St Cecilia's 100  
 years' pardon.
- 868 Be-sydes petre-Ad-vincula A chapelle is  
 of A Saluator worshupte Iwys,  
 where he delyd his tresoure  
 to save holy chyrchis honoure :
- 872 of pardon ij thowesande yere  
 thowe myght have whan þou art there.  
 At the chyrche of iiij Doctours fyne,  
 Ierome, gregory, Ambrose, & Austyne,
- 876 At eche chyrche yff þou wylt craue <sup>1</sup>  
 A thowesande yere, þou <sup>2</sup> myght hit haue.  
 1000 years' pardon.  
 At St Lawrence's
- At seynt lawrence in Damace  
 there shalt þou fynde A feyre place :
- 880 Eche day yf thowe come there  
 thowe myght have v C yere.  
 500 years' pardon.

<sup>1</sup> MS. haue<sup>2</sup> MS. yf þou

At St Mary  
Ara Cœli,

2000 years' and  
more.

Here is an  
image of Our  
Lady made by St  
Luke.

Minorites live  
there.

At St Mary Merle  
[de' Miracoli ?]

you can get 1000  
years' pardon.

At St Andrew's  
[Fol. 165.]  
40 years' pardon.

Believers buried  
there

shall not be  
damned, however  
they have sinned,  
but shall be saved.

If you don't  
believe me, you  
can see it on the  
church door.

Of the rest of the  
pardon I shall  
write day and  
night.

Christ grant us  
part of it, and His  
blessing !

- At seynt mary Rochelle  
there is many greses, I wete wele ;  
there is ij thowesande yere & more  
to hem that wole thyddyr goo.<sup>1</sup>  
there is An Image, I vndyrstonde,  
of oure ladye þat Lewke wrought with his honde,  
888 I-closed alle withe syluer clere,  
I-payntted Abowte withe colours dere ;  
there dwellythe Frere menowrse,  
And servyn owre ladye with honowrse.  
892 At seynt Mary Merle bethe dwellynge  
Frere *prechourse* to Rede and synge :  
Sykyrly there þou myght have  
A M<sup>l</sup> yere and þou hit crave.  
896 At seynt Andrewys holy chyrche sykyrly  
Been yeerys grauntyd fulle fourty,  
And seynt gregory purchased syche grace,  
what man or woman is buried in þat plase,  
900 yf he beleve in god & holy chyrche also,  
he shalle not be dampned for nought þat he  
hathe doo,  
But be saved frome the payne of helle :  
904 this is the sothe that I the telle.  
yf þou tryste no þyng to me,  
On the chyrche-dore þou mayst hit see.  
*pardone* is there myche moore  
908 than I have Reseyned<sup>2</sup> here byfore,  
And that I shalle with alle my myght  
there-off wryte boþe day & nyght,  
By gode that was of mary boore  
912 to save mankynde þat was for-loore,  
Graunt vs parte of this *pardoone*,  
And there-withe gyve us his benysone !

EXPLICIT ÞE STACIONS OF ROOME.

[Follow : A Medecyne for the Pestylens, &c., The maner to  
kepe haukes, &c.]

<sup>1</sup> For *fore* or *fare*.

<sup>2</sup> *resigno*, I reveal, disclose.

# Gaude flore Virginali.

(*Lambeth MS.* 306.)

[Fol. 133.]

**1 Gaude.** the flowre of *virginyte*,  
In hevyn thow hast a *principalite*  
Off worship and honowre ;

Hail, flower of  
Virginity,

**4** Thi blys is more in dignite  
Then alle the sayntis that euer may be  
Or aungelis in hevyn towre !

above all saints  
and angels !

**Gaude flore virginali.**

**2 Gaude.** goddys spouse so deere !

Hail, God's  
spouse,

**9** Was there neuer sonnye day so cleere  
Nor of so grete lyght !

There myght neuer son shyne heere

brighter than sun  
in heaven !

**12** As thow fyllist heuyn empere  
With bemys that ar so bryght !

**Gaude sponsa cara dei.**

**3 Gaude.** vessel of vertue & grace,

Hail, Queen of  
Heaven,

**16** I-Crowned quene in that place  
Where thy sonne is kynge !

Angels alle in his presence

whom all angels  
worship !

Ar vndyr thyn obedyence,

**20** And do the worshippyng !

**Gaude splendens vas virtutum.**

**4 Gaude** modyr and mayden fre,

Hail, Mother of  
God,

Throw the bonde of charyte

**24** To god so holy and knytte,  
That what so euer thi askyng be,

Alle the holy trynite

whose every  
prayer He grants !

Ful goodly grauntyth the hitte.

**28** **Gaude nexu caritatis.**



**Gaude  
mater  
miserorum,**  
(MS.)

**5 Gaudē** frute of alle flowres !

For who so euer the honowryth  
With preyour nyght or day,

- 32 The fadyr of heuyn, of his godhed  
He graunt them to ther mede  
The blysse that lastyth aye !

**Gaude virgo, mater pura.**

Hail, mother of  
Christ,

**6 Gaudē** the modyr of cryst iesu,

- 37 So gracyous and ful of vertu  
That for thi holynesse  
So highe arte nowē in dignite !  
40 Thowe sitteste next the trinite  
In grete honowre and blysse.

who sittest next  
the Trinity !

**Gaude virgo, mater Christi.**

Hail, maiden  
pure,

**7 Gaudē** mayden clene and pure,

- 44 Euyr beynge secure and suere  
That these yoies seuyne  
Shalle neuer swage nor sesse,  
But euermore endure and encesse

whose seven Joys  
shall never cease.

Amen.

- 48 While god regnyth in heuyn. Amen.

*Scriptus Anno Domini 1508 per*  
D. T. Mylle.

## Regina Celi Letare.

[*Lambeth MS. 306, fol. 132, back.*]

[The thick letters mark the red ones of the MS.]

**Regina celi letare.** alleluya.  
**quia quem meruisti portare.** alleluya.  
**resurrexit sicut dixit.** alleluya.

4 **ora pro nobis deum.** alleluya.

In ista antiphona **alleluya** accipitur iiij  
 diuersis modis. **Primum** *alleluia*. lauda deum  
 creatura. **Secundum**. *salus. vita. lux.* **Tercium**.  
 8 *saluum me fac deus.* **Quartum** idem est. *quia*  
*pater, et filius, et spiritus sanctus.*

**Regina celi le - ta - re**

Quene of hebyn, make thou myrth

Queen of heaven,

12 **alleluya.** lauda deum natura.

And prayse god wyth alle thy myght.

praise God.

**quia quem meruisti portare.**

For of the. he toke his byrth.

16 **alleluya.** *salus. vita. lux*

Of thee He took  
His birth.

That is. heele. lyfe. and lyght.

**resurrexit sicut dixit**

he rose from deth. so sayde he

20 **alleluya.** *Saluum me fac deus.*

He rose from  
death.

Saue vs god. in nede moste

**ora pro nobis deum.**

Pra for vs the trynyte.

Pray for us.

24 **alleluya.** *pater et filius et spiritus sanctus*

Fader. and sonne. and holy goste.

# Quia Amore Languet. (PART I.)

(THE VIRGIN'S COMPLAINT BECAUSE MAN'S SOUL IS  
WRAPPED IN SIN.)

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D.*]

[Page 4.]

As I gazed at the  
moon, methought  
I saw a Queen on  
a throne, lament-  
ing because man's  
soul was wrapped  
in sin.

**I**N a tabernacle of a tour,  
As y stood musynge on þe moone,  
A crowned queene moost of honour  
4 Me þouzte y siȝ sittinge in trone.  
Sche made hir compleynt bi hir oone,  
For mannis soule is wrappid in synne :  
“Y may not leeuē mankynde a-loone,  
8 Quia amore languet.

[Page 5.]

She said, “I am  
his advocate and  
mother, why  
shouldest I despise  
him tho’ he falls  
from me ?

**I** loke for loue of man my broþir  
I am his avoket on euery wise,  
I am his moder, y can noon oþir,  
12 Whi schulde y my dere child dispise ?  
¶ þouȝ he me wrappe in diuerse wise,  
þoruȝ freelte of fleisch be falle me fro,  
ȝit muste y rue til þat he rise,  
16 Quia amore languet.

I languish with  
love.

I wait and long  
for the time when  
he will

ask merey ;

let him speak, and  
I will save him ;  
he never prayed,  
but I forgave him.

**I** abood & abide with greet longynge,  
I loue & loke whanne man wole craue,  
I pleyne me for pitee of pinyng ;  
20 Wolde he askē merci, he schulde it haue ;  
Seie to me, soule, y schal þee saue ;  
Bid me, child, & y wole goo ;  
Praisedist me neuere, but y forgauē,  
24 Quia amore languet.

- M**oder of mercy y was for þee made :  
 Who nedip mercy but þou a-loone ?  
 To 3eue grace & merci y am more glade  
 28 þan þou to aske ; whi nyst þou noon ?  
 ¶ Whanne seide y nay ? tel me to whom !  
 Neuere 3it to freend ne foo !  
 Whanne þou askist not, þan make y moon,  
 32 Quia amore langueo.

For him I was  
 made Mother of  
 Mercy.

I am more glad  
 to give than he to  
 ask ;

[Page 6.]

and when he asks  
 not, I moan.

- O**wrecche, in þis world y loke on þee  
 Whanne y se þee trespase day bi daye  
 Wiþ leccheri a3en my chastite,  
 36 With pride a3en my meeke aray.  
 ¶ My loue abidiþ þee ; yra is away ;  
 Mi loue þee calliþ, & þou stelist me fro ;  
 3it sue to me, synner, y þee pray,  
 40 Quia amore langueo.

I see him sin day  
 by day in lust and  
 pride.

But still my love  
 awaits him ; anger  
 is away. Sue to  
 me, sinner, I pray.

- M**y sone was outlawid for þi synne,  
 His body was beten for þi trespase,  
 3it prickiþ it myn herte þat so ny3 my kynne  
 44 þat so schulde be disesid, a sone, a-las !  
 ¶ Mi sone is þi fader, his moder y was,  
 He soukide my pappis ; he loued þee so,  
 He is deed for þee ; myn herte þou has,  
 48 Quia amore langueo.

My son was  
 beaten for thee ;

that pricks my  
 heart.

He is thy father,  
 and died for thee.  
 But yet with love  
 I languish for  
 thee.

[Page 7.]

- ¶ My sone deede for þi loue,  
 His herte was persid with a spere  
 To bringe þi soule to heuene aboue,  
 52 For þi loue so diede he here.  
 ¶ þerfor þou must be to me moost dere,  
 Sipeu my sone loued þee so ;  
 þou praiest to me neuere but y þee here,  
 56 Quia amore langueo.

To bring  
 thee to heaven  
 my son died,

and to me thou  
 art most dear ;

I languish with  
 love for thee.

My son will for-  
give thee if I  
pray :

so ask me mercy  
and be saved.

I languish with  
love for thee."

- M**y sone haþ grauntide me for þi sake  
Euery merciful praiەر þat y wole haue,  
For he wole no veniaunce take  
60 If y aske mercy for þee, but þat y schal haue.  
¶ þerfor axe þou merci, & y schal þee saue,  
With pitee y rue vpon þee so,  
I longe for mercy þat þou schuldist craue,  
64 Quia amore langueo."

### Quia Amore Langueo. (PART II.)

(OR CHRIST'S COMPLAINT FOR HIS SISTER, MAN'S SOUL.)

[Follows the last poem, as a continuation.]

[Page 8.]

- I**N a valey of þis restles mynde  
I souzte in mounteyne & in myde,  
Trustynge a trewe loue for to fynde.  
4 Vpon an hil þan y took hede ;  
¶ A voice y herde—& neer y zede—  
In huge dolour complaynyng þo,  
"Se, dere soule, how my sidis blede,  
8 Quia amore langueo."

- V**pon þis hil y fond a tree,  
Vndir þe tree a man sittynge,  
From heed to foot woundid was he,  
12 His herte blood y siȝ bledinge :—  
¶ A semeli man to ben a king,  
A graciously face to loken vnto ;—  
I askide whi he had peynynge,  
16 He seide "quia amore langueo."

- I**am true loue þat fals was neuere,  
Mi systyr, mannys soule, y loued hir þus ;  
Bi-cause we wolde in no wise disceuere,  
20 I lefte my kyngdom glorious.



## Quia Amore Languco.

(From the Song of Solomon.)

[MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Hh. 4. 12, fol. 41 b. Handwriting of the latter half of the 15th century.]

IN the vaile of restles mynde,  
 I sowght in mownteyn & in mede,  
 trustyng a treulofe for to fynd;  
 4 vpon an hyll than toke I hede,  
 a voise I herd (and nere I yede)  
 in gret dolour complaynyng tho,  
 "see, dere soule, my sydes blede  
 8 *Quia amore languco.*"<sup>1</sup>

In the vale of  
 Restless Mind  
 I sought for a  
 true lover;

I heard a voice  
 upon a hill;

¶ Vpon thys mownt I fand a tree,  
 vndir thys tree a man sittynge;  
 from hede to fote wowndyd was he,  
 12 hys hert blode I saw bledynge;  
 a semely man to be a kyng,  
 a graciose face to loke vnto.  
 I askyd hym how he had paynyng,  
 16 he said, "*Quia amore languco.*"

and found a man  
 [Christ] sitting  
 under a tree, and  
 bleeding.

I asked him  
 whence his pain.

¶ I am treulove that fals was neuer,  
 my sistur, mannys soule, I loued hyr thus;<sup>2</sup>  
 by-cause I wold on no wyse disseuere,  
 20 I left my kyngdome gloriouse;

He said, It is for  
 love of My sister,  
 man's soul;

<sup>1</sup> Solomon's Song, ii. 5 and v. 8 (Vulgate).

<sup>2</sup> Sol. Song, iv. 9.

- ¶ I purueide for hir a paleis precious ;  
 Sche fleyth, y folowe, y souzte hir so,  
 I suffride þis peyne piteuous  
 24 Quia amore langueo.

[Page 9.]

- M**y fair spouse, & my loue brizt,  
 I saued hir fro betynge, & sche haþ me bet ;  
 I clopid hir in grace & heuenli lizt,  
 28 þis bloodi scherte sche haþ on me sette,  
 ¶ For longynge of loue 3it wolde y not lette ;  
 Swete strokis are þese ; lo,  
 I haue loued hir euere as y hir het,  
 32 Quia amore langueo.

- I**crowned hir wiþ blis, & sche me *with* þorn ;  
 I ledde hir to chaumbir, & sche me to die ;  
 I brouzte hir to worschipe, & sche me to scorn ;  
 36 I dide her reuerence, & sche me vilonye.  
 ¶ To loue þat loueþ, is no maistrie ;  
 Hir hate made neuere my loue hir foo,  
 Axe me no questioun whi,  
 40 Quia amore langueo.

- L**oke vnto myn hondis, man !  
 þese gloues were 3oue me whan y hir souzte ;  
 þei ben not white, but rede & wan,  
 44 Onbroudrid *with* blood my spouse hem brouzt.  
 ¶ þei wole not of, y loese hem nouzte,  
 I wowe hir *with* hem where-euere sche go ;  
 þese hondis for hir so freendli fouzte,  
 48 Quia amore langueo.

[Page 10.]

- M**erueille nouzte, man, þou3 y sitte stille ;  
 Se, loue haþ sched me wondir streite,  
 Boclid my feet, as was hir wille,  
 52 *With* scharp naile, lo, þou maiste waite.

I purueyd hyr a place full preciouſe ;  
 ſhe flytt, I folowyd, I luffed her ſoo ;  
 that I ſuffred theſe paynes piteuſe

for whom I ſuffer  
 becauſe I lan-  
 guiſh with love.

24 *Quia amore langueo.*

¶ My faire love and my ſpouſe bryght,  
 I ſaued hyr fro betyng, and ſhe hath me bett ;  
 I clothed hyr in grace and heuently lyght,  
 28 this bloody ſurcote ſhe hath on me ſett ;  
 for langyng, love I will not lett,  
 ſwete ſtokys be theſe, loo ;  
 I haſe loued euer<sup>1</sup> als I hett,

[Fol. 42.]

I ſaved my love  
 from beating, and  
 ſhe wounded Me  
 thus.

32 *Quia amore langueo.*

[1 MS. ouer]  
 I haue ever loved  
 her as I promiſed.

¶ I crownyd hyr with blyſſe, and ſhe me with  
 thorne,

I led hyr to chambre, and ſhe me to dye ;  
 I browght hyr to worſhip, and ſhe me to ſkorne,  
 36 I dyd hyr reuerence, and ſhe me velanye.  
 to love that loueth, is no maiſtrye,  
 hyr hate made neuer my love hyr foo ;  
 aſk than no moo queſtions whye,

I was kind to her,  
 and ſhe ſcorned  
 Me ;

40 but *Quia amore langueo.*

but her hate has  
 not made Me her  
 foe.

¶ loke vnto myn handys, man !  
 theſe gloues were geuen me whan I hyr ſowght ;  
 they be nat white, but rede and wan,  
 44 embrodred with blode my ſpouſe them bowght ;  
 they wyll not of, I lefe them nowght,  
 I woue hyr with them where euer ſhe goo ;  
 theſe handes full frendly for hyr fowght,

Behold, O man,  
 My hands ; they  
 are bleeding and  
 pallid ;

I woo her with  
 them ever.

48 *Quia amore langueo.*

¶ Maruell not, man, thof I ſitt ſtyll,  
 my love hath ſhod me wondyr ſtrayte ;  
 ſhe boklyd my fete as was hyr wyll  
 52 with ſharp nailes, well thow maiſt waite !

[Fol. 42 b.]

My love hath  
 faſtened my feet  
 with nails ;

¶ In my loue was neuere desaitē,  
 Alle myn humours y haue opened hir to,  
 þere my bodi haþ maad hir hertis baite,  
 56 Quia amore langueo.

**I**n my side y haue made hir neste ;  
 Loke in ! how weet a wounde is heere,  
 þis is hir chaumbir, heere schal sche reste,  
 60 þat sche & y may slepe in fere.  
 ¶ Heere may sche waische, if ony filþe were,  
 Heere is sete for all hir woo ;  
 Come whanne sche wole, sche schal haue chere,  
 64 Quia amore langueo.

[Page 11.]

**I**wole abide til sche be redy,  
 I wole hir sue if sche seie nay ;  
 If sche be richilees, y wole be gredi,  
 68 And if sche be daungerus, y wole hir praie.  
 ¶ If she wepe, þat hide y ne may,  
 Myn armes her hired to clippe hir me to ;  
 Crie oonys ; y come : now, soule, asay,  
 72 Quia amore langueo.

**I**sitte on þis hil for to se fer,  
 I loke into þe valey my spouse to se ;  
 Now renneþ sche awayward, 3it come sche me  
 neer,  
 76 For out of my sizte may sche not flee.  
 ¶ Summe wayte hir prai to make hir to flee,  
 I renne bifore, and fleme hir foo ;  
 Returne my spouse a3en to me,  
 80 Quia amore langueo.

**F**air loue, lete us go pleye !  
 Applis ben ripe in my gardayne,  
 I schal þee cloþe in a newe aray,

- in my love was neuer dissaite,  
for all my membres I haf opynd hyr to ;  
my body I made hyr hertys baite,  
56 *Quia amore langueo.*
- ¶ In my syde I haf made hyr nest,  
loke in me, how wyde a wound is here !  
this is hyr chambre, here shall she rest,  
60 that she and I may slepe in fere.  
here may she wassche, if any filth were ;  
here is socour for all hyr woo ;  
cum if she will, she shall haf chere,  
64 *Quia amore langueo.*
- ¶ I will abide till she be redy,  
I will to hyr send or she sey nay ;  
If she be rechelesse, I will be redy,  
68 If she be dawngerouse, I will hyr pray.  
If she do wepe, than byd I nay ;  
myn armes ben spred to clypp hyr to ;  
crye onys, " I cum !" now, soule, assaye !  
72 *Quia amore langueo.*
- [Fol. 43.]  
¶ I sitt on an hille for to se farre,  
I loke to the vayle, my spouse I see ;  
now rynne she awayward, now cummyth she  
narre,  
76 yet fro myn eye syght she may nat be ;  
sum waite<sup>1</sup> ther pray, to make hyr flee,  
I rynne tofore to chastise hyr foo ;  
recouer my soule agayne to me,  
80 *Quia amore langueo.*
- ¶ My swete spouse, will we goo play,  
apples ben rype in my gardine ;<sup>2</sup>  
I shall clothe the in new array,

I made My body  
her heart's bait.

The wound in My  
side is her nest ;

here may she  
wash herself.

I will wait till :  
she be ready.

My arms are out-  
spread to embrace  
her.

I sit on a hill  
[Calvary] to see  
far.

Some await their  
prey, but I run to  
chastise her foe  
[Satan].

Come, spouse,  
into My garden ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. "make," corrected to "waite."      <sup>2</sup> Sol. Song, iv. 16.



[Page 12.]

84 þi mete schal be mylk, hony, & wiyn.

¶ Fair loue, lete us go digne,  
þi sustynaunce is in my crippe, lo !  
Tarie þou not, my faire spouse myne,

88 Quia amore langueo.

**I**ff þou be foul, y schal þee make clene ;  
If þou be sijk, y schal þee hele ;  
If þou moorne ouȝt, y schal þee meene ;

92 Whi wolt þou not, fair loue, *with* me dele ?

¶ Foundist þou euere loue so leel ?  
What woldist þou, spouse, þat y schulde do ?  
I may not vnkyndeli þee appele,

96 Quia amore langueo.

**W**hat schal y do *with* my fair spouse,  
But abide hir of my gentilnes  
Til þat sche loke out of hir house

100 Of fleischli affeccioun ? loue myn sche is.

¶ Hir bed is maade, hir bolstir is blis,  
Hir chaumbir is chosen ; is þer non moo.  
Loke out on me at þe wyndcw of kyndenes,

104 Quia amore langueo.

[Page 13.]

**M**y loue is in hir chaumbir : holde ȝoure pees,  
Make ȝe no noise, but lete hir slepe :  
My babe y wolde not were in disese,

108 I may not heere my dere child wepe.

¶ *With* my pap y schal hir kepe.  
Ne merueille ȝe not þouȝ y tende hir to ;  
þis hole in my side had neuere be so depe,

112 But quia amore langueo.

**L**onge þou for loue neuere so hiȝ,  
My loue is more þan þin may be ;

84 thy mete shall be mylk, honye, & wyne;<sup>1</sup> thy meat shall be  
 now, dere soule, latt us go dyne, milk, honey, and  
 thy sustenance is in my skrypp, loo ! wine;  
 tary not now, fayre spouse myne, tarry not.

88 *Quia amore langueo.*

¶ yf thow be fowle, I shall make elene, If thou be foul, I  
 if thow be seke, I shall the hele ; will make thee  
 yf thow owght morne, I shall be-mene, clean ;

92 spouse, why will thow nowght with me dele ?  
 thow fowndyst neuer love so lele ;  
 what wilt thow, sowle, that I shall do ?  
 I may of vnkyndnes the appele,

what wilt thou, O  
 soul of man, that  
 I shall do ?

96 *Quia amore langueo.*

What shall I do now with my spouse ?

[Fol. 43 b.]

abyde I will hyre iantilnesse,

wold she loke onys owt of hyr howse

100 of flesschely affeccions and vnclennesse ;

O that she would  
 look out of her  
 house of flesh !

hyr bed is made, hyr bolstar is in blysse,

Her bed, her  
 bolster, is in  
 heaven.

hyr chambre is chosen, suche ar no moo ;

loke owt at the wyndows of kyndnesse,<sup>2</sup>

104 *Quia amore langueo.*

¶ Long and love thow neuer so hygh,  
 yit is my love more than thyñ may be ;  
 thow gladdyst, thou wepist, I sitt the bygh,

Though thou love  
 much, yet I love  
 more.

108 yit myght thow, spouse, loke onys at me !

spouse, shuld I alway fede the

Must I always  
 feed thee, O  
 spouse, with  
 child's meat ?

with childys mete ? nay, love, nat so !

I pray the, love, with aduersite,

112 *Quia amore langueo.*

¶ My spouse is in chambre, hald 3owre pease !<sup>3</sup>  
 make no noyse, but lat hyr slepe ;

My spouse sleeps ;  
 wake her not ;

<sup>1</sup> Sol. Song, v. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Id.* ii. 9.

<sup>3</sup> *Id.* ii. 7 and viii. 4.

- pou wepist, pou gladist, y sitte þee bi,  
 116 3it woldist þou oonys, leef, loke vn-to me !  
 ¶ Schulde y alwey fede þee  
 With children mete ? nay, loue, not so ;  
 I wole preue þi loue wiþ aduersite,  
 120 Quia amore langueo.

- W**exe not wery, myn owne wijf !  
 What mede is it to lyue euere in counfort ?  
 In tribulacioun y regne moore rijf  
 124 Ofttymes þan in disport.  
 ¶ In wele & in woo y am ay to supporte ;  
 Myn owne wijf, go not me fro !  
 þi meede is markid whan þou art mort,  
 128 Quia amore langueo.

my babe shall sofre noo disease,  
 116 I may not here my dere childe wepe,  
 for *with* my pappe I shall hyr kepe ;  
 no wondyr thowgh I tend hyr to,  
 thys hoole in my syde had neuer ben so depe,  
 120 but *Quia amore langueo*.

My love shall  
 suffer no discom-  
 fort :

no wonder though  
 I tend her.

¶ Wax not wery, myñ owne dere wyfe,  
 what mede is aye to lyffe in comfort ?  
 for in tribulacion, I ryñ more ryfe  
 124 ofter tymes than in disport ;  
 In welth, in woo, euer I support ;  
 than, dere soule, go neuer me fro ;  
 thy mede is markyd, whan thow art mort,  
 128 in blysse ; *Quia amore langueo*.

[Fol. 44.]

What reward is it  
 to live in comfort  
 always in this  
 life ?

Thy true reward  
 is after death, in  
 heaven.

FINIT.

## The Complaynt of Criste.

[Lambeth MS. 306, ab. 1460-70 A. D., fol. 145, written in 8-line stanzas, though to l. 135 it is in 12-line ones.]

*Christ's First  
Complaint against  
man.*

[1 MS. *thus thus*]

"My people, why  
art thou so cold  
to Me

**T**his is the comepleynt off god  
Fro man to man that he haþe bouzte,  
And thus<sup>1</sup> he seyethe to here Ateynt,  
"Myne owne pepulle, what haue yee wrought  
5 that thowe to me Art so feynt,  
And I thy love so sore have sought ?  
In thyn Answer no thyng þou peynte  
8 to me, By-cause I knewe þy þought.

Who have done all  
for thee,

have made thee  
like to Me,

putting all My  
works in thy  
power !

"Haue I nat Do alle that me oughte ?  
have I lefft ony thyng be-hynde ?  
why wrathyst þou me ? I greve þe nought ;  
12 why arte thowe to thy Frende onkynde ?  
I shewed the Love ; and that was seene  
whane I made the lyke to me ;  
On erthe my werkis bothe quyk & grene,  
16 I put hem vndyr in thy poweste.

I delivered thee  
from Pharaoh,

I dried the Red  
Sea for thee,

[Fol. 145, back.]

"And frome pharos (that was so keene)  
Of egypt I delyuerd thee,  
I kyllyd hym and his by-deene.  
20 the Red see for the in to flye,  
I bad that hit drye shoulde bee ;  
I seassid the water and the wynde,  
I ledde the ouer, and made þe Free :  
24 why art thowe to thy freende onkynde ?



## Goddis owne Complaynt.

“WHI ART THOU TO THI FREEND VNKINDE?”

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., fol. 81, written  
without breaks.*]

- T**his is goddis owne complaynt  
 To euery man þat he hap bouzt,  
 And þus he seiþ to hem ataynt,  
 4 “Myne owne peple, what han ȝe wrouzt  
 ¶ þou þat to me art so faynt,  
 And y þi loue so fer haue souzt?  
 In þine answeere no þing þou paynt  
 8 To me; for whi, y knowe þi þouzt.  
 ¶ Haue y not doon al þat me ouzt?  
 Haue y left ony þyng bihynde?  
 Whi wrappist þou me? y greue þee nouzt;  
 12 Whi art þou to þi freend vnkinde?

- I**schewid þee loue, & þat was sene  
 Whanne y made þee lijk to me;  
 On erþe my werkis <sup>1</sup> bothe quycke & grene,  
 16 I putte hem vndir in þi poste.  
 And fro farao—þat was so kene—  
 Of egipt y delyuered þee,  
 I killid him & hise bidene.  
 20 þe reed see atwo to flee  
 ¶ I bad, þat drie it schulde be;  
 I ceessid þe watir & þe wynde,  
 I ledde þe ouer, & made þee free:  
 24 Whi art þou to þi freend vnkinde?

[<sup>1</sup> Page 82.]

I fed thee with  
angels' food,

and shed My  
heart's blood  
for thee!

I bound Myself  
to unbind thee;

I gave thee a place  
in Paradise;

and yet thou  
sinnedst and  
agreedst with  
mine enemy!  
He put thee down.

No friend hadst  
thou but Me, torn  
on the Cross.

I loved thee,

and thou slewest  
Me!

Yet turn to Me,  
come home again!  
I will welcome  
thee.

“And xl yere in wyldurnesse  
with angels foode I the Feed;  
Into the londe of grete Ryches,  
28 to schewe the love, there I the led.  
to do the more of kyndenes  
I toke þe kyndely, and nothyng dred,  
I lefft my myght, ant toke mekenes,  
32 And my harte bloode for the I bled.

“Thy soule to save, this lyffe I led,  
I bounde my selffe þe to onbynde,  
thus with my woo thy nedis I spede;  
36 why art thowe to thy frende onkynde.  
for the in paradyse I ordeynnyd A plase;  
fulle Ryche was thyn enfeftment;  
howe myght þou me þus dispyse ony more,  
40 than to breke my cemaundement?

“And to synne In vij Maner wyse,  
and to myne Enemy so soone Assent!  
he put the Downe, thowe myghttyst nat Ryse;  
44 thy strenkythe, thy wytt, A-way is went!  
poore, naked, shamed, and shent,  
that Frendeshype myghttest þou nat fynde,  
But me that on the Roode was Rent;  
48 why art þou to thy frende onkynde?

“Man, I love the! whome Lovyst thowe?  
I am þy frende; why wolt þou feyne?  
I for-yave, and þu me slewe;  
52 ho hath departyd oure lowe A tweyne?  
Turne to me! by-thenke the howe  
thowe haste go mys! come home Agayne!  
And thowe shalt be as welcome nowe  
56 As he that synne neuer ded fayne.

- A**nd fourti 3eer *in* wildirnes  
 Wiþ aungelis fode y þee fedde ;  
 Into þe lond of greet richesse,  
 28 To schewe þe loue, y þee ledde.  
 ¶ To do þe more of kyndenes  
 I took þi kinde, and noþing dredde,  
 I lefte my myzt, & tooke meekenes ;  
 32 Myn herte blood for þee y bleed.  
 ¶ Thi soule to saue þis lijf y ledde,  
 I boond my silf þee to vnbinde,  
 þus *with* my wo þi nedis I spedde ;  
 36 Whi art þou to þi freend vunkinde.

[Page 83.]

- F**or þee y ordeyned paradijs ;  
 Ful riche was þin enfeffement ;  
 How myztist þou me ony more dispise,  
 40 þan to breke my comaundement,  
 ¶ And synne in seuene maner of wise,  
 And to myn enemy so soone assent ?  
 He putte þee down, þou myztist not rise ;  
 44 þi strengþe, þi witt, awei is went !  
 ¶ Pore, nakid, schamed, & schent,  
 þat frendship myztist þou noon fynde  
 But me þat on þe roode was rent ;  
 48 Whi art þou to þi freend vnkynde ?

- O** Man, y loue þee ! whom louest þou ?  
 I am þi freend ; whi wolt þou feyne ?  
 I for-3af, & þou me slou3 :  
 52 Who haþ departide oure loue a tweyne ?  
 ¶ Turne <sup>2</sup> to me ! biþinke þee how  
 þou hast goon mys ! come hoom ageyne !  
 And þou schalt be as weelcome now  
 56 As he that synne neuere dide steyne.

[<sup>2</sup> Page 84.]

[Fol. 146.]  
Mary I forgave,  
and Thomas ;  
I grant thee bliss,

for nothing was  
ever so dear to me  
as man.

To ease thy soul  
I was uphung ;

I was thy comfort  
in thy distress.  
[† These lines are  
repeated by mis-  
take.]

Why art thou to  
thy Friend un-  
kind ?

Wounding Him  
every day anew,

following Vice,

persecuting the  
Poor,

tempting Him,

“Wayte what ded Mary Mawdeleyne,  
And what I seyde to thomas of Inde ;  
I graunte the blysse, why lovys þou payne ?  
60 why art þou to thy Frende onkynde ?  
of A Frende the fyrste preffe  
Is love, & drede, & nought displease.  
there was neuer thyng to me so leffe  
64 As mankynde that nought may peasse.

“For the I suffyrde grete reprefe :  
In hyghe hevyn thy soule to easse  
I was on-hanged as A theeffe ;  
68 thowe dedest the deede, I had þe disease.  
thowe canst me neyther thank nor please,  
Ne do goode deede, ne haue me in mynde ;  
I am thy leche in thy Disease,  
72 thowe cannyst me nowder thanke nor please,†

“Ne do goode deede, we have in mynde,†  
I am thy leche in thy disease,†  
Why art thowe to þy Frende on-kynde ?  
76 vnkynde,—for thowe kyllyd thy lorde,  
And euery day þou woundedyst hym newe,  
for thowghe wee ben brought to oone Acorde,  
In conunaunt, wreche, þou art one-trewe,  
80 And Redy also to Resorte,

“To folowe vyces and sle vertu ;  
Alle Rybawdry thowe canste reporte,  
And Day by daye hit to Renewe ;  
84 And redy also to pursewe  
the poore peepulle with sleghthtis blynde ;  
thowe shalt owte of this worlde remeve ;  
why art thowe to thy Frende onkynde ?

88 “The devylle me tempttyd neuer but thrye,  
But þou me temptyst frome day to daye

¶ Waite what y dide to marie maudeleyne,  
 And what y seide to thomas of ynde ;  
 I graunte þee blis, whi lovest þou peyne ?  
 60 Whi art þou to þi freend vnkinde ?

**O**f a freend the first preef  
 Is loue wiþ drede, & nouȝt displese.  
 þere was neuere þing to me so leef  
 64 As mankinde þat nouȝt may pese.  
 ¶ For þee y suffride greet repreef :  
 In hiȝ heuene þi soule to ceese  
 Y was an-hangid as a þeef ;  
 68 þou dedist þe dede, y hadde þe disese.  
 ¶ þou canst me neuere þanke ne please,  
 Ne do no good dede to haue me in mynde ;  
 Y am þi leche <sup>1</sup> in þi disese,  
 72 Whi art þou to þi freend vnkinde ?

[1 Page 85.]

**O** vnkinde ! for þou haste slayn þi lord,  
 And euery day þou woundist me newe,  
 For þouȝ we ben brouȝt to oon acoord,  
 76 In couenauȝt, wrecche, þou art vntrewe,  
 ¶ And redy also to resorte  
 To folewe vicis & flee vertu ;  
 Al ribaudie þou canst reporte,—  
 80 Woo is him þat þi wrappe may not eschewe !—  
 ¶ And redi also to pursue  
 þe poore peple with sleȝtis blynde.  
 þou schalt out of þis world remewe  
 84 Bi-cause þou art to þi freend vnkinde ?

**Þ**e deucl me temptide neuere but þrie,  
 But þou me temptist from day to day



with cursys, to  
take vengeance.

Thou wouldest be-  
tray me worse  
[Fol. 146. b.]  
than Judas did,

whythe cursyng affter vengeance to crye,  
to styr my wrathe þou wylt assaye,  
92 thowe woledyst, and ony woulde me by,  
Wele worsse than Iudas me be-traye ;  
at my werke þou haste e[n]vye ;  
that wele me woo, is to þy paye.

and bind me too,  
hadst thou power  
o'er Me as I o'er  
thee.

And yet I bought  
thy love full dear:

I gave thee My  
heart and blood.

96 “And thowe me myghttyst, as I þe maye,  
wele byttyrly thowe woldyst me bynde ;  
I for-yave, and þou seyest nay,  
why arte thowe to þe frende onkynde?  
100 I have bought thy love fulle dere :  
Onkynde ! why for-sakis þou myne?  
I yave the myn hart & bloode in Fere  
Onkynde ! why wolt þou nat yeve me þyne ?

Unfaithful  
homager, thou  
servest my foe ;

104 “Thowe art on-kynde homagere,  
for *with* my Fo þou makest me fyne ;  
thowe servyst me *with* febulle chere ;  
to hym thyn hart wolte fully enelyne.  
108 And I am lorde of blysse and pyne,  
and alle thyng may I lousse & bynde,  
Ayenst the wole I my yat's tynde  
Alle whyle þou arte to þy frende onkynde.

but whilst thou  
dost I will shut  
thee out.

Man, think  
whence thou  
camest :

how I may put  
thee down !

Have pity on My  
sufferings,

112 “Man ! by-thenk the what þou Arte,  
fro whens þou come, & wheder þou mone,  
for thowze þou to-day be in hele & quarte,  
to-morowe I may put þe A-doune.  
116 lett mylde mekenes melt in þyn hart,  
that þou Rewe on my passyone,  
*with* my woundis depe and smarte,  
*with* crosse, naylys, spere, & crowne.

and yield thy Will  
wholly to me.

120 “Let god and discreSSIONe  
thy wyll holy vp to me sende :

- Wip cursynge, aftir venieaunce doop erie,  
 88 To stire mi wrapþe þou wolt a-saye,  
 ¶ þou woldist, & ony wolde me bie,  
 Weel worse þan iudas me bitraie ;  
 At my werk þou hast enuye,  
 92 þat weel ne woo may þee noon paye.  
 ¶ For & þou ouer me myztist, as y ouer þee may,  
 Weel bittirli þou woldist me bynde :  
 I forʒaf, & þou seiest naye ;  
 96 þus y am freend, & þou vnkynde.

[Page 86.]

- I** haue bouzt þi loue ful dere :  
 Vnkinde ! whi forsakist þou myn ?  
 I ʒaf þee myn herte & blood in fere ;  
 100 Vnkinde ! whi nyl þou ʒeue me þin ?  
 ¶ þou art an vnkynde omagere,  
 For *with* my foo þou makist þi fyn ;  
 þou seruest me *with* febil chere ;  
 104 To him þin herte wolt hooli enclyne.  
 ¶ And y am lord of blis & pyne,  
 And al þing may y lose ' & bynde,  
 Aʒen þee wole y my ʒatis tyne  
 108 Al þe while þou art to þi freend vnkynde.

[1 Page 87.]

- M**an ! biþinke þee what þou art,  
 From whens þou come, and whidir þou art boun,  
 For þouʒ þou to-day be in hele & qwart,  
 112 To-morewe y may putte þee down.  
 ¶ Lete mylde & meekenes melte in þin herte,  
 þat þou rue on my passioun,  
 With wide woundis depe & smerte,  
 116 Wip crosse, nailis, spere, & crowne.  
 ¶ Lete drede & good discresioun  
 þi wil holli up to me send :

- thowe hast wyttys & Reasone,  
And yff þou wylt, þou mayst be kynde.”
- Man's First Answer.* 124 “A ! lorde, A-yeenst the wee wole nat plette,  
for as þou wouledyst, hit is, and was,  
And wee have deservyd helle hete,  
But nowe wee yelde us to thy grace.
- [Fol. 147.] 128 “Wee wole boowe, and thowe shalt bete,  
And Chastice us, lorde, for oure trespase,  
And lett mercy for vs entrete  
that neuer no feondis oure soweles chase.
- Chastise us for our sins, but let no fiends chase our souls.
- 132 A ! blysfulle lady, fayre of face,  
helpe ! for wee been fer be-hynde ;  
that wee nowe *with* weeping crye ‘alas,  
for that wee were to oure frende onkynde.’”
- Mary ! help us !
- Alas for our unkindness !

EXPLICIT [in a later hand. The original goes right on with the continuation.]

- Christ's Second Complaint.* Thus oure gracios god, prince of py te,  
whos myght, whose goodenes, neuer by-gan,  
at whose wyllle alle by-hovythe to bee,  
Compleynnyng hym thus to synfulle man :
- My people, 140 “Myne owne pepulle, Answer me,  
Excuse thy selffe yf þou can :  
what haue I trespassyd vnto the ?  
thowe for-sakyst me, þou servyst Sathan.
- why servest thou Satan ?
- I loved thee so, 144 “Mane ! suche A loue to the I hade !  
this worlde in vj dayes whan I wrought,  
thou was the last thyng that I made  
By-cause I woulde þou wantyd nought.
- I made thee last that thou mightest want nothing ;
- 148 what thyng the myght helpe or glade,  
[2 lines wanting.]  
to thy be-hoffe alle forthe is brought.

120        þou hast fyue wittis & reasoun,  
             And if þou wolt, þou maist be kynde."

**A**! lord, azens þee wole we not plete,  
             For as þou wolt, it is, & was ;  
       We han deserued helle hete,  
 124        But now <sup>2</sup>we zeelde us to þi grace.

[2 Page 88.]

¶ We wolen bowe, & þou schalt bete,  
             And chastice us, lord, for *oure* trespache,  
       And lete merci for us entrete  
 128        þat neuere no feendis *oure* soulis chase.

¶ A! blissid lady, fair of face,  
             help! for wee be fer bihynde ;  
       þat wee wiþ weepyng moun crie, alas!  
 132        For that we were to *oure* freend vnkinde." A-M-E-N.

### Christ's own Complaint,

"MAN, MAKE AMENDIS OR ÞOU DIE."

(OTHERWISE CALLED THE REMORSE OF CONSCIENCE.)

**T**hus *oure* gracious god, prince of pitee,  
       whos miȝt, whos goodnes, neuere bigan,  
       At whos wil al bihouep to be,  
 4        Compleyneth him þus to synful man :  
       " Myn owne peple, answeere ȝe me,  
       Excuse þi silf if þat þou can :  
       what haue y trespasid vnto þee  
 8        þat þou forsakist me, & seruest sathan ?

[Page 193.]  
 (Margin of MS.)  
 God.

**M**an! such a lone to þee y hadde!  
       þe world in sixe daies whanne y it wrouȝt,  
       þou were þe laste þing þat y maad  
 12        By-cause y wolde þee wantid nouȝt.  
       What þing myȝte þee helpe or glade,  
       What þat þou nedidist durst nouȝt be souȝt ;  
       Foul, fische, al þing þee to glade,  
 16        To þi bihcue al was forþ brouȝt.

[Page 194.]

I gave thee power,

“ More-ouer I yave the suffraunt [powste]  
that alle Bestis shoulde bowe þe vntylle

152 I made the also lyke to me,

[<sup>1</sup> MS. *comyng*]  
and Free-will

And yaffe the connyng <sup>1</sup> of Fre wyll,  
me to serve, that thowe myght see,  
god chese the goode, and leve the ylle.

to choose the good  
and leave the ill.

156 I ax no thyng Agayne of the

Then serve Me!  
[<sup>1</sup> MS. *thy.*]

But be my <sup>1</sup> servaunt, as hit is skylle.

But thou dost not;

“ But vnto this, takyf thowe no tent  
thowe wyrchyst A waye fulle onkyndely,

160 Aloone one-lefully that love is lent ;

thou never once  
said'st thanks.

[Fol. 147, back.]

Repent before  
thou diest!

thy hart be-holdythe nat hevyn one hye,  
For alle the goodenesse I have the sente,  
The lyst nat onys to saye gramercye.

164 In tyme comyng lest þou Repent,  
Man ! make Amendis or þou dye.”

*A Second Man's  
Answer.*

**A**

crysten soule conseyyvd with synne  
Resceyyvd in consyence þis compleynt ;  
he fylle downe flatt with dulfulle synne,  
And seyde, “ lorde, mercy, souerayne seynt !

Lord, mercy ;

I, moste vnkynde wreche of mankyne,

I acknowledge  
my treachery and  
sin.

I knowelege I am thy traytur atteynt ;  
172 this wykkyd lyffe that I lyve in,  
I may hit nat frome þy knowyng glent :

I want words to  
express Thy  
kindness :

“ I want wordis and Also wytte,  
of thy kyndenes to carpe A clawse ;

176 Alle that I haue, þou gave me hytt  
Of thy goodenesse with-owten cause ;  
thowe I have grevyd the, and do yeett,  
thowe thy benefittis nought with-drawes ;

I have deserved  
the pit of hell.

180 I haue deserved to haue helle pytt,  
So haue I levyd Ayenst thy lawes.

But Thou know-  
est how frail man  
is,

“ but, lorde, þou knowest mannys febullnes,  
howe Frelle he is, and haþe been aye,



- ¶ More-ouer y 3afe þee souereynte  
 þat alle beestis schulde bowe þee vntille ;  
 I made þee also lijk to me,  
 20 And 3af þee kunnyng and free wille,  
 Me to serue þat þou myztist se,  
 To chese þe good, and leue þe ille.  
 Y aske no þing a3en of þee  
 24 But be þi souereyn, as it is skille.

- ¶ But vnto þis, takist þou no tent,  
 But wriþist away ful vnkindely,  
 On loue onleefful þi loue is lent ;  
 28 þin herte biholdiþ not heuen an hi3,  
 For of al þee good y haue þee sent,  
 þou list not to seie oonys gramercy.  
 In tyme comynge lest þou repente,  
 32 **Man ! make Amendis or þou dye."**

[Page 195.]

- A** Cristen soule conceyued *with synne*  
 Receyued *in conscience* þis compleynt ;  
 Fallyng down flat *with doolful dynne*,  
 36 And seide, "lord, mercy, moost souereyne seynt !  
 I, moost vnkinde wretche of mankyne,  
 Y knouliche y am þi traitour atent ;  
 þis wickid lijf þat y lyue ynne,  
 40 Y may it not from þi knowynge gleynt :

Man.

- ¶ I want wordis and also witt ;  
 Of þin kindenes to carpe oon clause ;  
 Al þat y haue, þou 3aue me it  
 44 Of þi goodnesse wiþ-uten cause ;  
 þou3 y haue greued þee, & do 3itt,  
 þou þi benefetis not wiþdrawis ;  
 I haue deserued helle pitt,  
 48 So haue y lyued a3ens þi lawis.

- ¶ But, lord, þou knowist mannis febilnes,  
 How freel he is, & haþ ben ay,

[Page 196.]

184 for thow<sup>3</sup>e the sowle have thy lyknesse,  
 Man is but lothesum eorthe and claye,  
 In synne conseyued, and wrechchydnes,  
 And to the soule Rebelle Alleweye.  
 growing as grass, 188 furst A man growys As A gras,  
 fading like hay. And Afftyr-warde welkythe as flowre or hay.

“ sithe man is than so frelle A thyng,  
 And thy power so grete in kynde,  
 Thy power is so 192 this worlde, man, aye twynkelynge  
 great that Thou canst destroy this world  
 thowe maye distroye, noone may defende,  
 except Thou showest mercy. with that god mercy wole meenge,  
 and to my soule gostely þou sende ;  
 Have mercy, then 196 Sore me Repentythe my mys-levyng ;  
 I will amend. Mercy ! lorde ! I wole A-mende.”

[Fol. 148.]  
*Christ's Third Complaint.*  
 Man, I give thee  
 health and fair-  
 ness, and with  
 these thou dost  
 the devil's delight

“ **M**an, I sende the bodyly helthe  
 that thowe shouldyst spend hit in my  
 service,  
 fayrenes and Also feturs fele :

But, man, what doste þou with alle this ?  
 thowe doest the delytys of þe devylle,  
 thy delyte is to me to dispyse,  
 and lechery. 204 thowe levyst A lecherous lyfe one-lelle,  
 frome yere to yere þat lyst nat to A-Ryse.

“ Thowe stodyest affter more Araye,  
 And makest gret cost on clothyng,  
 Thou studiest 208 to make the semely, as who shoulde saye  
 dress, thowe cowdest Amend thy makyng.  
 as if to amend the making of thee. thowe cannyst Dyght the Rychely day be day  
 to steere the peopulle to synnyng,  
 212 thy wrechhyd wyll þou folowyst alle daye ;  
 what ende syn hathe, thowe thenkyst nowght.<sup>1</sup>

Think what ven-  
 geance came for  
 lechery in Noah's  
 time,

“ In noyes tyme, by-cause of synne—  
 for lechery In Espeyalle—

<sup>1</sup> The rhyme requires *no thyng*.

For þou þe soule haue þi lijknes,  
 52 Man is but wlatsum erþe and clay,  
 In synne conceyued & wretchidnesse,  
 And to þe soule rebel alwey.  
 First a man growith as doop a gras,  
 56 And anoon after welewith as flouris of hay.

¶ Sipen man is þan so freel a þing,  
 And þi power, lord, is so fer ykend,  
 þis world, in an izes twynkeling  
 60 þou maist distroie, noon may defende.  
 Wiþ þi riȝt, lord, mercy mynge,  
 And to my soule goosteli salue þou sende,  
 Sore me repentip my mys-lyuyng,  
 64 For, merciful lord! y schal amende."

"**A** Man, y ȝaf þee bodili hele  
 þat þou schuldist it spende in my seruice,  
 Fairnesse also, and feturis fele :  
 68 But, man, what doist þou with alle þeise ?  
 þou doist þe delicis of þe deuel,  
 þi delite is me to dispise,  
 þou lyuest a lletcherouse lijf vnleel,  
 72 From ȝeer to ȝeer þou list not rise.

[Page 197.]

¶ þou studiast aftir nyce aray,  
 And makist greet cost in cloþing  
 To make þee semeli, as who schulde say  
 76 þou coudist ameende my making.  
 þou atirist þee richeli day bi day,  
 To stire þe peple to synnyng,  
 þi wrecchid wil þou folewist alway ;  
 80 What eende synne haþ, þou þinkist noþing.

¶ In noes tyme, by-cause of synne—  
 And for lletcheri moost in special—  
 What veniaunce came þanne to markynne !

and on Sodom and Gomorrah.

216 what vengeaunce cam þan to mankyn !  
 Save viij persowenys they were drowenyd alle.  
 Of sodome and gomer the ought to meene,  
 howe I made fyre and brymston falle  
 220 frome heven on men that bade there-in ;  
 for synne were destroyed boþe grete & smalle.

Thinkest thou  
 My might is less  
 than it was then ?

224 “ Man, wenyst thoue my myght be lesse  
 than hit was than, or ellis I  
 hathe nat as myche wykkydnesse  
 As whan I smote so spiteously ?  
 But yett I wylle thy fawtes Redresse,  
 thoowe I nowe spare for my mercy ;  
 228 Man, thenke vppon my Ryghtwysnes,  
 And make A-mendis or that þou dye.”

*Man's Third  
 Answer.*  
 I know sin must  
 be punished,  
 but Thy mercy  
 exceeds my mis-  
 deeds.

[Fol. 148 b.]

I have not served  
 Thee ;

I have misspend  
 my youth

in gluttony and  
 lechery ;

I deserve to dwell  
 in endless woe.

But, Lord, thou  
 forsakest no re-  
 pentant sinner,

“ I wott wele, lorde, þou Ryghtfulle arte,  
 And þat synne mut be ponysshed need,  
 But o thyng holdythe hope in myn harte,  
 that mercye passithe my mysdede ;  
 I knowe wele I may nat *with*-starte,  
 I have so doone, I ought to dreede.  
 236 *With* beaute and *with* bodyly quarte  
 to serve the I toke noone heede.  
 “ I haue mysspendyd my yonge age  
 In synne, and wantonnehed also,  
 240 I have been slowe and lovyd outrage ;  
 A gloton, A lechur, I was bothe to.  
 I am worthy noon odyr wage  
 But for to dwelle in eendeles woo ;  
 244 Alas ! why haue I been so outrage,  
 And servyd the fende þat was my Foo ?

“ But, lorde, in holy wrytt Rede wee  
 that þou for-sakyst no wrechchyd wyght  
 248 that leuythe his syn and turnythe to the,

- 84 Saue .viij. persoones drowned were al.  
 On sodom and gommor þou ouzte to mynne,  
 How y made fier & brymstoone falle  
 From heuene on men þat abood þerynne ;  
 88 In synne were distroied boþe greet & smal.

¶ Man, wenest þou now my myzt be lesse  
 þan it was þanne? cr ellis y  
 hate not so myche wickidnesse

[Page 198.]

- 92 As whanne y smoot so spiteouseli?  
 But ȝit y wole þi fautis redresse  
 þouȝ y now spare for my mercy ;  
 Man, pinke vpon my riztwijsnesse,  
 96 **And, man, make amendis or þou die."**

- "**I** Woot weel, lord, þou riztful art,  
 And þat synne mote be ponyschid neede,  
 But oon þing holdiþ in hope myn hart,  
 100 þi merci passiþ my mysdeede ;  
 I knowe weel y may nat *with*-start,  
 I haue so doon, me ouzte to drede.  
*With* bewte & *with* bodily quart  
 104 To serue þee y took noon hede.

- ¶ I haue myspendid my ȝong age  
 In synne, & wantownesse also,  
 Y haue be slow, and loued to rage ;  
 108 A glotoun, a letchour, y was boþe two.  
 I am worpi to haue noon opir wage  
 But for to dwelle in eendeles woo ;  
 Alas ! whi haue y ben outrage,  
 112 And serued þe feend þat was þi foo ?

[Page 199.]

¶ But, lord, in hooli writt rede we  
 þat þou forsakist no wretchid wizt  
 þat leueþ his synne & turneþ to þee,



and I now turn to  
Thee,

And I to the turne have tyght.  
fulle prowde and Rebelle haue I been,  
But I wele meke me to my myght,  
252 frome hens forwarde I purpose me  
A-yenst myn owne flesche to fyght.

and will fight  
against my flesh ;

“ My Flesche to felle I wole faste,  
My louys to travelle I wole sende,  
256 And thorowe thy grace I am nat A-gast,  
what sorowe or sykenes to me þou sende,  
to suffyr whyle my lyffe wole laste ;  
for vttyrly to this Entent,  
260 to ponysche þat I haue trespassed,  
Mercy, Ihesu, I wole Amende.”

*Christ's Fourth  
Complaint.*  
Man, I gave thee  
wealth,

and with part  
thou mightest  
have relieved the  
sick and woe-  
begone ;

[Fol. 149.]

“ **M**an, I haue sende þe syluer & gollde,  
And alle the welthe *within* þy woone,  
to susteyne the and thyn houssolde,  
And *with* the Resedewe many one  
tho myghttyst þou haue yonge and olde  
that been diseassyd and woo-by-goone ;  
268 My servauntis suffyr hunger and colde,  
Releffe of the yeet haue I noone.

but thou givest  
with a heavy  
heart,

fearing to fall into  
poverty.

“ yff þou yeve for my love A ferthyng,  
thowe doest hit *with* An hevy harte,  
272 In almys dar þou Do nothyng  
for Drede þou falle in pouerte,  
In wordis and in vayne spekyng,  
what euer þou wastyst, mery þou arte ;  
276 Of suche I wole haue Rekenyng ;  
A Domys day þou shalt nat starte.

But at Doomsday

thou shalt give  
account,

“ than shalt þou yeve A-counte fulle strayte  
howe thowe come by thy goode, eche dele,  
280 wheder *with* trouthe or Dyssayte,

- 116 And y to turne to þee have tiȝt.  
 Full proud and rebel haue y bee,  
 But y wole meeke me *in* my siȝt,  
 From hens forward y purpose me  
 120 Aȝen myn owne fleisch to fiȝt.

- ¶ My fleisch to feble y wole faste,  
 Mi boonis to traueile y wole bende,  
 And þoruȝ þi grace, y am not agast,  
 124 What sorewe or sijknes to me þou sende,  
 To suffre whilis my lijf may laste ;  
 For vtirli to þis y wole entende,  
 To ponysche þat y haue trespass,  
 128 **Mercy, ihesu, y wole amende."**

- "**M**An, y haue sente þee siluer and golde,  
 And al þe welpe *with*inne þi woon,  
 To susteine þee and þin householde ;  
 132 And *with* þe residue, manye oon  
 þou myȝtist han holpe, ȝong & colde  
 þat ben disesid and woo-bigoon ;  
 My seruauentis suffren hungir & coolde,  
 136 Releef of þee ȝit haue þei noon.

[Page 200.]

- ¶ If þou ȝeue for my love a ferpinge,  
 þou doist it *with* an heuy harte ;  
 In almesse þou darist ȝeue no þing  
 140 For drede þou schuldist falle *in* pouerte.  
 In wordis and in veyn spekyng,  
 what euere þou waastist, þou myrie art ;  
 Of such y wole haue rekenyng,  
 144 On doomyssday þou schalt not starte.

- ¶ þanne schalt þou ȝeue acountis ful streite  
 How þou come to þi good, euery deel,  
 Whepir þou it wan *with* troupe or *with* disceite,

- and as thou hast wrought, so shalt thou fare.
- And howe þou spendyst hit, evylle or wele.  
Noone odyr grace than afftyr wayte :  
As þou haste wrought, so shalt þou fele.
- No pounds then will profit thee, but a pure conscience,
- 284 “ what shalle than prophyte þi gowne purfyllid,  
Poundes and markes of the I perle ?  
A clene conscyence shalle þat daye  
More prophyte be, & more sett bye,  
288 than alle thy muke and alle þy moneye  
that euer was, or shalle be vndyr þe skye.  
than wole nat helpe plete nor playe,  
for ar Right-wole than Deme shalle I :  
292 And there-for whyle þat þou may,  
Make Amendis or þou dyc.”  
Make amends, then, ere thou die.
- Man's Fourth Answer.*  
Lord, I have grieved thee,
- “ I wote wele, lorde, frome yere to yere  
fulle gretely grevyd the I have ;  
that I wete wele ; nor, þy mercy were,  
My modys wombe hade be my grave.  
for what profyttythe my levyng here  
But þou wolt affter-warde me save ?  
300 But Ihesu, as þou boughttest me dere,  
Leve nat my soule in helle Cave !
- but leave not my soul in the cave of hell.
- [Fol. 149, back.]  
I will cut off my wastefulness and vainglorious expenditure,
- 304 “ My waste expensis I wyllle with-drawe,  
Nowe sertayne waste wele colyd þei be,  
for þou were spent my boste to blowe,  
My name to bere by londe and ssee.  
wele I wott me thought nat trewe  
with many A man of my cuntre ;  
308 yff they me mett, they me nat knewe,  
Ne neuer yett harden speke of me.
- which would have earned me reward if spent in
- 312 “ fondely haue I wrought & wyrchyd on wyse ;  
I myght haue goton myche meede  
had I spent hit in godd's seruyce,

- 148 And how þou spendist it, yuel or weel.  
 Noon oþer grace þanne aftir waite :  
 For as þou hast wrouȝte, so schalt þou feele.  
 What schal þanne profite þi gowne y-pleite,  
 152 Poundis or markis þat ȝe of þe peple peelee ?

[Page 201.]

- ¶ A clene conscience schal in þat day  
 More profite, & be more sett by,  
 þan al þe muk & þe money  
 156 þat euere was or schal be vndir þe sky.  
 þanne wole not helpe to plete ne pray,  
 þerfore, as riȝt wole, þanne deme schal y :  
 And þer-fore, man, whilis þou may,  
 160 **Man, make amendis or þou die."**

- "I** Woot weel, lord, from ȝeer to ȝeer  
 Ful greetli greeued þee y haue;  
 þat y wolde neer þi mercy were,  
 164 My modirs wombe had be my graue.  
 For what profitþ my lyuynghe heere  
 But y myȝte aftirward be saaf?  
 But ihesu, as þou bouȝtist me deere,  
 168 Lete not my soule come in helle caaf !

Man.

- ¶ My waast expensis y wole with-drawe;  
 Now, certis, 'waast' weel callid þei be,  
 for þei were spent my boost to blowe,  
 172 My name to bere boþe on londe & see.  
 Weel y woot me dare not trowe,  
 þouȝ many a man of my countree,  
 If þei me mette, þei me not knowe,  
 176 Ne neuere ȝit herde speke of me.

[Fol. 201.]

- ¶ Fonnedli haue y wrouȝt as a wretche vnwiȝs  
 Where y myȝte haue gete me myche meede  
 Had y it spend in god-is seruyce,

almsdeeds :

but now all my  
surplus

I will spend on  
the needy ;

I will visit the  
sick and those in  
bonds,

and give them  
all I can.

Have mercy ! I  
will amend.

On men diseisyd and almys deede.

But thorowe thy grace I wylle A-Ryse,  
for, haue I and myne oure bare mede,

316 *with* the Remnaunt, lorde, at þy devyse,  
the poore, the nakyd, to cloþe & ffeede.

“ Syk men that lyen in goddis bondis,  
they haue no syluer for to spende,  
320 And prisonners bounden *with* fete and hondis,  
Oftt for to vesyte I wylle hem Amende,  
what I see howe hit *with* hem stondis,

Suche as I haue I shalle hem fynde ;  
324 But, lorde, lett þy worke be þy bondis ;  
A, mercy, Ihesu, I wylle Amende ! ”

*Christ's Fifth  
Complaint.*  
Make amends  
by doing alms,  
and taking no  
vengeance.

**M**an, yff thoue wylt Amendis make,  
Do thyn Almes *with* thyne owne goode,  
And wayte þou wyrke no man wrake,  
to venge Anodyr manys goode.

yff thoue ontrewly frome one take,  
And there-*with* fynde xl. her goode ;

332 Suche sacrefysis I for-saake,  
they been to me as sowre as soote.

Now thou  
oppressest the  
Poor ;

[Fol. 150.]  
but thou buildest  
churches and  
mendest roads.

“ the poore peopulle þou doest opresse  
*with* flyghttis & wyllys many also :  
336 thoue makyst chyrches, and syng messes,  
thowe Amendyst wayes men on to go ;  
and some men ban the, & some men blesse :  
Wheder shalle I here of theese twoo ?

Banish falseness  
from thee.

340 yff þou wolt haue grace as þou thenkis,  
lett falsnes be Flemyd the froo.

Moths eat thy  
clothes, and the  
poor go bare :

“ the mothes that thy clothys etys,  
and þou letttest poore men go bare,  
344 thy drynkis soweren, þou mouledest metis



180 On men diseesid, and almesdeede.  
 But þoru3 þi grace, lord, y wole rise ;  
 For haue y or myne oure bare neede,  
 with the remenaunt, lord, at þi dyuyse,  
 184 þe poore & nakid y wole cloþe & fede.

¶ Sijke men þat liggen in god-is boondis,  
 þat han noo siluer for to spende,  
 And prisoners bounden feet and hondis,  
 188 Ofte for to visite y wole to hem tende :  
 Whanne y se how it with hem stoondis,  
 Such as y haue y schal hem sende ;  
 But, lord, lete þese werkis be þi sondis ;  
 192 **For, merciful lord, I wole amende !**"

[Page 203.]

God. **"M**An, if þou wolt amendis make,  
 þan do þin alnes of þin owne good,  
 And waite þou worche no man wrake,  
 196 to venge anothir man-is mood.  
 And þou vntruli from oon take,  
 And þerwith fynde fourty her foode,  
 Al suche sacrificis y forsake,  
 200 For þei ben to me as sour as sood.

¶ þe poore peple þou doist oppresse  
 Wiþ sleitis and wilis ful manye also :  
 þou makist chirchis, and doist singe messe,  
 204 And mendist weies, men on to go ;  
 And sum men þee banne, & summe blesse :  
 Which schal y heere of þeise two ?  
 If þou wolt haue grace as þou doist gesse,  
 208 Lete al falsnes be fleemyd þec fro.

¶ þe moppis þat þi cloþis ete,  
 And þou letist poore men go bare,  
 þi drinkis þat sowren, & þi mowlid meto

[Page 204.]

- thy ill-gotten  
goods cry for  
vengeance on  
thee.
- 348 where-*with* the febulle myght wele fare.  
thy Rustes þat thy syluer ffreete,  
thy good*is* that evylle goton are,  
they cryen vppon the vengeaunce grete,  
there-for to spyllle yeet I þe spare.
- Thou withholdest  
thy servants'  
dues;
- 352 “*with*-holdyn hem A-yenst the Ryght  
thoow*3e* thy servauntt*is* vppon þe crye ;  
And, man, offtymes þou hast me hyght  
thowe woulde Amende, & leve folye.  
thowe spekyst soore by day and nyght,  
thowe brekyst couinaunt contenually,
- yet I am loth to  
punish.  
Make amends,
- 356 yett is me lothe *with* the to fyght ;  
yett make Amend*is*, man, or þou dye.”

[The MS. runs on with p. 186, and transposes Man's Answer  
opposite, to the end, pp. 194 and 196.]

- 212 Wherwith þe febil myzte weel fare,  
 þe rust þat þi siluer doiþ freete,  
 þi goodis þat yuel gote are,  
 þei crien vpon þec veniaunce greete  
 216 þee for to spille, but 3it y spare.

- ¶ With-holden hire azen þe rizt  
 Of þi seruanntis vpon þee crye ;  
 And, man, ofte tyme þou hast me hizt  
 220 þou woldist amende, & leue folie ;  
 þou spekist faire boþe day & nyght,  
 þou brekist couenaunt contynuely ;  
 Me is ful loopþ wiþe þee to fight,  
 224 þerfore make amendis, man, or þou die ! ”

- Man. “ **S**weete lord, y may not azen say,  
 Y haue not holden þat me hette :  
 Y greeued þee greetli euery day,  
 228 Y do not as y am in dette ;  
 I wolde do weel ; but, welle-away !  
 Wiþ enemyes y am euere bisette !  
 Whanne y wolde þee faynest pay,  
 232 My fleisch is þe first þat wole me lette.

[See the corresponding passage  
 o' the other ver-  
 sion from line 487  
 to the end, pp. 194  
 and 196.]

Lord ! I have  
 grieved Thee.  
 [Page 205.]  
 I would do well,  
 but am beset with  
 enemies. My  
 flesh hinders me.

- ¶ Euere þe fattir þat y it feede,  
 Euere þe freischer it is my foo,  
 3it y muste bere it a-boute nede,  
 236 Ful febil it is, it wole me sloo.  
 þe world, þe feend, me beede,  
 Sumtyme with weele, sumtyme with woo ;  
 What may y do with a welkid wede  
 240 To f3ite azen þree enemyes soo ?

The fatter I feed  
 it, the more it  
 fight against me.

The world and  
 the devil tempt  
 me too.

How can I fight  
 these three foes ?

- ¶ Whanne y enforsoþe me opir whilis,  
 And þinke y wolde lyue a trewe lijf  
 And forsake alle batailis & gilis,

When I strive to  
 live a true life



- 244 þe world biddiþ me bataile blijf,  
 And, but y wole vse wrenchis & wilis,  
 þe comoun uoice is y schal not þrijf.<sup>1</sup>  
 Summe at me mowis, summe at me smylis,  
 248 And counten me but a kynde caitif.

the world bids me  
 fight, and the  
 common voice  
 mocks me.  
 [1 *The other ver-*  
*sion ends here,*  
*l. 508, p. 196.]*

- ¶ But y þinke, not-withstanding þis,  
 To forsake falsnes wiþ-uten eende,  
 To restore aȝen þat y took mys,  
 252 And to paie my dettis fair and hende ;  
 And whanne y haue ȝeuē eche man his,  
 As resoun is, þanne wole y spende,  
 And ȝeue myn almes þere nede is ;  
 256 Mercy, ihesu, y wole amende."

[Page 206.]  
 Nevertheless I  
 purpose to  
 forsake sin, to  
 restore all falsely  
 gotten goods, pay  
 my debts,

and give alms to  
 all who need  
 them.

- God. 'MAn, y sente þee kindeli in-sizte  
 Of vnder-standyng, skil, & witt,  
 To rewle þi silf bi resoun riȝt ;  
 260 More-ouer þou hast holi writt  
 þat cleerli schewiþ þee goostli liȝt  
 How þou schuldist deedli synne with-sett,  
 And how þou me please myght :  
 264 What eiliþ þee, man, þin iȝe to schett ?

*Christ's Answer.]*  
 Man, I sent thee  
 understanding  
 and Holy Writ  
 to show thee how  
 to resist sin.

Why hast thou  
 shut thine eye ?

- ¶ Wordli richesse, & rial repaire,  
 Iewels, and þingis, and myrþe of iolite,  
 Fischis, beestis, briddis of þe eir,  
 268 þese þinkip þee semeli for to se.  
 If þo þingis þat schulen perische & paire,  
 Vnto þi sighte þus semeli bee,  
 Weel maist þou wite y am weel faire  
 272 Of whom ech þing haþ his bewte.

If worldly riches  
 and jewels,  
 and birds

seem comely to  
 thee,

[Page 207.]

thou may'st well  
 know that I am  
 fair, of Whom all  
 have their beauty.

- ¶ But, man, as þou wittlees were,  
 þou lokist euere dounwarde as a beest ;  
 It heeuyeth þee of me to heere,

But thou ever  
 lookest downward  
 like a beast, and  
 delightest in



*Man's Fifth  
Answer.*  
I cannot answer ;  
only cry for  
mercy.  
Man is worse than  
reasonless beasts.

“ **S**wete Ihesu, answer I [ne] can,  
But oft I crye *mercy with* hart stable ;  
Alas for woo ! why is man  
wele woorse than beste onresonable ?

Alle bestis sithe this worlde by-gan  
In kyndely wyrchyng be durable,  
364 Save onely I off wyttys wanne,  
that wofulle many dedis dampnable.

I was made to  
know my Maker,

“ I, man, was made to knowe my maker  
And to love hym ouer alle thyng ;  
368 And I, A wreche, was neuer maker  
to cache kynde knowyng of my kynges ;  
to tryfyllis have I be tent taker.

[Fol. 150, back.]  
but have minded  
only trifles :

A songe for sorowe wele may I synge,  
372 for hade I of syn be for-saker,  
of cryst shoulde I have hade knowynges.

my spirit's eye  
has been blinded  
with covetous-  
ness ;

“ My gostely than blysefulle off duste,  
Curssyd covetyse hathe so blyndedyd me,  
376 they been shotyn *with* ffleschely luste,

- 276 Foule speche is to þee a feeste. foul talk.  
 I coumforte þee and make þe cheere, I am kind to thee  
 And þou azenward louest me leest ;  
 I calle þee to me 3eer and 3eer,  
 280 3it wolt þou not come at my requeest. and call thee, and  
thou  
wilt not come.

- ¶ As from þi foo þou from me flees,  
 Y folewe faste, and on þee crye,  
 þou wrappist þee wiþ vanytees,  
 284 And þinkist my speche is but folie :  
 For þing þat nouzt is þou wolt leese <sup>1</sup>  
 My ioie þat lastiþ euere eendelesly.  
 Man, 3it leue vice, and vertu chese,  
 288 And amendis make or þou die.” Thou fleest from  
Me, and wrappest  
thyself in  
vanities, losing  
for nought my  
  
[1 MS. *leese*.]  
endless joy.  
But, man, leave  
vice and amend  
ere thou diest.

- Man. “**S**Weete ihesu, answere noon y can,  
 But ofte cry mercy with herte stable :  
 Alas for woo! whi is a man  
 292 weel worse þan a beeste vnresonable ?  
 Alle bestis siþen þis world bigan  
 In kindeli worchinge ben durable,  
 Saaf oonly I, of wittis wan,  
 296 þat haue doon manye dedis ful dampnable.

[Page 208.]

- ¶ I, man, was made to knowe my maker  
 And to loue him aboue al opir þing ;  
 And y, a wrecche, was neuere waker  
 300 To catche kinde knowing of my kyng ;  
 To triffis y haue be a greet tent taker.  
 A song of sorewe weel may I synge,  
 For hadde y of synne ben a verri forsaker,  
 304 Of crist schulde y haue had knowyng.

- ¶ Mi goostli izen ben ful of dust,  
 Cursid coueitise hap so blyndid me,

[I gay ? 'Arayn,  
or to make  
*honeste*. Orno,  
adorno.' Pr. Parv.]

but help me, Lord,  
with penance to  
cleause my sight.

380

than hevenly thyngis may I noone see.  
But, lorde, thow3e I have been onest,<sup>1</sup>  
thorowe helpe of thy Benyngnyte  
I hope to Rube A-waye the Ruste  
with penaunce frome my gostely syhte.

Henceforward I  
will learn Thy  
law, and keep Thy  
Ten Commands.

384

“ And where that I haue A-fore this  
My worledly synnys spente,  
frome hens forwarde my purpose is  
to lerne thy lawe to my lyvys ende.  
thy x comaudentis I-wys,

388

hem for to kepe I wyllle me bende,  
And there as I haue doone A-mys,  
Mercy, Ihesu I wyllle Amende.”

Mercy ! I will  
amend.

*Christ's Sixth  
Complaint.*  
Man, I have  
showed thee  
mercy oft,

392

“ Man, my mercy, yf þou it mende,  
I have the hit shewed in many wyse  
Sythen the tyme that þou fyrst synned  
Ayenst myne hest in paradyse.

have helped thee  
from hell ;

396

In helle preson when þou were pynyed  
for doying of the develyys devyse,  
owte of thy teene for to be tenyd,  
Mercy and love þe holpe or this.

for thee have  
taken flesh,

400

“ Mercy was thyn advocate cheffe  
that I for the tooke Flesche & bloode ;  
loue made the to me so leffe  
that I for the was Rente on Roode ;

and suffered on  
the Cross.

404

I suffyrde dethe to chaunge þy greffe,  
And In-to helle than doune I yeede ;  
I brought þe to preeffe to the blysse :  
Man ! I haue been thy frende fulle goode.

[Fol. 151, back.]

I became poor to  
make thee rich,

408

“ I be-gan poore, the Ryche to make ;  
to make the whyte, I was made Rede ;  
my sorowe, my syknes, made the to slake,

- þei ben blood schoten *with* fleischli lust,  
 308 þat heuenly þingis may y noon se.  
 But, lord, þou3 y haue ben vniust,  
 3it þoru3 þe help of þi benignite  
 I hope to rubbe aweye þe rust,  
 312 *With* penaunce, from my goostli y3e ;

[Page 209.]

- ¶ *And* where þat y haue to-fore þis  
 My witt in wordli þingis spende,  
 From hens forþward my purpos ys  
 316 To leerne þi lawe to my lyues eende.  
 þi ten comaundentis, so haue y blis,  
 Them for to kepe y wole me bende ;  
 And þere as y haue a-fore doon mys,  
 320 **Now, merci, God, y wole amende."**

- "MAn, my merci, if þou it mynned,  
 Y haue schewid it þee on many wise  
 Siben þat tyme was þat þou first synned  
 324 Azens my precept in paradijs.  
 In helle prisoun whane þou were pynned  
 For doinge of þe deuclis deuyce,  
 Out of þat prisoun for to be twynned,  
 328 Mercy and loue þee halp ; þinke on þese.

- ¶ Mercy was þin aduoket cheef  
 þat y for þee took fleisch & blood ;  
 Loue made þee to me so leef  
 332 þat y for þee was rent on roode ;  
 I suffride deep to chaunge þi greef,  
 And vnto helle þan down y 3oode ;  
 Y brou3te þee to blis from reproof :  
 336 þus haue y be, man, þi freend ful good.

[Page 210.]

- ¶ I bicame poore, þee riche to make ;  
 To make þee whizt, y was made reed ;

I was bound to  
break thy bonds.

My hunger booke the blysfulle brede.  
I bonde my selffe, þy bondis I braake ;  
to gett thy lyffe I suffyrd dede ;  
412 what shoulde I do more for thy saake ?  
to hele thy foote, hurt was my hede.

For thee I am  
ready to die  
again, I love thee  
so !

“ yff þou thynk I myght more do  
for thy saake, saye, I am Redy  
416 to dye A-yeen, yff neede were there-too,  
Suche loue, man, to the haue I.  
I hyght the myrthe & Ioyes moo,  
But þou Art thy moste Enemy,  
420 for nought that I do but þou wylt so ;  
Man ! make Amendis or thowe dye.”

And thou wilt not  
love Me !

*Man's Sixth :*

*Answer.*

Lord, when I  
think on Thy  
death and  
wounds,

[Lines 424 and  
423 are trans-  
posed, and 425  
repeated  
wrongly.]

I feel my heart is  
harder than iron.

“ **L**orde, whan I thynke on þy pouerte,  
and how wylfulle þou were and fayne ;—  
to sle my syn þou were slayne,—  
to suffyr for me woundis smarte ;  
And howe wylfulle þou were and fayne ;  
harder than Iren is my harte  
428 that hathe no pyte of thy payne !  
Euer the kynder to me þou arte,  
the more vnkynder I am A-gayne.

Why shouldst  
Thou be slain for  
Thine enemy ?

“ why wouledyst þou, lorde, be slayne for me ?  
432 than Am I thyne Enemye moste vnhende,  
Sithen no man hathe more charyte  
than deethe to suffyr for his Frende ?  
what skylle is þou shouledyst slayne bee,  
436 Sythen I made þe thralle to þe Fende ?  
I trespassyd, lorde, why smottis þou nat me ?  
Nowe, blessyd be þou with-owttyn eende !

Why didst thou  
not smite me ?

[Fol. 151, back.]

[1 MS. *yeve*]

I see Thou lovest  
me.

“ I see wele, lorde, that þou lovest us  
440 for oure profyte, & nought for þyne <sup>1</sup>



- Mi sorewe, my sijknesse, made þin to slake,  
 340 Myn hungir book þi blisful breed.  
 I boond my silf, þi boondis y brake ;  
 To gete þee lijf y suffride þe deede ;  
 What schulde y more do for þi sake ?  
 344 To hele þi foot, hurt was myn heed.

- ¶ What woldist þou, man, þat y schuld do  
 My mercy to þee is ful redy  
 Yf þou wolt dispose þee þerto ;  
 348 Such loue to þee, man, haue y,  
 I hizte þee myrþe and ioies moo,  
 But þou art þin owne moost enemy ;  
 for ouȝt þat y þee bidde, þou wolt so ;  
 352 **Man ! make amendis or þou die."**

[Page 211.]

- Man. "**L**Ord, whanne y þinke on þi pouert,  
 And how wilful þou were & fayn  
 To suffre for me woundis smert ;—  
 356 To slee my synnes þou were slayn,—  
 Hardir than iren is myn hert  
 Which haþ no pitee of þi payn !  
 Euere þe kyndir to me þou art,  
 360 þe more vnkyndir am y agayn.

- ¶ Whi woldist þou, lord, be slayn for me  
 þat am þin enemy moost vnhende ?  
 Siben no man haþ more charite  
 364 þan deep to suffre for his freende,  
 What skile is þou schuldist so slayn be,  
 Siben y made þee þral to þe feend ?  
 I trespaside, lord, whi smoot þou not me ?  
 368 Now, blessid be þou wiþ-outen eende !

- ¶ I se weel, lord, þat þou louest us  
 For oure profite, & not for þine ;

[Page 212.]

But, alas, we are  
so vicious that we  
leave our gracious  
and merciful God.

444

for what were þou, ne were Ihesus,  
thoughe alle wee were in eendeles payne.  
Alas, wee been so vysyous,  
And so onkyndely frome hym declýne  
that is oure god so gracijs,  
And is so lothe mannys soule to tyne.

Have mercy,  
though, sweet  
Lord,

448

“But, swete lorde, as þou haste bygoone,  
so lett thy mercy forthe extende ;  
Put thy crosse and thy passyone  
By-twene my werkis, they ought to be brent,  
And thy doome that I may nat shoone,  
452 that bondis of helle can me nat hende.  
Who but the fader shoulde helpe þe soone ?  
Mercy, Ihesus, I wylle Amende.”

help thy son ;  
I will amend !

*Christ's Seventh  
Complaint.*  
If thou wantest  
mercy, why dost  
thou crucify Me  
daily with thy  
great oaths,

“

**M**

an, yff þou wolte my mercy gete,  
thorowe my passyon of grete vertu,  
why lovyst nat þou me for to bete ?  
Eche day on crosse þou doest me newe.

460

with deedly syn at morne, at mete,  
thowe turmentis me on-trewe,  
And namely with thyne othis grete  
to swere þou wolte nat me eschewe.

rending my limbs,

464

“No lym on me, man, þou for-beryste :  
why doyst þou evylle Aynst goode ?  
By my soule thowe offt-tyme sweryst,  
by my body, and by my bloode.  
with thy tunge me alle to-teryst

tearing me to  
pieces with thy  
tongue ?

468

whan þou arte wroþe & wel ny woode ;  
Man, with thy onkyndnes more me derest  
than they that rent me on þe Roode.

Thou pitiest thy  
toe when it bleeds  
more than Me.

472

“thowe haste more pyte vppon þy too  
yff hit be hurt, and lytylle bleede,

For what were þou þee werse, *ihesus*,  
 372 þouȝ alle we weren in eendeles peyne.  
 Alas, whi ben we so vi[ci]ouse,  
 And so vnkyndeli from þee declynne  
 þat oure god art so gracious,  
 376 And so loop art mannis soule to tyne?

¶ But, sweete lord, as þou hast bigunne,  
 So lete þi mercy forþ extende:  
 Putte þi crosse & þi passioun  
 380 Bitweene my werkis worþi to be brende,  
 And þi doom þat y may not schounne,  
 þat þe boondis of helle come me not hende.  
 Who but þe fadir schoulde helpe þe sonne?  
 384 **Merciful ihesu, y wole amende."**

God. "**M**An, if þou wolt my mercy gete  
 þoruȝ my passioun of myche vertu,  
 Whi leuest þou not of me to bete?  
 388 Eche day on crosse þou doist me newe  
 With deedli synne at morn, at meete,  
 As a turmentour to me vntrewe,  
 And nameli with þin opis greete  
 392 To swere þou wolt not eschewe.

[Page 213.]

¶ No lyme on me, man, þou forbeerist:  
 Whi doist þou yuel azens good?  
 By my soule þou ofte tyme sweerist,  
 396 Bi my body, and bi my blood.  
 Wiþ þi tunge þou me al to-teerist  
 Whanne þou art wroop as wigt moost wood.  
 Man, with þin vnkindenes þou more me deerist  
 400 þan þei þat diden me on þe roode.

¶ þou hast more pitee on þi too  
 If it be hurt, and a litil bleede,  
 þan euere þou haddist for al þe woo

But thou shalt  
soon be sorry for  
thy needless  
swearing.  
[Fol. 152.] 476 than euer þou haddyst for alle þe woo  
that euer I suffyrde for þy mysdeede.  
whan þou arte tought, than þou shalt woo  
of sweryng, but yff hit were neede :  
thowe scorenest hem than seyne þe soo,  
thowe takest to my heste no heede.<sup>1</sup>

Thou liest loudly  
on me to get a  
halfpenny,

480 “ Lowde lesyngis on me þou makyst  
Some tyme to wyne An halpenye,  
what tyme to wytnes þou me takyste,  
And yeet the for-sweryst þe wyttyngly.  
Byyng and syllyng, þou nat for-sakyst,

and oftenswearest  
wrongfully.

484 bothe veyne & wronge þou sweryst wronge ;  
whan þou doest thus, there bale þou bakeste ;  
Man ! make Amendis or thowe dye.”

*Man's Seventh  
Answer.*  
Lord, I have not  
kept my vow,

“ S wete lorde, I may nat Ayenst þe saye,  
I have nat holden þat I the heete :  
I greve the gretely every daye,  
I do nat as I am in dett,

but I am beset  
with foes ;

492 I woulde do wele, but wele-A-waye,  
with Enemyes I am euer by-sett ;  
whan my soule woulde faynest þe paye,  
My flesche is the fyrst þat wole it lett.

my flesh hinders  
me ;

and with it about  
me,

496 “ Euer the fatter that I Feede,  
Euer the Fressher hit is, my foo,  
yett must wee bere hit Abowte nede,  
But febulle hit is, hit wole me sloo.  
the worlde, the fende, my batayle byde  
500 Some tyme with wele, some tyme with woo ;  
whate may I do with a wykkyd weede  
to fyzte A-yeen my enemyes soo ?

how can I fight  
the world and the  
devil ?

When I resolve to  
live a true life,

504 “ whan I in-force me wother wyles,  
And thynke I woulde lyve a trewe lyffe

404 þat euere y suffride for þi mys-deede.  
 Whanne þou art tauȝt þat þou schuldist hoo  
 Of sweering, but whanne it were neede,  
 þou scornest hem þat sayn þee soo;  
 408 To myn heestis takist þou noon hede.

“ Lowde lesyngis on me þou makist  
 Sum tyme to wynnne an halpeny,  
 What tyme to witnes þou me takist,  
 412 And ȝit þou forsweerst þee wityngly.  
 Bynge & sillynge þou not forsakist,  
 Boþe veyn & wrong to sweere me by;  
 Whanne þou þus doist, þi bale þou bakist,  
 416 **Man! make þou amendis or þou die.**”

[Page 214.]

Man. “**S**weete ihesu, how schulde y aȝen say,  
 But þat y caitife am more curst  
 þan þo þat doon þee on þe crosse eche day  
 420 With greet oophis & werkis wurst,  
 And myche more þee greeneþ þan þei  
 þat on calueri slown þee firste,  
 For hadde þei knowe þee for god verray,  
 424 þee to deef þei hadde not durst.

Jesu! I can only  
 answer that I am  
 more curst a  
 caitiff

than those who  
 slew Thee on  
 Calvary.  
 They knew Thee  
 not for very God,

¶ But y knowe, aftir my bileue,  
 þat þou art god omnipotent,  
 And ȝit y ceesse not þee to greue!  
 428 Weel worpi am y to be schent!  
 How maist þou, lord, suffre me to meeue?  
 Alle creaturis owen me to turment;  
 Merueile it is þat y not myscheue,  
 432 þat y neere kild, drowned, or brent.

but I know Thee  
 as the Almighty,  
 and yet I cease  
 not grieving Thee.

[Page 215.]

I wonder that I  
 have not been  
 killed or burnt.

¶ The erþe opened and swelewid al quicke  
 Daton & abiron for her synne;  
 And y weene þei were neuere so wick

The earth  
 swallowed up  
 Dathan and  
 Abiram, who  
 were not so  
 wicked



the World  
challenges me.

and for-sooke alle batayllis & gyls,  
the worlde byddythe me batell blyve,  
And, but I wole vse wrenchis wyls,  
508 to comyn wyse as I shalle nat stryve,"

[ENDS, and is incomplete.]

[“The Stacyons of Rome” follows on fol. 152, back.]

- 436 As y, moost caitife of mankynne !  
 In deedly synne men dien now picke ;  
 Disese ful greet now doop bigynne,  
*And* 3it in my synne y stonde and sticke,  
 440 Yuel custum ys ful hard to blynne.

as I.

Though dire  
 disease prevails'  
 now, I stick in  
 my sins. Evil  
 habits are hard  
 to give up.

- ¶ I wolde be wantowne and do ille,  
 But y wolde noon me reprehende,  
 But lete me lyue aftir my wille :  
 444 þis was leefful, sumtyme y wende,  
 But now y se þat it is skille,  
 þat such light to me þou sende,  
 But if y leue synne it wole me spille.  
 448 **Merciful lord ihesu, y wole amende !**"

I do evil, and will  
 let no one reprove  
 me.

Send me light.

I will amend.

- "M**an, of þi silf it schal be-long  
 If so be þi soule be spilt ;  
 Forȝeue þou hem þat worchen þee wrong,  
 452 *And* y schal forȝeue þee þi gilt ;  
 And if þou be of herte so strong,  
 And on no wise forȝeue þou wilt,  
 But venge þi silf *with* herte & tunge,  
 456 As a traitour þou schalt be ouer tilt.

[Page 216.]  
*Christ's Eighth  
 Complaint.*

Forgive those  
 who work thee  
 wrong, and I will  
 forgive thee.

- ¶ þou getist no merci þi silf to saue  
 þat no mercy on opir has :  
 How may þou me of merci craue,  
 460 *And* þou wolt graunte no man grace ?  
 Merciful men schulen mercy haue ;  
 Fel folk schal y fleeme fro my face ;  
 What ensaumple pat y þee 3aue  
 464 Whanne y deep suffride, no tent þou taas.

But thou shalt  
 have no mercy if  
 thou wilt show  
 none.

Thou takest no  
 bid of the  
 example I set  
 thee :

- ¶ I praied for hem þat me disesid  
 þou3 y my3te hem haue dampned for ay ;  
 For and þou be a litil displeside,

I prayed for  
 those who injured  
 me,  
 but thou

those who cursest  
displease thee,  
[Page 217.]  
and desirest  
revenge on them.

- 468 þou bannest & cursist nyght and day ;  
For no preching wolt þou be pleside,  
But for to venge þee is þi wil alway ;  
Ful foule schulde þi foos be fesid  
472 If þou myȝte ouer hem as y ouer þee may.

Thou art wroth  
with thy friends  
without reason  
when they advise  
thee to give up  
sin.

- ¶ Withoute cause ofte art þou wroop  
Vnto þi freendis vnskilfully ;  
Whanne þei þee techen & councele boþe  
476 To leue þi wrappe and þin enuye,  
With wordis greeete and spiteful oop  
þou defendist þee of þi foule folie ;  
But þee to leese y am ful loop,  
480 **Man, make amendis or þou die."**

Still I am loth  
to lose thee.  
Make amends.

*Man's Eighth  
Answer.*

Lord, it is Thine  
to have mercy on  
sinners.

Haue mercy, then,  
on me, and kinde  
me in Charity.

- "Sweete lord, þinke þou madist us alle,  
And how kinde and propir it is to þee,  
On synful men þat to þee calle,  
484 On hem to haue mercy and pitee.  
þouȝ y haue be as bettir as galle,  
For þi greet merci haue mercy on me,  
And fro þi loue þat y no more falle,  
488 But kindele þou me in charitee.

[Page 218.]  
For though I  
gave all my goods  
among the poor,

and my body to  
be burned,

all would be  
nought if I were  
not in Charity.

- ¶ For þouȝ y cowþe al kunnyng ken,  
And speke with aungils tunge cleer,  
And þouȝ y delide among poore men  
492 My wordli goodis alle in feer,  
And ȝaf my bodi for to brenne  
For loue of þee þat bouȝtist me dere,  
Ȝit al þis profitiþ me not þen,  
496 In loue and charite but if y weere.

And it is more  
pleasing to Thee

- ¶ And y woot it is more plesyng  
To þee, ihesu, my souereyne lord,

- þat y loue þee ouer al þing,  
 500 And be in charite and acoorde  
 With alle my neiȝboris oolde & ȝyng,  
 þan for to faste & goo wollewarde,  
 And heere alle þe massis þat preestis syng ;  
 504 But if y loue, y gete no coumfort.

that I should  
 love Thee and be  
 in charity with  
 my neighbours,  
 than that I  
 should go wool-  
 gathering and  
 hearing masses.

- ¶ Alas ! whi haue y so wrapful ben  
 þat loue myn herte myȝte not come hende ?  
 I hatide hem þat me neuere dide teen,  
 508 Y loued not hem þat me good kende,  
 I castide me no þing to be in þat meen,  
 To loue myn enemyes y wolde not entende ;  
 But ȝit schal y hem neuere curse, y weene,  
 512 Merciful ihesu ! y wole amende."

Alas, why will  
 not Love come to  
 my heart ?  
 I have been full  
 of hate ;

[Page 219.]

but I will curse  
 my enemies no  
 more : I will  
 amend.

- “**M**An, if þou wolt of bataile blynne,  
 And charite kepe in eche chaunce,  
 My merci soone schalt þou wynne  
 516 So þat þou do fruytis of penaunce.  
 Loke þin herte be contrite with-ynne,  
 And sory for þi mys gouernaunce :  
 What profiȝtiȝ þee to schryue þee of þi synne  
 520 But þou in herte haue repentaunce ?

*Christ's Ninth Complaint.*

Man, if thou  
 wilt cease from  
 strife, bide in  
 charity, and be  
 contrite for thy  
 sins, thou shalt  
 have mercy.

- ¶ þou scornest, and penaunce doist þou noon  
 For þi synne, but þin herte be soor ;  
 For wordli losse þou makist moone,  
 524 þou siȝest and sorewist myche þerfore.  
 And if þi body were woo bigoon,  
 What bittir medecyn ȝeuen þee wore,  
 Ioiyngly þou woldist it take anoon  
 528 Thi bodily hele þee to restore.

But thou doest  
 no penance  
 except thy heart  
 aches.

Thou siȝhest for  
 worldly loss ;  
 and for bodily  
 pain takest bitter  
 medicine ;

- ¶ þi soule with synne is goostly slayn,  
 And þou withoute soȝwe þi synne tellis,

[Page 220.]

But thou sorrowest  
 not for thy sins,

thou doest not  
penance ordained,

To do such penaunce, þou art not fayn,  
532 As þi schrift-fadir þee counsellis.

restorest not  
false-gotten  
goods.  
For this thou  
must suffer.

Thou wolt neuere restore agayn  
Fals gotten good þat þou wiþ mellis :  
Man, þou must þefore suffre payn  
536 For þi synnes, heere or sumwhere ellis.

Take up thy cross  
and follow me,

¶ It is impossible, and may not be,  
To passe fro ioie to ioie : for thi,  
Take þi crosse to þee and folewe me  
540 If þou wolt to my blis up stiȝe.

suffer sickness  
and adversity,

Greet sijknesse and al aduersite,  
What-so-euere comeþ, suffre paciently ;  
Hate alway synne, and euere it flee,

hate sin, and  
make amends  
before you die.

544 **And, man, make amendis or þou die."**

*Man's Ninth  
Answer.*  
Give me grace,  
Lord, to forsake  
my sin and do  
good works.

[Page 221.]

"**L**Ord, ȝeue me grace amendis to make,  
For of my silf me failiþ poweer :  
Synne þat is deedli y woole forsake,  
548 And to do deedis þat worþi merite weere.

Punish me here ;  
for whom thou  
lovest thou  
chastisest.

In þis world sende me woo & wrake  
For synnis þat y haue doon ful seere :  
Who haþ no desese, heere he may quake ;  
552 Hem þat þou louest þou chastisist heere.

Thou, Thy  
Mother,  
and apostles  
suffered great  
distress on earth ;

For my sake, þritti ȝeeris & moo  
greet traueile for me in erþe þou hadde ;  
þi modir, wiþ þin apostolis also,  
556 In greet disese her lijf þei ledde :

martyrs and  
confessors too ;  
I'll gladly go  
with them.

In aduersite and myche woo  
martris & confessouris weren clad :  
in such a companye to goo  
560 in þi leuerey, y schulde be glad.

For if they  
suffered in this  
life,

Sipen þi derlingis þat with þee dwelle  
hadden such aduersitee in þis lijf,



what herte may pinke, or tunge telle,  
 564 þe payne, þe anguische, & þe strijf  
 þat dampned men schulen haue in helle  
 þere eendelees woo & sorewis ben riyf ?  
 Y wole forsake my synnes so felle,  
 568 & to a discreet preeste y wole me schryue.

what tongue can  
 tell what damned  
 men shall endure  
 in hell ?

I will forsake my  
 sins and sarrive  
 me ;

¶ In trewe penaunce is myn entent  
 Fro hens forward my tyme to spende,  
 And kepe y wole þi comaundement,  
 572 Ellis in helle fier y schal be brende.  
 Rial repeire, riche roobis, and rent,  
 What mowe þei helpe me at myn eende ?  
 But y þee serue, y schal be schende ;  
 576 **Mercy, lord ihesu, y schal amende."**

[Page 222.]  
 I will do penance,  
 and keep thy  
 commandments.

Unless I do, I  
 shall be ruined.  
 I will amend.

"**M**An, do penaunce whilis þou may,  
 Lest sudeynli y take veniaunce :  
 Do y not abide þee day bi day  
 580 Bicause y wolde þou dide penaunce ?  
 Man, y am more redy alway  
 To forȝeue þee þi mys gouernaunce  
 þan þou art mercy for to pray,  
 584 For my wille were þee to enhaunce.

*Christ's last  
 Complaint.*  
 Man, I wait for  
 thy repentance  
 day by day. I am  
 ready to forgive

and to exalt thee.

¶ Whanne þou alle þi freendis hast asaied,  
 þou schalt fynde no freend lijk me ;  
 'þou wolt amende,' þus ofte þou seide,  
 588 And aȝen amendis wole y not be ;  
 Do trewe penaunce, & y am payed,  
 From eendelees peine y wole make þee free ;  
 For whi ? for þi loue my lijf y laied :  
 592 What freend wolde haue so doon for þee ?

Thou shalt find  
 no friend like me.

Repent, and I  
 will save  
 thee.

[Page 223.]

I gave my life  
 for love of thee.

¶ With soruful herte þi synne þou schryfe,  
 Make amendis with þi myȝt & mayn,

Make amends for  
 thy sins.

Think on Lot's  
wife : return not  
to evil, and do not  
despair.

And if þou þus leeue þi wickid lijf,  
596 Myn aungils wolen be þerof fayn.  
þinke þou ofte on lottis wijf,  
And turne not to þi synne agayn ;  
Lete not dispeire þee doun drijf,  
600 þinke on petir & on mawdeleyen.

Do my bidding,  
and thou shalt  
have honour,

riches, health, and  
wisdom, for ever,  
in heaven, where  
thou shalt never  
die.

¶ Man, þus wipe away þi wickidnes,  
And kepe my biddynge bi and by,  
And þou schalt haue in my blis  
604 Worschip wiþoute ony velonye,  
No pouert, but al richesse,  
Hele, strenþe, & wijsdom eendelesly ;  
þou schalt be ful of al swetnesse  
608 Where þou schalt lyue & neuere die."

[Page 224.]  
*Man's last  
Answer.*  
Jesu, I will pray  
to thee whenever  
sin tempts me ;

be thou my help  
and cure.

"G Raunte mercy, ihesu, crop & roote  
Of al frenschip, for þou neuere failis ;  
Aȝens þee nyle y not moote,  
612 But as ofte as me yue[l] ayлис  
I wole falle flat to thi foote  
To helpe me in goostli batailis.  
Aȝens al bale, lord, þou be my boote,  
616 Whanne synne & sorowe me sore asailis.

I will hide me

in the wounds  
of thy right side,

there secure  
against all the  
fiend can do.

¶ Now woot y where y schal me hide  
Whanne y am stirid to ony synne ;  
In þe greet wounde of þi right side ;  
620 And, be y veryli hid þer-ynne,  
As in a tour þere may y a-bide  
For auȝt þat þe feend can ymagyne,  
For al þis world þat is so wiȝde,  
624 þere is for man moost souereyn medicyn.

I will not despair  
if thy angels

¶ þere may no wanhope make me care,  
þat haþ oon of þin aungils so good

To kepe me þat y not mys fare,  
 628 *And* þi modir, myldest of mood,  
 þat schewiþ to þee hir pappis bare<sup>1</sup>  
 (For me) of which þou soukedist foode;  
 And to-fore þi fadir, [&] mere<sup>1</sup> maree,  
 632 þou schewist þi woundis rent on roode.

and Mother keep  
 me.

[Page 225.]

¶ How myzte y of þi mercy mys,  
 Siþen to helpe man þou art so hende?  
 Now, ihesu, lord, þou weel us wisse,  
 636 *And*, whilis we lyue, such grace us sende  
 þat we may bide wiþ þee in blis,  
*And* wiþ aungils, world *withouten* eende,  
 þat to be chosen ordeyned ys  
 640 To leue al synne & hem amende.

I shall not miss  
 thy mercy.

Lord, send us  
 grace that we  
 may be with  
 thee in bliss.  
 Amen.

**Amen :** Amen : **Amen** Amen."

[“In my 3onge age” follows, p. 226.]

<sup>1</sup> ? euere.” MS. not clear.

# Filius Regis Mortuus est.

[*Harl. MS. 3954, ab. 1420 A.D. ; fol. 90 a.*]

As I wandered I

found a solemn  
city,

and met a lady  
who mourned,

sighed, and  
swooned.

I dashed water on  
her. She cried  
"The King's Son  
is dead.

His Father is God,

His mother I :

I bare Him in  
Bethlehem ;

I offered turtle-  
doves for him,

I took Him into  
Egypt,

and found Him in  
Cana of Galilee.

**A** reson hathe rulyd my recles mynde :

Be a wey wandryng as I went,

A solom cite me fortunyd to fynde.

4 To turne þer-to was myne entent ;

A louely lady, a maydyn hende,

I met here mornynge ; but wath sche ment

I kowde noȝt knowyn, but fast sche pynyde,

8 Sche swōnyde, sche seyde, & was nere schent.

þat blissid beerde fro grownd I hent,

Wyth water I wesche here face & brest ;

Her here, her skyn, sche raside & rent,

12 And seyde " **filius regis mortuus est.**

þe kynges sone," sche seyde, " is dede !

Hyst in heuene his fader is ;

I am his moder þorowe his manhede,

16 In bedlem I bare ȝour alderes blisse,

In circumsicȝon I saw hym blede,

þat prince present I-wys.

In a tempille, as lawe gan lede,

20 Tirtildovys I offerid a-bouyn al pis ;

In-to egipt I fled, as m[o]der his,

And lost hym, & fond hym at a fest

þer he tornyd water in-to wyn I-wis ;

24 And nowe : **filius regis mortuus est.**

# The Virgin's Second Complaint,

OR

## Filius Regis Mortuus est.

[*Lambeth MS. 853, ab. 1430 A.D., page 74, written without breaks.*]

- A**S resoun rewlid my richelees mynde,  
 Bi wiede waies as y hadde went,  
 A solemne citee me fortun'd to fynde ;  
 4 To turne *perto* was myne entent.  
 ¶ A maiden y mette, a modir hynde,  
 Sobbinge & *sizynge*, sche was neer schent ;  
 Sche wepte, sche wailid, so sore sche pined ;  
 8 Hir heer, hir face, sche tuggid & rent,  
 ¶ Sche tuggid, sche taar *with* greet turment,  
 Sche racide hir skyn, bothe body & brest ;  
 Sche seide *peise* wordis euere as sche went,  
 12 "Filius regis mortuus est."  
 "The kingis sone," sche seide, "is deed,  
 he ioie, he substaunce of my lijfe :  
 he modir to se hir sone so blede,  
 16 It kittip myn herte as *with* a knyf.  
 ¶ My sone *pat* y was woont to fede,  
 To lulle, to lappe, *with* songis rijf ;  
 Out of his herte his blood to schede,  
 20 Makip me, his modir, in myche strijfe.  
 ¶ I am bope maiden, modir, & wijf,  
 And sones haue y no mo to souke my brest ;  
 I may make sorewe *without* relijf,  
 24 For 'filius regis mortuus est.'

As I walked by  
 wild ways, I  
 turned to  
 Jerusalem, and

met a maiden  
 mother sobbing,

tearing her  
 hair, her face, her  
 breast, and saying  
 ever, "The Son of  
 the King is dead.

My joy is gone.  
 It cut my  
 mother's heart to  
 see him bleed,

my son whom I  
 lulled with songs.

[Page 75.]

No more sons  
 have I to suck my  
 breast.  
 The King's Son  
 is dead;



- When He was on  
the Cross
- I cried out, full of  
care, to Him,
- and prayed Death  
to slay me,
- now that my Son  
is dead.
- I come from  
His grave, He who  
lay on my lap.
- Alas!
- [Fol. 90, back.]
- He is dead.
- The sun lost its  
light,
- dead men arose,  
and said, 'The  
Son of the King  
is dead.'"
- Why did He die?
- I marvel why, for  
wisdom was given  
Him.
- Whan he was ded & hang on a tre,  
iiij flodes of paradise fro hym ran ;  
I cried, ' dere sone, seist þu noȝt me,  
28 Thi karefulle moder blo & wanne ? ' <sup>1</sup>  
A doleful loke þan lokede he  
That percyd myn hert boþe blode & bon ;  
I criede on deth, ' why wilt þu fle ?  
32 Cum sle his moder, þu morder mañ !  
Why slest þou my sone ? cum, sle me þan !  
Why comst þu noȝt at my request ?  
þou takist fro me alle þat I wan,  
36 Nowe **filius regis mortuus est.**'
- What wonder is it þowe I be wo  
For he is dede þat soke my pappe ?  
His cors-is graue I come nowe fro  
40 þat sumtyme lay quyke on my lappe.  
A-las ! for sorwe I haue no mo ;  
I, ka[r]fulle moder, where is myn happe ?  
Nowe ligȝt he ded boþe blok & blo !  
44 þe sonne lost his lith, þe clowdes gan clappe,  
The elementes gonne to rusche & rappe,  
And smet downe chirches & templis with crak  
Dede men out of here graue gan skappe,  
48 And seyð **filius regis mortuus est.**"
- Why deyed þi sone, þou maydyn cha[s]t ?  
þe secund persone, & þe godhede nowt,  
Nore þe thirde persone, þe holigost,  
52 þis meruelȝt me meche in my thowt.  
For wysdome to þe sone was be-tawte <sup>2</sup>  
Whan Adam to synne was browt,  
iij for iij þat we xulde trespase nowt ; <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. wanme.<sup>2</sup> These lines do not rhyme with 1 and 3 of this stanza, as the others in the poem do.

- T**hus filius regis, myn owne dere child,  
 Hangiþ on þe croos, y stoonde and se  
 How he is woundid & defilid  
 28 With spittinge & speeris so piteuousli.  
 ¶ I cried upon him as y were wielde,  
 ' Mi swete dere sone, seest þou not me  
 þine owne dere modir ?' þo he me beheld,  
 32 And seide, ' moorne not, modir, þi sorowe lete  
 be ;  
 ¶ I schal be þin & come to þee.'  
 He spak ; y swowned, y neuere ceest ;  
 A ! sone myn, sone myn, upon a tree !  
 36 Filius regis mortuus est.
- H**e dieþ, he dieþ, þat is my blis ;  
 He swelte, y swowned, y cried a-las !  
 No wondir is of my greet heuynes !  
 40 Mi fadir, my broþir, my spouse he was,  
 ¶ My modir, my socour, & al þat ys !  
 Now fadirlees & modirlees y mai forþ passe,  
 Broþerlees, spouselees, ful wrecchid y-wis,  
 44 As a þing forsaken þat no þing has !  
 ¶ **A** ! gabriel, þou clepidist me ful of grace.  
 Nay ! ful of sorowe þou now me seest ;  
 þe teeris trikilen down on my face,  
 48 For ' filius regis mortuus est.'
- I**lokide up," sche seid, " vn-to my child,  
 I cried on þe iewis, & bad hem hang  
 þe modir bi þe sone þat neuere was filid :  
 52 O deep, deep, þou doost me wrong !  
 ¶ Mi babe þou sleest, þat neuere was wielde ;  
 Come, sle þe modir ! whi tariest þou so long ?  
 þou morþer man, whi art þou now myelde
- I saw Him on the  
 cross, defiled with  
 spitting, wounded  
 with spear.
- I cried to my own  
 dear Son.
- He said, ' Mourn  
 not, I shall come  
 to thee,'
- and I swooned.
- My bliss is dead.
- No wonder I am  
 wo !  
 He was my  
 Spouse, my  
 [Page 76.]  
 Brother, my all.  
 Now I am  
 fatherless ;
- a thing forsaken,
- not full of grace,  
 but full of sorrow,  
 weeping tears.  
 The King's Son is  
 dead.
- I asked the Jews
- to hang the  
 mother by the  
 son.
- O Death, thou  
 killedst my babe ;
- kill me !
- Murderer, why

- He was before we  
were created.
- 56 But maker of redempcion was or we were  
wrowt.
- Adam to a tre his handes cawt;  
Cristis handis to a tre were fest;  
To felle *our* fon *our* frendis fawt,
- He fought to fell  
our foes,
- 60 And *per filius regis mortuus est*.
- and is dead.
- St Paul says He  
died for all.
- Seynt poule seythe he deyed for alle;  
Why were not alle men sauyn *þan*?
- Sent austyn answerid in generalle,
- 64 He deyid for euery leuyng man.
- Hym selfe *þat* wille not god calle,  
He wylle not leue *þat* he hym whan<sup>1</sup>;  
What wonder is it þowe he be thralle
- Unbelievers will  
not credit this.
- 68 That byndiȝt hym selfe, & not vn-lose can?
- þe blod *þat* fro his sydes ran  
Whan alle þis werlde was derke est & west,  
Ther for I syng as I be-gan,
- But for His blood  
that was shed  
I cry, 'The Son  
of the King is  
dead.'
- 72 *Filius regis mortuus est*.
- Go and see Him."
- Go, loke," sche seyid, "whille þou mayst se,  
I may no lenger taryon out of towne."
- So I went to the  
Cross,
- I toke my gate up to þe tre
- 76 *þer* þe blod was rennyng downe:  
iiȝ dayis I dithe me *þer* to be  
For pete of his passion,  
Sithen to his graue he went a-lone fro me.
- and met three  
women,
- 80 iiȝ women I met *with* precession,  
I askyd hem whedir *þat* þei were bone;  
Fulle sone þei toke sorowe *with*-outyn rest,  
Ȝet þei answerid *with* dollefulle sone,
- who said,  
[Fol. 91 a.]  
'The Son of the  
King is dead.'
- 84 And seyð, *Filius regis mortuus est*.
- Then I went to  
His grave,
- So to his graue I went ful rythe,  
And pursuyd after to wetyn an ende;

<sup>1</sup> for wan.

- 56 Vn-to þe modir þat wolde deep fong ? spar'st thou me ?  
 ¶ þou pynest my sone with peynes strong ;  
 Pyne þan þe modir at hir request ! Torture me too.  
 Alas, y may synge a soruful song,  
 60 þat <sup>1</sup> filius regis mortuus est. [1 Page 77.]

- A** ! þou erþe ! on þee y clayme apeel Oh earth, thou  
 þat þou receyuedist his giltles blood. drankest His  
 þou stoon ! whi woldist þou be so freel guiltless blood !  
 64 To be þe morteis þere þe crosse stood ? Oh stone, thou  
 ¶ He made þe erþe and stoonis feele, barest his cross !  
 And 3e ben instrumentis now to þe roode Ye help to slay  
 To sle 3oure maker ! 3e wite ful weel your Maker,  
 68 He dide neuere yuel, but euermore good.  
 ¶ He was euere meeke & mylde of mood ; ever meek, now  
 Now is he stikid as it were a beest ! stuck like a beast.  
 Alas my babe, my lyues foode,  
 72 Elius regis mortuus est !

- T**hou tree, þou crosse, how durst þou be Oh tree, oh cross,  
 A galow to hang thi maker so ? ye made the  
 Vnto his fadir y may apeelee þee gallows for your  
 76 þat woldist be cause of þe sones woo ; Maker.  
 ¶ Not cause, but help þat he deed be !  
 3e trees ! crie mercy, 3e be my fgo ;  
 Hadde 3e be ordeyned <sup>2</sup>a roode for me, [2 Page 78.]  
 80 To hang me bi him, it hadde ben weel doo. Why did ye not  
 ¶ But what may y seie ? whidir schal y do ? make a cross too  
 þe tree hap hangid a king, a preest ; for me ?  
 Of alle kingis suche ben no mo  
 84 As filius regis mortuus est.

- O** 3e creaturis vnkynde ! þou iren, þou steel, Oh steel and  
 þou scharp þorn ! thorn,  
 How durst 3e slee 3oure best frend, ye slew your best  
 friend,

I saw Angels,  
Seraphim,  
descend from  
heaven,

whotold the  
women that  
Christ was risen.

He is not dead.

I hastened to  
spread the tidings;  
and by a temple  
met the Mother

I had seen before.

Sad she was,

but I told her,  
'The Son of the  
King is not dead.

To Her, His  
Mother, did He  
first appear,

and saluted her,  
saying  
Hail, holy parent!

I am risen, not  
dead!

I sawe angelis *with* gret lithe  
88 Of seraphynnys order adowne gan sende.  
þe women, þei sobbid, & mornyd sore *in* sithe;  
þei seyð, "we leyð hym here *with* oure hande."  
þe angelis answeyð *with* wordis rythe,  
92 And seyð, "is not here þat 3e wende;  
He is resyn, as he 3owe kennyd,  
And in to galalye forthe is prest."  
Here chere & comfort gan a-mende,  
96 For **resurrexit! non mortuus est!**

To telle þis tale I hied me fast,  
That **filius regis.** was resyn a-geyn;  
Be a tempille as I forthe past  
100 I herd wepyng *with* meche peyn;  
A woman I sawe þere at þe last  
That I first met, *with*-outyn layn,  
Ful doofully on me here eyn sche cast;  
104 But howe sche ferd, fast I gan frayn:  
"A-las," sche sayð, "I am vn-fayn  
To se my sone in þis dissesse."  
þan to þat ladi I answerid a-gayn,  
108 And seyð, "**filius regis non mortuus est.**"

Seynt thomes seythe, & oder doctours an heppe,  
þat first he apperid to *our* ladi dere;  
His dethe to here hert sanke most depe  
112 For sche was most of his chere;  
So bryth, so gloriouce, þe sonne increppe,  
His schynyng merkes here bodi bare,  
He salutyd his moder *with* gret worchepe,  
116 þat salutacion I herd neuere are,  
"**Salve, sancta parens!**" I trowe it ware,—  
In latyne is wretyn fulle honest,—  
"My blissid moder for euer-mare!  
120 For **resurrexit! non mortuus est!**"



- þe holiest child þat euere was born?
- 88 ¶ 3e haue him woundid, ye haue him pyned ; wounded, and  
Spere & nail his bodi hap schorn ! tare him.
- þou spere ! whi suffridist þou þe smyth þe  
grynde Spear ! why did'st  
thou let the smith  
grind thee !
- So scharpe þat al his herte þou hast to-torn ?
- 92 ¶ I may crie out on þee boþe euen & morn,  
A wenlees maydens sone þou sleest ! Thou slew'st my  
I wringe & wepe as þing for-lorn ! blameless son.  
Filius regis mortuus est. I am forlorn.
- 96 **T**hou scourge maad of ful touz skyn, Thou knotted  
Knottid & gnaggid, y crie on þee ! scourge,
- þou <sup>1</sup>beet my barn þat neuere dide synne : why didst thou  
Whi beet þou him & forbare me ? beat my bairn and  
not me !
- 100 ¶ Made he þee nouzt ? myzte þou not blynne ? [1 Page 79.]  
For ouermyche þou fraiedist þat free ; Thou mangledst  
þoru3-out his bodi no place was inne,  
Boþe fleisch & blood þou pullidist *with* þee : his flesh and  
blood.
- 104 ¶ þou madist ful blac þat was bri3t of blee,  
þou schalt oonis come to oure conquest.  
O fadir of heuene ! now haue pitee  
þat filius regis mortuus est. Father, have pity  
now He is dead !
- 108 **A**lso þou beest must bere þe galle  
þat he schulde drinke ; þou pynest him more !  
Vpon my kees here dowun y falle, Thou beast, too,  
who bore the  
gall for Him to  
drink :
- And axe iuggement of heuen þerfore ;
- 112 ¶ And moost y crie on 3ou iewis alle, I ask heaven's  
judgment on you  
all, and above  
others, on you  
Jews who
- For 3it myzte noon of hem so him haue to-tore  
Of alle þese þe instrumentis þat y on calle,  
But 3e hem made to greue him so sore.
- 116 ¶ He made 3ou iewis : 3ou to restore  
He come to 3e erþe ; & now 3e encreest  
His pyne : <sup>1</sup>alas, þat euere 3e were bore !  
For filius regis mortuus est. wounded him so.  
He made you !  
He came to  
restore you ! and  
you increase his  
pains !  
[1 Page 80.]

No such joy was  
ever before or  
since !

The earth was  
[Fol. 91, back.]  
glad, the sun, the

world, and all  
Christian men.  
Christ is King!  
This day He rose,  
He is not dead !

Why did the  
King of all

die and be in  
thralldom ?

To redeem our  
souls from the  
Devil, who was  
conquered when  
the Son of the  
King died.

- “ þis was gret mervayle for to be,  
þe ertdly moder þat kyng to susteyne ;  
Sweche ioy and solemp[ni]te,  
124 Be-forn ne after was neuer seyn ;  
The erde is glad, þe sunne is fre,  
þe sunne is glad þat it brythe xalle bene,  
And neuer after so blac to sene.  
128 þe welrde <sup>1</sup> is glad, & hath grace sene,  
Alle cristen pepille glad xal bene  
þat crist is boþe k[i]ng and prest ;  
Nowe is seyð **hec dies** for ioye, I wene,  
132 That **resurrexit ! non mortuus est !** ”
- “ Syn he was lord & k[i]ng ouer alle,  
Had mythe & powere of good & ille,  
Whi wolde he not at oo word calle  
136 þe soulis fro heuene at his owyn wille,  
But þus to be ded & thralle ?  
To þis oure gloce wylle answerē tyllē :  
He leet his mythe at þat tyme falle,  
140 And wrowt wisdomys folle sotylle,  
To bie *our* soulis þat were hese *wit*h skille.  
þe fende of mankende had gret tryste ;  
There lost he his cause ; þat lekid hym ille,  
144 Whan **filius regis mortuus est.**

Explicit Filius Regis . . .

<sup>1</sup> So in MS.

- 120 **O** ze fals iewis ! whi dide ze þus,  
 Him þus to slee, 3oure sauyour ?  
 Whanne he sittip for iuge, whidir wole ze trus ?  
 3e moun not hide 3ou from his reddour.
- 124 ¶ Alle opere creaturis ben peteuose ;  
 þe sunne, þe cloudis, for his dolour  
 Schewith her moornynge ; but ze viciose,  
 3oure lauzinge doop him dishonour.
- 128 ¶ þe erþe qwakid temple & tour  
 To bere 3ou synnful, proud, & prest ;  
 þe sunne 3eue 3ou no lizt þis hour,  
 For filius regis mortuus est.
- 132 **N**ow mortuus est my fair lord !  
 Now deed is my dere child, alas !  
 Now y may walke in þis world  
 As a wrecche þat wantip grace !
- 136 ¶ Al þis y seie to bere recorde ;  
 Noo lengir my3te y loke in his face ;  
 þus y come fro calueriward,  
 Weping & wailing þat y born was.
- 140 ¶ If ony man loue me, lene me a plase  
 Where y may <sup>2</sup> wepe my fille & reste,  
 And my sone wole graunte him sum þat he has :  
 Filius regis mortuus est.
- Ye false Jews,  
 where will ye go  
 when He sits as  
 Judge ?  
 All other  
 creatures were  
 pitiful ; the sun  
 and clouds were  
 dark, the earth  
 quaked ; but you  
 mocked.  
 May the sun give  
 you no light.  
 My lord, my  
 child, is dead.  
 I, wretched, walk  
 the world.  
 I could no longer  
 look in His face,  
 and now am com-  
 ing from Calvary.  
 Give me a place  
 to weep my fill,  
 and rest.  
 [2 Page 81.]  
 The Son of the  
 King is dead.

## Part of a Meditation of St Augustine.

IN the 1866 issue of the stereotyped edition of Mr Craik's "Compendious History of the English Language," v. 1, p. 193, is the following passage quoted from Sir Frederic Madden's Preface to *Havelok*: "Between the years 1244 and 1258, we know, was written the versification of part of a meditation of St Augustine, as proved by the age of the prior who gave the MS. to the Durham Library, MS. Eccl. Dun. A. iii. 12, and Bodl. 42." On my applying to the Librarian at Durham for further information about this piece of verse, the Rev. W. Greenwell answered, "It is upon a small piece of vellum, inserted, and forms no part of the original volume. I send you a correct copy." The Rev. H. O. Coxe, Bodleian Librarian, has also kindly sent me a copy of the Bodleian version, which I print side by side with the Durham one. Mr Coxe dates the Oxford copy at from 1300 to 1320 A.D.

*MS. Eccl. Dun. A. III. 12.*

Wyth was his halude brest  
and red of blod his syde  
Bleye was his fair handled  
his wund dop ant wide

And his arms ystreith  
hey up-hon þe rode  
On fif studes on his body  
þe streμες ran o blode.

*MS. Bodl. 42, fol. 250.*

Wit was his nakede brest  
and red of blod his side  
Blod was his faire neb  
his wnden depe an uide

Starke waren his armes  
Hi-spred opon þe rode  
In fif steden in his bodi  
Streμες hurne of blode.

(P. S. See Sir F. Madden's print of the Oxford copy, with the original Latin, in Warton, v. 1, p. 24, note, ed. 1840.)

# The Seven Deadly Sins,

OR "GYF ME LYSSENS TO LYVE IN EASE."

[MS. Univ. Lib. Camb. Ff. I. 6. fol. 56 b. Handwriting of the xv. century. Every *ll* has a stroke through it, and most of the final *n*'s have a stroke over them as here indicated.]

- As I walkyd apoñ a day  
 To take the eyre of fylde & floure,  
 Apou a mylde mornynge of may,  
 4 when floures ben full of swete savoure,  
 I harde on say, "o god ! for ay ?  
 how long shall I leve in my doloure ?"  
 Apoñ hys kneys he gañ pray,  
 8 "Swete Ihesu, sende me sum socoure,  
 Maryes soñ, most of honoure,  
 That ryche & pore may ponyche & please,  
 lys me now in my longoure,  
 12 And gyf me lysens to lyve in ease.

As I walked out  
 on a May morn-  
 ing,

I heard one say,  
 "O God, how  
 long ?

Succour me, Jesu,  
 and comfort me  
 now in my  
 languor.

- To lyve in ease, thy lawes to kepe,  
 Graunt me grace, lorde in blys soo bryght,  
 That I neuer in that cabañ crepe  
 16 Ther lusifer ys lokyñ *wit*h-outyñ lyght.  
 My myddell woundys they beñ derne & depe,  
 Ther ys no plaster that *persy*th aryght,  
 her smertyng wyll not suffre me to slepe,  
 20 Tyll a leche *wit*h dewte have thēm dyght.  
 hit most be a cneet, a crouned wyght,  
 That knowth that quaysy from ben & pese,  
 Or ellys theyre medsyns they haue no myght  
 24 To geve a mañ lysens to lyve in ease.

Grant that I may  
 never creep into  
 the cabin wherein  
 Lucifer is locked.

None can cure my  
 wounds but a  
 'knight,' who  
 knows that sick-  
 ness from beans  
 and peas.



Of the seven  
wounds,

Pride is the prin-  
cipal, and is  
bitterer than gall.

[Fol. 57.]

The best remedy  
for it is called  
Humility.

Lord, send it me!

Another wound,  
which is called  
this World, hath  
scored me, and  
left me black and  
blue.

Had I not been  
baptized in water  
and salt, it had  
never left me.

The 3rd wound  
(or 2nd sin) is

Envy, which  
burns my breast.

The remedy for it  
[Fol. 57. b.]  
is Charity, or  
Love.

- This wound norysshyth woundes sevyn ;  
Superbia ys the most prinsipall,  
pryde *perty* in englysshe steven,  
28 For he ys more *bytter* theñ euer was gall.  
I haue had ther-to lechys aleven,  
and they gave me medysins all.  
The souereynyst medysyn that ys vnder heven,  
32 hyt growes nother in ground nother wall ;  
vmylitas I hard a clerke it call ;  
had I hit, I were at ease.  
larde ! sende it vnto the syke thralle,<sup>1</sup>  
36 and gyff me lysens to lyve in ease.
- A wycked wound hath me walled,  
And traveyld me from topp to too ;  
This wracched worlde hit may be called,  
40 hit hath many a blayne black and bloo.  
hit hurtys my soule, it makes me to halt,  
In hed, in hond, in hart al-soo.  
Nad I beñ babtyzyd in water and salt,  
44 This ferdly fester wolde neuer me froo.  
This leche lyssyd me, lazars, & moo,  
Davith and danyell, of her dysease.  
Amend my wound that doth me woo,  
48 And gyff me lysens to lyve in ease.
- Invidia the therd wound ys,  
A wyckkyd gnawer, or venym, or gowt ;  
he ys a wyckyd wound, I gess,  
52 Ther he hath power to Reyne or Rought.  
The condysson of the wound ys this,  
To breñ my brest *with-in* and *with-oute*.  
I asked a lech what myght me lyss,  
56 he toke me carytas, and put it in a clout,  
And bade me bame me well aboute,  
wheñ hit wolde other water or wese ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. "tharlle."

And sone after, *with*-outyn doute,  
60 Than shold I have lysens to lyve in ease.

Ira ys a wyckyd wound,  
he ravesshith me, both raw and rede ;  
And all my cors he woll confound,  
64 so sore he swellyth in hart and hede ;  
There ys noñ erbe that growyth on grounde,  
Nor no coresy may queth that qued,  
Set amor cum paciencia, in a littyll stound ;  
68 For he wyll drey ham and make hañ ded.  
Lord ! sende me sum amor sede,  
In my gardyn to rote and ryse ;  
Or ellys, as seker as mēn ete bred,  
72 I shall neuer have lysens to lyve in ease.

The 3rd sin is  
Anger, which  
confounds my  
body.

There is no  
remedy that may  
ease that evil, but  
Love joined with  
Patience.

Lord, send me  
some 'Amor'  
seed.

Auaryssia ys a [balefull bane,]<sup>1</sup>  
he bladdyrth and byldeth all in my boure ;  
he makyth me to swell, both flesh and veyne,  
76 And kepith me low lyke a cochoure.  
I have herde of an erbe to lyss that peyne,  
Meñ seyth it bereth a doubyll floure ;  
vigilate, et orate, vse well they tweyne,  
80 That shall help the of thy doloure,  
As sekere as bred ys made of floure,  
Smell theñ in sesyñ *with* thy nese ;  
The swetness of that savoure  
84 Shall geve the lysens to lyve in ease.

The 4th sin is  
Avarice, which  
makes me swell.

The remedy is  
Watch-and-Pray,  
a herb which  
should be smelt  
with the nose.

Accidia ys a souking sore,  
he traveylyth me from day to day,  
And euer he wyll have more and more  
88 Plasters thañ he purvey may.  
I axst a mayster of fisyke lore,  
what wold hyñ drye and dryve away ?  
Elymosina ys an erbe ther-fore,

[Fol. 58.]

The 5th sin is  
Sloth, which re-  
quires many  
plasters.

The remedy is

<sup>1</sup> MS. "a souking sore," copied from l. 85.

a herb called  
Almsgiving,  
with which you  
should anoint the  
wounds.

- 92 Oon of the best that euer I say ;  
Noynt hein̄ ther-wyth ay when̄ thow may,  
Thingk that Requiem shall in the rent & sese,  
And sone after, *with-in* a nyght & a day,  
96 Thou shalt haue lysens to lyve in ease.

The 6th is  
Gluttony, which  
makes me strain  
my stomach.

- Gula ys a grevous gall,  
he bereueth my rest all in my bed ;  
So sore I streyne my stomake *with* all,  
100 wyth many festys when I am full fed ;  
I walow as worme doth in wall,  
I may nat trest tyll a schamely sched.  
Mercy ! lorde ! to the I call,  
104 For vs thou lettest thy brest be bled.  
A leche hath layd hys hed to wed  
To make a plaster that wolde me please,  
Off abstinaunce ; and I it had,  
108 Then sholde I haue lysens to lyve in ease.

A leech hath  
pledged himself  
to find a remedy ;  
it is called  
Abstinence.

The 7th is Luxury  
(Lechery), that  
imperils body and  
soul.

[Fol. 58. b.]

The remedy is a  
root called  
Chastity.

- Luxiria ys a lyther mormale ;  
Mercy ! lorde ! full of pite ;  
Thou bringest my body in bitter bale,  
112 And fraill my sowle *with* thy frailte.  
Sumtyme a surioune tolde me a tale,  
This was the lessyn̄ that he lerned me ;  
The rote of an erbe I sholde vp hale,  
116 Men call it chastite ;<sup>1</sup>  
and pounce it *with* penytencie ;  
When̄ the ryb wode wyll on the rese,  
Drayne it and dringke it *with* confescionè,  
120 Then̄ shalt thow haue lysens to lyve in ease.

Other good herbs  
are these three ;  
Confession-with-  
the-mouth,

- other Erbys ther bein̄ alsoo,  
That suffer the sores they may nat swell ;  
Orys confescio ys on of thoo,  
124 he wyll nat suffre no ded flessche for to dwell ;

<sup>1</sup> This line and the next are written as one ; cf. l. 128.

Cordys contrycio ys the too,  
 A wasshyth the woundes as doth a well ;  
 Operys satisfaccio the souereyne sauetyff,

Contrition-of-  
 heart, and  
 Satisfaction-by-  
 works."

128 For soth as I yow tell."

God, that made both hevyn and hell,  
 geve vs grace to *serue* and please,  
 In that worthy blys that we may dwell,

God give us all  
 license to live in  
 ease!

132 And gyff vs all lysens to lyve in ease !

Explicit in veritate      }  
 Da michi *quod* merui      } Quod leweston̄.

## SHORT RELIGIOUS POEMS

FROM MS. HARL. 7322

(FIRST TREATISE, OF THE END OF THE 14TH CENTURY, WHICH  
HAS ENGLISH VERSES MIXED IN THE LATIN PROSE).

The full stops are mostly those of the MS.

## Christ on the Cross.

[Fol. 7.]

Whoever sees  
Christ on the  
Cross**H**o þat siþ him one þe Rode.  
iesus his lemmon.

And his moder bi him stonde

4 Sore wepinde, and seynt iohan.

And his syden istonge sore.

For þe loue of þe : man.

should forsake his  
sins.

Wel shulde he his sunne forsake.

8 Wete teres and eke leten.

þat of loue can.

## All is Lost on Death.

[See page 224.]

**M**emento nouissima tua, quia hec sunt signa mortis.  
videlicet.

[Fol. 7 b.]

When the

**W**hanne þe ffet coldet3.  
and þe tunge ffoldet3.

And þe shyne sharpet3.

throat rattles

4 And þe prote Rotelet3.



- And þe hew ffalewetȝ.  
 And þe Eyzen dasewetȝ.  
 And him atrokety his bretȝ.  
 8 And þe soule a-wey getȝ.  
 And on flore me him strecchetȝ.  
 And litel of him þanne me recchetȝ  
 And he þas er so proud.  
 12 Ne shal he haue bote a cloud.  
 And of þat erer was his  
 Nou shal he hauen mys.  
 Et nichil de mundo portabit.
- and the eyes  
dazzle,  
 and the soul goes,  
 little is thought  
of him who was  
so proud.  
 Then he has  
nothing.

### All too Late.

[See page 224.]

- Wonne þin eren dinet : and þi nese scharpet.  
 And þin hew dunnet : and þi sennewess starket.  
 And þin eyen synket : and þi tunge foldet.  
 4 And þin honde stinket : and þin fet coldetȝ.  
 And þin lippes blaket : and þin teth ratilet.  
 And þin hond quaket : and þi þrote ruteletȝ.  
 —Al to late . al to late. þen is te wayn atte yate.  
 8 For may þor no man þenne : penaunce make.
- [Fol. 169 b.]  
 When thine eyes  
sink  
 and thy lips turn  
black and thy  
throat rattles,  
 then is it too late ;  
 the wain is at the  
gate.

### Three Certainties of the Day of Death.

- Hit beoþ þreo tymes on þo day  
 þat soþe to witen me mai :  
 þat on ys, þat i shal henne ;  
 4 þat oþer, þat y not whenne ;  
 þat þridde is my moste care,  
 þat y not whider i shal fare.
- [Fol. 8.]  
 1. I shall hence,  
 2. I know not  
when,  
 3. or whither.

## Sins of our Time.

[Written as prose.]

[Fol. 64.]  
Our Covetousness,

Backbiting, and

Uncleanness,  
bode harm.

3issinge and glosinge and felsship beon riue.  
 luper lustes ouer floten. with fals gile and strife  
 hardnesse and bakbiting wiþ scornes out bersten  
 4 Bote almus dede and troupe wiþ semli plei þei  
 resten.  
 vnkundenesse, vnkunninge, vnclannesse, beon  
 arerd  
 so þat harmes þei boden, as ich am aferd.

## Some go up, and some go down, in this World.

[Printed in *Rel. Ant.*, v. 1, p. 64.]

[Fol. 79.]

“Kinge i sitte, and loke aboute,  
 to morwen y mai beon wipoute.”

“Wo is me, a kinge ich was ;

4 þis world, ich louede bote þat, ilas !

Nouth longe gon i was ful riche

Now is riche and poure iliche.”

“Ich shal beo kinge, þat men shulle seo,

[Fol. 79 b.]

8 When þou, wrecche, ded shalt beo.”

## Four Proverbs.

[See *Wright's Political Songs* (Camden Soc., 1839), p. 386-7.]

[Fol. 91 b.] ]

¶ primus dixit	{ Mith <sub>3</sub> lith <sub>3</sub> Fith <sub>3</sub> }	is	{ Rith <sub>3</sub> nith <sub>3</sub> flith <sub>3</sub> }
¶ secundus dixit	{ On frend wil }	is	{ two foo wo }

¶ tercius dixit { lust hath leue  
 3ist is Reue  
 prude hath sleue  
 ¶ quartus dixit { wil } is { Red  
 wit } { qued  
 God } { ded

nota de mirabilibus mundi.

**N**arrat solinus de mirabilibus mundi de quadam aue, que in nido suo facit duo foramina, vnum versus orientem, et aliud versus occidentem, vt per primum cicius videat solem de mane, & per 2<sup>m</sup> diucius de sero. Et per primum exit de mane, & per secundum intrat sero. Spiritualiter auis iste est quilibet fidelis qui sibi facit duo foramina in nido, 1. in corde suo, & in prima porta orientali, per quam ingreditur mundum, inuenient tres 'welcomeres' horribiles, videlicet,

Welcomers	{ nuditas }	Anglice	{ nakednesse	1. Nakedness,
	{ Fletus }		{ Reminge	2. Crying,
	{ debilitas }		{ feblesse	3. Weakness,

Vel aliter sic quilibet intrat per portas, scilicet

nasty	{	Et certe clamat .A. quod est	crying A!
sory			
vnmi3ty			
		primum nominis Ade; in qua	

litera sunt Anguli ad designandum tria incomoda. que quilibet nostrum incurrit quando nascitur, vnde quilibet nostrum quando flet & clamat .A. quasi dolens diceret in Anglico sic, videlicet,

Wip wo & drede i am born.

[Fol. 103, back.]

Al for adam y am lorn.

I am born in woe!

To wo and sorwe brou3t y Am.

Trouble and  
travail shall be my  
life!

4 þat haþ mad þi sinne, Adam.  
Teone and trauail shal beo my lif.  
3eruþe, Adam, haue þe stiþ.

Vt pro isto dici potest istud psalmi. In peccatis  
concepit me mater mea .iob.

### Signs of Death.

[*Printed in Rel. Ant.*, v. 1, p. 64-5. See p. 220-1 of  
*this Text.*]

[Fol. 121.]  
All his friends  
shall loathe him.

Alle his frendes he shal beo loþ,  
And helud shal ben wiþ a cloþ.  
Hyse eres shullen dewan.

His colour shall  
fade,

4 & his eyen shullen dymmen.  
& his nese shal sharpen.  
& his skyn shal starken.  
& his hew shal falewen.  
8 & his tonge shal stameren. oþer famelen.  
& his lippes shulle bliken.  
& his hondes shulle quaken.

his teeth shall  
rattle;

& his teþ shulle Ratelen.  
12 & his þrote shal Rotelen.  
& his feet shullen streken.  
& his herte shal breken.  
& of al þis wordles b[1]isse.

his heart break,

16 ne woldy 3eue a pese iwis;  
þou þat art so proud.  
Ne shalt þou haue bote a clout.

and the proud man  
have but a clout.

### The Covetous Man.

[Fol. 121, back.]

On hit is, and ne haueþ noþer  
sone, ne suster, ne nouþer broþer;  
Ne he nere blynneþ of trauaillinge,  
4 he nis no child of god halewinge,

for one him self he ne þenkeþ.  
 for wham he wakeþ and harde swinkeþ,  
 he wakkeþ boþe dai and niȝt,  
 8 & leteþ his soule ben vuel diȝt.

### Death.

		mendacissima	[Fol. 124, back.]
	{	occultissima	
Est enim mors		repacissima	
4		seuerissima	
	{	po. dedtur. so is fals and falende	
		Stille and eke stalkinge,	
		Gredy and Crepynge,	
8		steorne and eke stellende	

### Christ announces his Coming.

“Nou ȝe alle beo glad and bliþe  
 For i come to leden ou swipe.”  
 In *quibus verbis quatuor proponam questiones*. . .  
 4 “Ho art þou þat comest so litel. and so mithful.  
 Ho art þou þat comest so dredful. And so  
 Rithful.  
 Ho art þou þat comest so ȝonge And so con-  
 nynges?  
 Ho art þou þat comest so pore And al wel-  
 dynges?”  
 8 ¶ Ad primam reponem, & ad omnes alias,  
 “ich am a knyth for ou to fihten;  
 ich am a pledour ou lede to Rithte;  
 ich am a maister to teche þe lawe;  
 12 ich am an emperour, a god felawe.”



### Learn Love from Christ's Sufferings.

[Fol. 134.]

- Biholt þou man wiþ Routhful herte  
 þe sharpe scourge wiþ knottes smerte ;  
 Mi blodi bak wiþ hit his beten.
- 4 Leorne, mon, þi lust to leten.  
 For wiþ þis sper þat is so gril  
 Min herte was stoungen, so was my uel ;  
 For loue of þe þat was so dere,
- 8 Wel auȝtest þou of loue to lere.

### Love Christ who Loves Thee.

[Fol. 135, back.]

- L**eorne to loue as ich loue þe ;  
 On alle my lymes þou mith seo  
 Hou sore ich quake for colde ;
- 4 For þe ich soffre mucche colde & wo ;  
 Loue me wel and nemo,  
 To þe i take and holde.

*Et Regina mater sua nichil habuit unde posset eum induere, ideo dixit sibi,*

### (The Virgin's Song to her Baby Christ.)

[Fol. 135, back.]

- I**esu, swete sone dere !  
 On porful bed list þou here,  
 And þat me greueþ sore ;
- 4 For þi cradel is ase a bere,  
 Oxe and asse beþ þi fere ;  
 Weope ich mai þar-fore.
- Iesu, swete, beo noth wroþ
- 8 þou ich nabbe clout ne cloþ  
 þe on for to folde,  
 þe on to folde ne to wrappe ;

- For ich nabbe clout ne lappe ;  
 12 Bote ley þou þi fet to my pappe,  
 And wite þe from þe colde.

### The Vanity of this Life.

[Fol. 136, back.]

- þe lif of þis world  
 Ys Reuled wiþ wynd.  
 Wepinge, derknesse,<sup>1</sup> a[n]d steriyng ;  
 4 Wiþ wind we blowen,  
 Wiþ wind we lassun.  
 Wiþ weopinge we comen,  
 Wiþ weopinge we passun.  
 8 Wiþ steriinge we byginnen,  
 Wiþ steriinge we enden ;  
 Wiþ drede we dwellen,  
 Wiþ drede we wenden.

### Man made God's Brother.

- þis time man haþ ouercome  
 þe fend, and Robbed helle ;  
 Loke þat on his seruise  
 4 Lenge þat þou ne dwelle ;  
 þis time man is mad knizth  
 And shuppare ouer alle þinge ;  
 Loke on non erliche þinge  
 8 þou sette þyn endinge ;  
 For now is erlich man bicomē  
 Godes owene broþer ;  
 Loke, man, on none wyse  
 12 þou chaunge for non oþer.

[Fol. 138, back.]

<sup>1</sup> derknesse probably for drednesse. The Latin has Flatum,  
 Fletum, Motum, Metum.

### In Wealth think of Woe.

[Fol. 139, back.]

In die bonorum non inmemor sis malorum  
 yn time of wele þenke on þi wo.  
 for þe wele of þis world wole sone go.

### The Evils of this Time.

[Fol. 145.]

Loue is out of lond iwent ;  
 Defaute of loue þis lond hap shent.  
 Reuthþe and treuthþe and charite,  
 4 Beþ out of lond alle þreo :  
 Prude, enuye, and lecherie,  
 Couetise, and tricherie,  
 Habbeth þis lond one here baillye.

### A Triad.

[Fol. 150.]

Frendsship serte wonyinge	} pat is	{ worsshipful blisful ioyeful
---------------------------------	----------	-------------------------------------

### Inscriptions.

[Fol. 153.]

[<sup>1</sup> for Jouin, p.  
236.]

þi wyckede dedis þe broutte to care. bot is þe for-  
 3oin,<sup>1</sup> þou sinne no mare.  
 þe wickede dedis þe made syke sore. bot al i  
 for-3iue þe & sinne no more  
*Alius rex si dedit coronam auream memoratiuam in*  
*qua sic sculpebatur.*  
 þeng wat þou art, & wat þou was, & pat al þi  
 worssepe of me has.

pou þeng wel on þese þinges þre ; wat tou art,  
 & wat tou were, & al þe worsse[þe has of me.]

*Propugnator dedit anulum in quo sic scribebatur  
 per girum.*

*Sicut te dilexi disce me diligere / nam in toto  
 corpore poteris illud cernere.*

Lere to loue as Ic loue þe ; on al my lemes þou  
 mait it se

For þe I suffrede mikel wo. þou loue [me] treuli  
 ant no mo

*Anulum in quo sic insertum erat.*

Noble þou art þat were a file. be war be onis  
 þat nout þe gile.

*Mediator dedit ei tercium anulum in quo sic scribe-  
 batur.*

Wou michel, ant wat, & werfore. wat I haue  
 þoled for loue of þe.

*Germanus proprius sibi dedit quartum anulum in quo  
 sic erat scriptum.*

I am þi broþer, be nout in wer ; be nout agast  
 to come me ner ;

I am þi broþer, be nout agast ; be hende, &  
 trewe, & stedefast.

*A sponso proprio dabatur sibi sigillum vnum per  
 quod hereditas sibi assecratur in quo sic.*

Here I take þe to my liue ; tac þou non oþer to  
 terme of liue.

Here I take þe to my spouse ; & ziue þe boþe  
 land & house.

### The End of Pride.

Hey priuet3 gritliche,  
 Hey Robbet3 holliche,  
 Hey endet3 shameliche  
 4 Hey drawep dredfulliche.

[Fol. 140, back.]

### The Humble Man is

[Fol. 141, back.]

A tokne of godes louinge,  
 A sheld of mithful wynninge,  
 A Celer of siker kepinge,  
 4 A keye of Redi vndoinge.

### Ebe's and Mary's Work.

[Fol. 143.]

þe gates of parais  
 þoruth eue weren iloken,  
 And þoruth oure swete ladi  
 4 Azein hui beoþ nouþe open.

### Malencolie.

[Fol. 143, back.]

	{	Roteþ.
Hit	{	and brenneþ.
	{	hit freteþ,
	{	and twynneþ,

& ideo est sicut anglice dicitur, videlicet.

	{	þe worm on þe treo,
Ase	{	and þe hul on þe see,
	{	and roust on þe knife,
	{	and ase deþ to þe life.

### The Signs of Faithful Love.

[Fol. 144 b.]

Nam quatuor sunt signa fidelis amoris, que ostendit  
*christus* in quibus nobis exemplum reliquit, videlicet,  
 On word, ȝiuinge,  
 On werke and soffringe.



## Christ Comes.

Wat is he þis þat comet so brith

[Fol. 153, back.]

Wit blodi cloþes al be-dith?

*respondentes superiores dixerunt*

4 “He is boþe god and man :

swile ne sawe neuere nan.

for adamis sinne he suffrede ded.

& þerfore is his robe so red.”

## Love.

Hit is lawe þat sailleþ noth,

[Fol. 145.]

Hit is ouer al þat mai beo wrouȝth,

Hit werkeþ wonderliche,

4 And ernes ȝeueþ sikerliche.

## Cupidity.

hit falseþ

hit reymeþ

hit falleþ

hit shendeþ

}

Cupiditas.

[Fol. 145 b.]

## Poverty.

hit restep

hit richeþ

}

and

{ hit quemeþ

{ hit demeþ

[Fol. 147 b.]

## Luxury.

Luxuria

facit hec

{

hit wastep

hit Fileþ.

hit wrappeþ

hit bigileþ.

[Fol. 148.]

### Chastity.

[Fol. 149.]

Castitas est	{	A tresour of gret Richesse.
		A vertue of douthtynesse,
		And is a worsshipful Cloþinge
		And an help of gret wynn[i]nge.

### The Sinners' Lament.

[Fol. 153, back.]

al þe ioȝe of oure herte nou is went a-wey :  
 for into *ser*we & into wo, tornid is al oure pley.  
 þe *croune* of oure heued is felle to gronde :  
 4 þat euere we sennede, weylawey þe stonde !

### Christ's Woe.

[Fol. 154.]

ȝe þat be þis wey pace,  
 abidid & behaldit my face ;  
 & loket wer ani wo or pine  
 4 may be licnit nou to mine !

### A Lober's Complaint.

Loue, þou art of mikel mit ;  
 Mi day þou tornis into nit,  
 & dos me sike sore ;  
 4 and al for on so swete a wit  
 þat onis þorw loue me trouþe plit,  
 to ben myn euere more.

### Christ's Call to Love.

Lere to loue as .i. loue þe,  
for on al mi lemes þou mait it se.

### True Love.

[Fol. 155, back.]

þey loue be stro[n]g & mikel of mith.  
for wele, for wo, trewloue mat lith.

---

treuloue is large fre & hende,  
& loue 3if alleþing bleþeli to his frende.

---

in wele & wo loue sto[n]dit faste,  
for lif, for det trewloue wil laste.

---

fer & frey loue hat on heu.  
for trewloue is fress & euere neu.

### Four Inscriptions.

fir & watir, wind & lond.  
i desire bo haue vnder myn hond vel bond.

---

bede faste for i. come sone.  
yif þou serwe onli for me  
sikerly þou tit þi bone.

---

wil 3e biddin, redi. i am.  
3if 3e leuin, i go you fram.

[Fol. 156.]

smertlike i. helpe, & noman forsake.  
blepeli i fitte, þe maistri forto take.

### Trust not the World.

[Fol. 157.]

worldis blisse, strif hat wrout.  
for it is wit *serwe* to ende brout.

[Fol. 157 b.]

worldes catel passet sone.  
þat waeset & wansit rit as te mone.

*trist* nout to ys wonder world þat lastit bot a  
wile :  
for it is not bot wiles of wo a hasardour þat wil  
þe gile

### Purity.

[<sup>1</sup> remenant ?]

He is wel siker þat hat clennesses :  
for al þat *oper* remenant<sup>1</sup> is not bot wrechedenesse.

### Mortality.

[Fol. 158.]

allas in gret sinne alle bezete we were :  
stronge pines þoleden þe moderis þat vs bere.  
here we liue bisiliche wit strong *serwe* & care :  
deze we ssulin sikerliche, bot god wot wanne &  
were.

### Pride.

[<sup>2</sup> or þriste]

in alle maner þrifte<sup>2</sup> y. passe alle þingge ;  
zif oni þing be lie me, to det i ssal him bringe.

### Mercy.

3if sinne nere, merci nere non.  
wan Merci is cald he comet anon.

---

per merci is rediest wer sinne is mest.  
4 per merci is lattest were sinne is lest.

---

Merci abidet & loket aldai.  
wan mon fro sinne wil torne away.

### Christ, Man's Help.

god help hastou man & prest;  
pe moder here sone sewet here brest;  
pe sone his fadir ssewet his side,  
4 hise wondir wondis depe & wide;  
paune mai per be no maner werning,  
per of so gret loue is so gret tocing.

### The King's Letters to his son.

*Fulgencius in gestis romanorum: quidam rex  
duos habuit filios quorum senior cum patre in  
pallacio fuit. Iunior vero in castro pernoctavit  
periculoso. cui pater litteras 5. transcripsit.  
prima erat ista.*

sinne & fulpe onli for-sake,  
to clenness of lif for mi loue tac.

2<sup>a</sup> fuit ista sic

loue god bope wit herte & pout.

4 for to his licnesse pou art wrout.

3<sup>a</sup> erat ista sic

wit-outin loue pou art lorn.

wose hat nout loue were bettre on-born.



4<sup>ta</sup> erat ista sic  
 of al þi wele i bidde non oþer. '  
 bot loue me wel as dot þi broþer.  
 vel sic  
 of al þi richesse i bidde no more  
 bot loue me wel for euere more.

5<sup>ta</sup> erat ista  
 Come nou my swete chilt wan þcu come wilt,  
 for redi is þin heritage, & forþouin is þi gilt.

### The Ills of our Time.

[Fol. 162.]

Charite, chaste, pite, arn waxin al colde.  
 Couetise, Lust, & maistrie, arn be-comin al bolde  
 Consel, godacord, & wedloc ben nou noþing of  
 tolde.

---

4 Stronge, trewe, & corteis, kepte þe land ;  
 Bot now feynte, false, folis it han vndir hand ;  
 þeues, liers & fowlwimmen boldeli forth stand

[Fol. 162 b.]

---

Vnder dercnesse darket lit of stedefastnesse.  
 8 vnder sleuþe darkit þe loue of holinesse.  
 For faute of rit domusman þe lauwe slepit of  
 ritwisnesse.

---

wif, wille, and richesse, han þe maistrie ta[ke] ;  
 vertu, godede, & almisdede, arn al for-sake ;  
 12 Oker, lieying, & wantonesse, mickel serwe make.

### Look to the End.

þis is a wondir merie pley & longe ssal laste :  
 bot for þi sete is perilous, war þe ate laste.

### A Lover's Saying.

me þing Rit þou art so loueli, so fair, & so swete,  
þat sikerli it were mi det þi companie to lete.

### Ware the Wheel!

þis wondir wel vndir þis trone,  
it changit ofte as dot þe mone ;  
aþ þat euere come þer on,  
4 it fondit forto gile :  
& bot þey be war be-forn,  
it 3elt hem euele her wile.

[Fol. 163.]

### The Lion.

þe lion is wondirliche strong,  
& ful of wiles of wo.  
& weþer he pleye  
4 oþer take his preze,  
he can not do bot slo.

### Ware Bear's Play!

war þe from þe bere plei auantir / last he bite.  
for selde he stintit of his pley bot yif he bite or  
smite.

### The Dragon.

I wile 3ou alle swelewe wit-outin oni both :  
dot<sup>1</sup> some wile y saue, & some wile y noth.

[<sup>1</sup> bot ?]

### Fortune's Welheel.

[1 MS, bo]

þou most fort wit wele or wo ;  
 be þou lef oþer be<sup>1</sup> þou lot  
 forto gon vp on þis wel  
 þat eueremore aboute got.

---

ʒif þou be cointe þou ssalt liue :  
 & ellis dedis dint i ssal þe ʒiue.  
 vel sic  
 ʒif þou go cointeli on þis wel,  
 þou ssalt liue eueremore :  
 bot ʒif þou falle & go amis,  
 wit dulfel det i wonde þe sore.

### Foolish Love.

I am a fol, i can no god :  
 ho þat me louit, hi halde him wod ;

---

[Fol. 163 b.]

.I. brenne hote, I smite sore,  
 4 ho þat me louit ssal þe no more.

---

dredful det out of me sprong,  
 fo[r] i am welle of wo :  
 I slou a wis king fair & strong  
 8 & ʒit .i. ssal sle mo.

### The Ten Stages of Man's Life.

Vita hominis	{	10. horis.	{	ten times of þe day
decurrit in		10 dietis		ten stappes of oure way
		10 radiis		ten spokes þat tornen ay

- 1   waith & wreschede þou art *in* sith ;  
of alle maner beste lest is *ti* mith.  

---
- 2   Al þis world þe tornit to play ;  
þe more þou playst, þe more þou may.  

---
- 3   Richesse makes man beholden aboute,  
forto þe riche men bowe & louthe.  

---
- 4   Nou hastou fondin þat tou hast sout :  
be wel war; it lastit nout.  

---
- 5   strong þou was, nou failit þi mith,  
þou waxist heui þat was wel lit.  

---
- 6   Al mi lif ic sorwe & care,  
for det comit sone þat noman wil spare.  

---
- 7   Lore þou hast boþe tonge & minde :  
as tou hast liuid, þou ssalt sone finde.  

---
- 8   al þis wo[r]ld þou ssal forsake,  
for det is comun þat wil þe take.  

---
- 9   man & wimman han on ende.  
for esye he comun al. esye ho<sup>1</sup> ssuln wende. [1 or he]  

---
- 10   Of þi lif nou litil lete.  
for þou art tornid to wormis mete.

### Four Inducements to Repentance.

[Fol. 166, back. ]

[Q]Vatuor monent ad penitentiam. videlicet

[Fol. 167.]	benignitas diuina <i>Christi doctrina</i> horrendum dei iudi- cium. in impeniten- tibus inferendum & premium eternum. vere penitentibus re- promissum	} } anglice }	{ { { Godes hore. { Cristes lore. { Godes grisliche dom. { And the blisse. pat ner {       nis don.
-------------	--	---------------------	---

### God's Goodness.

he abit polemodliche,  
 he fur-geft litliche,  
 he vnder-fenget freliche,  
 and he fur-pet holliche.

[Fol. 168 b.]

*Written at the foot of the page in pale ink.*

Hou þi fairnisse is bi-spit  
 Hou þi swetnisse is i-betin and ipit  
 Hou þi lotleschipe to scharp detz is of set

### Against Temptation

[Fol. 172.]

of vr vife wittes : a wel witiynge.  
 of þing þat vs egget. a vast vleynge  
 and of þe laste ende : a bisi biþenkyng

### Job Said :

[Fol. 181.]

þat ylke day be out of Muinde  
 þat y was bron do Monnes kuynde.

### The Saved Says :

For foule lustes .I. witstod  
 In blisse .I. were 3ys garlond



### The Lost Says :

Alas ! worldes yissing Me haueth seeheñt,  
 3at euere My soule in helle beth brent.

[Fol. 182.]

### The Saved Says :

In heuene blisse .I. am in hele,  
 For I forsok 3ys<sup>1</sup> worldes wele.

[<sup>1</sup> for pys]

### The Lost Says :

Alas ! helle me hath in holt in ruyde ;  
 3e deucl in pine for worldes pride.

[Fol. 183.]

### The Reward of the Meek.

For þou were Meke, an laftustē pruyde,  
 Wite blisse in heuene I schal þe scruyde.

[Fol. 183 b.]

### Matthew's Feast.

Matheu hat mad a grete gesteny[n]g  
 te Ihesu at home in his whonyy[n]g

### The Virtues serbe us.

vs preyen bileue, god wille, & pite,  
 vs kepen god hope, Mekenesse, & kaste ;  
 vus sit by, pouert, wisdom, & god louy[n]g,  
 vus seruen, clannesse, rych & feyr bery[n]g.

[Fol. 184.]

## Lord, come to my Feast.

Lord .I. bidde boȝe day & nyth  
cum to my feste ȝat .I. haue dythe.

---

[Fol. 181 b.]

ȝif hit *queme* Mi lord ȝe ky[n]g ȝy[n]g ȝat I him  
preye.

I bidde he come to My gesteni[n]g wit *vus* to  
gomen & pleye.

---

ȝif in þi sith i *grace* haue fonde,  
ȝif me Mi wille at ȝis stonde.

## Hindrances of the Deuil.

[Fol. 185.]

<i>promissio fallax.</i> <i>promocio mendax.</i> <i>prolacio Mordax.</i>	}	<i>anglice</i>	{	<i>A fals by-hety[n]g.</i> <i>A lyeres auansyng.</i> <i>A bitynde fondi[n]g.</i>	}
--	---	----------------	---	--	---

## Alas that we euer Sinned.

[Fol. 172, back.]

Strong it hus <sup>1</sup> to flitte  
Fro worldes blisse to pitte ;  
Strengore is to misse  
4 Henene riche blisse ;  
Strengest is to wende  
To pine wit-outen ende.

<sup>1</sup> Written thus, *hn̄* meaning *is*, I suppose.

- þe blisse of oure herte, al it is ago.  
 8 Al vre wele. torned is to wo.  
 þe croune of vre heued  
 Fallen is to grounde :  
 þat we euer syngeden,  
 12 Weylawey þe stounde.

The Second Treatise of the MS. from which the latter extracts above are taken has, like the First Treatise, English pieces mixed with the Latin.

# An A B C Poem on the Passion of Christ.

[Harl. MS. 3954, fol. 87. The A B C, &c., are not rubricated in the MS., but are made black here to catch the eye. The initial þ and y are the same.]

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>When a child is<br/>put to school, a<br/>book called an<br/>A B C is given<br/>him, nailed on a<br/>slab of wood,</p> <p>and rubricated on<br/>the outside with<br/>five paragraphs,</p> <p>in token of<br/>Christ's death.<br/>(Red letters tempt<br/>a child to look at<br/>them.)</p> <p>By this book we<br/>may understand<br/>that Christ</p> <p>was put on the<br/>Cross with Five<br/>Wounds,</p> <p>when nails were<br/>driven through<br/>His feet and<br/>hands,</p> | <p>[I]N place as man may se,<br/> <i>Quan</i> a chyld to scole xal set be,<br/> A bok hym is browt,<br/> 4 <i>Naylyd</i> on a brede of tre,<br/> þat men callyt an abece,<br/> Pratylych I-wrout ;<br/> Wrout is on þe bok <i>with-out</i>e,<br/> 8 .V. <i>paraffys</i> grete &amp; stoute<br/> Bolyd <i>in</i> rose red ;<br/> þat is set <i>with-outyn</i> doute,<br/> In tokenyng of <i>cristis</i> ded.<br/> 12 Red letter <i>in</i> parchemyn<br/> Makyth a chyld good &amp; fyn<br/> Lettrys to loke &amp; se.<br/> Be þis bok men may dyuyne<br/> 16 þat <i>cristis</i> body was ful of pyne<br/> þat deyid on rode tre ;<br/> On tre he was don ful blythe<br/> <i>With</i> grete <i>paraffys</i>, þat be wond'<i>is</i> .v.<br/> 20 As 3e mou <i>vnder-stonde</i>.<br/> Loke <i>in</i> hys body, mayde &amp; wyfe,<br/> Qwon hee gun <i>naylys</i> dryue<br/> In fot &amp; in honde :<br/> 24 Hond &amp; fout þer was ful woo,<br/> And þer were lettrys many moo</p> |
|---|--|

- With-in & with-oute,*  
*With rede wondis & strokis blo*  
 28 He was dryue fro top to þe too,  
 Hys fayre body aboute.  
 About þis a pece I wyl spede,  
 þat I myth þis lettrys rede  
 32 *With-outyn* ony dystaunce ;  
 But god þat let hys body sprede  
 Vp-on þe rode for many nede,  
 In heuene vs alle auaunce.  
 36 God *with* spere was wondyd for vs ;  
 Fals iudas, to mendyn hys purs,  
 To ded hath hȳm sold :  
 On goodfryday clerkys seyn þus,  
 40 "Mortuus est, ded is Ihesus  
 In ston is ded & cold."  
**A** madful mone may men make  
 Quan þat suete Ihesu was take !  
 44 Lystyn a lytyl pas :  
 þe iewys wroutyn hym wo & wrake <sup>1</sup>  
 Hee ledyn hym forth a gret shake  
 Aforne busshop Cayfas.  
 48 **B**ondyn he was for our bounte,  
 And suffryd strokis gret plente  
 Be-forne cayfas þat nyth.  
 On þe morn, I tel þe,  
 52 Eft was he betyn at þe tre  
 Be-forne pylatis syth ;  
**C**ananis hym crodyn to heroudis kyng,  
 þer had he gret scornynge,  
 56 þei bodyn hym turne þe gate.  
 Hee leddyn þat maydynus sone ȝyng  
 For to takyn hys damnyng  
 Be-forne iustice pylate.  
 60 **D**empt he was on a stounde,  
 Sethen betyn *with* many wonde.

and He was  
covered with  
wounds and  
stripes from top  
to toe.

I will tell you  
about this,

and may God

bring us to  
heaven !

Christ was sold to  
death by Judas  
to fill his purse.

On Good Friday  
clerks say, 'Jesus  
is dead.'

[1 MS. warke.]  
The Jews took  
Him

before Bishop  
Calaphas :  
bound Him,

and beat Him  
before Pilate.

Canaanites  
mocked Him  
before Herod,

and led Him for  
judgment

to Justice Pilate.

Doomed He was,  
and beaten,



wrapped in a  
clout,

thrown on

the ground, and  
His skin rent.

Even in His grey  
eyes they spat,

and He looked  
tenderly on them.  
Mary went

to Calvary.

For faintness  
Christ fell,  
carrying His  
cross ;

streaming with  
blood,

He swooned.

God, great was  
Thy suffering !

Laid on the  
ground,  
[Fol. 87 b.]

nailed through  
foot and hand.  
Hard they bound  
the Cross, and  
hung Him, bloody,  
on it

driven into a  
mortice of stone.

Jesus, great was  
Thy suffering !  
Hand and foot  
torn,  
sinew and vein  
burst !

Magdalene  
saw the wounds.

He tokyn a clout as it is founde,  
And wondyn *hus* body *per-inne*.

64 With dry blod *quan* was he bounde,  
Tho iewys, egre as ony hounde,  
Threwyn *hus* body to *þe* grounde,  
And rentyn of cloth & seynne :

68 **E**uene in *hus* eyne greye  
Hee spytted on hym, *þe* soþe to seye :  
He lokyd on hem ful mylde.  
Mary hys moder went *þe* weye

72 To caluery *per* he xuld deye,  
And waytyd *per* here chylde.

**F**or feyntyce fel *þat* fayre fode,  
Nakyd he bar *þat* hard rode

76 To-ward caluery  
Al be-ronne *with* red blod ;  
Among *þe* iewys wylde & wod  
He suonnyd cekerly.

80 **G**od ! *with* iewys gret was *þi* pyne,  
Naylyd on rode, soth for to seyne.

Hee leydyn *þe* on *þe* grounde  
And ryuyn *þi* body holy & dygne,—  
84 On *þe* he madyn a gret sygne,—  
Hee naylyd *þe* fot & hoñde ;

**H**arde *þei* bondyn *þat* heuy rode ;  
*þer* on hys body heng al on blode,  
88 As beryt wytnesse sen Ion.  
*þe* wyckyd iewys wyld & wode,  
Hard *þei* dryuyn *þat* heuy rode  
In-to a morteyns of ston.

92 **I**hesu, *with* iewys gret was *þi* pyne !  
Hand & fot, for soþe to seyne,  
Al to-toryn in *þat* tyde,

Al to-broste synwe & veyne,  
96 As beryt wytnesse Maudeleyne ;  
She sau *þe* wondis wyde.

- K**ying crist was klad in poure wede,  
 Al þe syn of manys dede  
 100 He hath bout wol dere ;  
 To byzyn vs heuene, þat mery mede,  
 Al hys blod he gan blede,  
 And sythyn water clere.
- L**oue made crist fro heuene to comyn,  
 Loue made hym with man to wonyn,—  
 As clerkys in bokys rede,—  
 Loue made hus hert to bledyn,  
 108 With hus blod oure soulys to fedyn,  
 To bryngyn vs to oure mede.
- M**an, for þi mekel mercy,  
 Maydynnus sone Mary  
 112 On godfryday þus deide!  
 þus he heng on caluery  
 With wondis weyde cekerly,  
 A thef on eyþer<sup>1</sup> syde.
- N**out he hadde at hys nede  
 116 To restyn hus hed, as clerkys rede,  
 But al was hym be-reuyd.  
 Fox & foul may reste & hede,  
 120 But crist þat deyid for manus nede  
 Hat nout to reste in hus had.
- O**ut ran hus blod þat was so bryth ;  
 þan seyde our lord god almyth  
 124 A word of gret pete,  
 “ Al þus with iewys I am dyth,  
 I seme a wyrm to manus syth.”  
 Man ! for loue of þe,
- P**ryckis hym peynynd, 3e may here ;  
 128 Hys hed was bröydyn on a brere,  
 þis is þe soþe to seyne ;  
 With red blod was wet hus lere,  
 132 þo pryckis þoru hus panne so dere  
 Wentyn in to þe brayn !
- King Christ  
 paid for our  
 sins full dear.  
 To buy us heaven  
 He shed blood  
 and water.  
 Love made Him  
 dwell with man,  
 and made His  
 heart bleed  
 to feed our souls  
 and bring us to  
 bliss.  
 Man, to get thee  
 mercy, Maid  
 Mary's Son died  
 on Good Friday  
 at Calvary,  
 between two  
 thieves.  
 [1 MS. eyeryer]  
 Nothing had He  
 to rest His head  
 on.  
 Though birds  
 may rest,  
 Christ  
 could not.  
 Out ran His  
 bright blood,  
 and He exclaimed,  
 “ I am slain by  
 Jews, and seem a  
 worm in man's  
 sight ! ”  
 Man, for love of  
 thee,  
 Pricks pricked  
 Him ;  
 His head was  
 crowned with  
 briar,  
 the thorns pierced  
 through His  
 scull into His  
 brain.

Queen of heaven,  
woe wast thou to  
see thy sweet Son  
on the Cross.

Thy heart burst  
in three when  
thou saw'st Him  
die.

Rent, with red  
blood streaming,  
hung He on the  
Rood.

Worse than mad  
were the Jews to  
slay Jesus so  
good.

[1 MS. ielrm]

Slit was His flesh,

limb torn from  
limb.

Tugged with  
trouble was our  
Lord,

and yet spake no  
angry word,

while the Jews  
cast lots for His  
clothes.

Wide were His  
wet wounds  
from hand to foot.

His blood will  
conquer our foe.

Xt. (Christ) on  
Cross was slain,  
and cried to God,

[Fol. 88 a.]

'Father, why  
hast thou forsaken  
Me?'

**Q**wen of heuene, wo was she  
To sen hangyn on rode tre

136 Ihesu, here sone so suete ;  
Here tendre hert myth breste on iij  
Quan she sau here sone fre  
On rode hys lyf lete.

140 **R**agyd & rent, in red blod,  
þus heng he vp on þe rod  
Aȝen þe sone glem.

For soþe he weryn werse þan wod  
144 To slon Ihesu so good,  
þe iewys of ierusalem.<sup>1</sup>

**S**lyt was hus flech, & slawe ;  
þe iewys in here falce lawe,  
148 þei dedyn hym mekel payne :  
As seyt þe gospel in hus sawe,  
Euery lyth fro oþer was drawe,  
þat is nout to layne.

**T**ogyd with tene was god of prys ;  
152 To don hym sorwe was here delys :  
He seyde no word loth.  
Quan he was naylyd at here a-vys,  
156 þo iewys kestyn at þe dys  
Qweþer xuld han hys cloth.

**W**yde weryn hus wondis wete,  
Fro þe hond to þe fete  
160 With deth he was slawe.  
Hys lomeber blod our bale may bete,  
Of qwom spac Moyses þe prophete,  
Ryth in þe held lawe.

**X**p̄e crist on croys was sleynt ;  
164 To hys fader he made a pleynt,  
Hys cry was, " hely !

Fader god in trynite !  
168 Qwy hast þou forsake me ?"  
Cryst seyde on caluery.

**Y** for I, *in* wryt is set.

(**Y** stands for I).

Cryst for vs on croys was knet,

Christ

172 Nalyd on þe rode :

Out of thraldam he vs fet

þat we þoru syn hadde get,

And bout vs with hys blode.

brought us out of  
the thraldom of  
sin,  
and bought us  
with His blood.

176 **3**et he was *in* suffryng

**Z**et, or still, did  
He suffer

Of trokys & naylis clynkyng,

Tyl it was pacyd non ;

till past noon,

Ne blenchyd he neuer for betyng ;

180 To dede hee dedyn heuene kyng ;

and heaven's  
King was slain.

þis was a ruful mon.

**&** is to seyn, god is ded,

**&** means God  
is dead.

Of hys blod hys body is red.

184 He ros on estryn morwe ;

He rose on Easter  
Morn, to destroy  
the fiends in heil,

To helle he ȝede *with-outyn* abod

For to stroyn þe fendys wod,

and save us from  
woe.

To sauyn vs fro sorwe.

Let us remember

188 Loke þat we ben seker & kende,

And kepe þis apece <sup>1</sup> *in* oure mende,

this when  
[<sup>1</sup>for abece]

þan sekere be we of blys *with-outyn* ende

we die.

In tyme *quan* we xul dey ;

Hereafter all  
shall rise,  
and go to the  
Valley  
of Jehoshaphat,

192 Afterward men xal vp-ryce,

And wende for, boþe fol & wyce,

To Iosaphat sekerly ;

friend and  
stranger too,

And west, nort, & south,

196 Euery man, boþe fremyd & kouth,

Xul comyn *with-outyn* ly.

to the Great  
Assize  
before Jesus  
with bleeding  
wounds.

þer xal be gret asyce

Be-forn ihesu, þat hey Iustyce,

200 *With* woundis al bloody.

Man, when thou  
thinkest on the  
blood Christ shed  
for thee,

*Quan* mannus soule hat *in* mynde

þe blod þat cryst let for mankende

*With* terys & woundis smerte,

204 Man fynde þou non vnkyndnesse

*Quan* þe wey of suetnesse

		Wyl entryn in-to þin herte ;	
say, "Ah, Jesu,		Sey, "a, ihesu ! quat hast þou gylt ?	
why wert Thou	208	Qwy art þou for my syn spylt,	
hurt for my sin ?		Flour of lowenesse ?	
I am a thief,		I am a thef, þou for me deyist,	
and Thou payest		I am gylty, & þou abeyst	
	212	For my wykydnesse ;	
so great a ransom		So gret raunsom for so wyl thyng !	
for so vile a thing.		Quat hast þou wonne with þi peynyng	
What benefit hadst		þou hey in blysce aboue ?	
Thou by this ?			
Thy great good-	216	Gret godnesse hat þe makyd	
ness alone made		For to hangyn on rode nakyd	
Thee hang on the		For mannus soule loue !	
cross for man's		But, lord ihesu, I kan no more	
soul.			
Lord, I beseech		But þe besekyn with al my myth	
Thee, make me	220	þat I mote wepyn sore	
		Thyn harde peynus day & nyth,	
weep night and		And þat loue mote also faste	
day for Thy pains,			
and that love for	224	In-to myn herte stykyd be,	
Thee may be		As was þe spere in-to þin herte	
stuck as fast in		Quan þou suffrydyst ded for me. Amen.	
my heart as the			
spear was in			
Thine when Thou			
diedst for me."			



## The Fifty-First Psalm.

[*Additional MS. No. 10036, fol. 96 b.*]

**M**iserere mei deus secundum magnam  
misericordiam tuam.

Mercy, god, of my mysdede!

For þi mercy þat mychel ys,

Late þi pite sprynge and sprede,

4 Off þi mercy þat I ne mys.

Aftur gostliche grace I grede ;

Good god ! þou graunt me þis,

That I may lyue in loue & drede,

8 And neuer efter to do more amys.

**Et secundum multitudinem miseracionum  
tuarum, dele iniquitatem meam.**

And after þi mercies þat ben fele,

Lord, fordo my wickydenesse.

Ȝyue me grace to hyde & hele

12 The blame of my bruchelnesse.

Ȝif any sterynge on me stele,

Out of þe clos of þi clenness

Wyssse me, lord, in wo & wele,

16 And kepe me fram vnkyndnesse.

**Amplius laua me ab iniquitate  
mea : & a peccato meo munda me.**

More-ouer, wasche me of my synne,

And of my gultes clanse þow me ;

And serche my soule *with* out & jnne,

20 That I no more defowlid be.

Have mercy on  
me, O God !

I cry for grace

that I may sin no  
more.

Blot out my  
wickedness,

and guide me in  
wo and weal.

[Fol. 97 a.]  
Wash me from  
my sin.

Let me do no-  
thing but what  
pleases Thee.

I acknowledge  
my sin.

Small and great  
will be glad of  
Thy mercy at  
the day of judg-  
ment.

Against Thee!  
only have I  
sinned.

[Fol. 97 b.]

Him that trusts  
in Thy mercy,  
Thou keepest ever  
in mind.

I was conceived  
in sin;

but since Thou  
wast laid in the  
stable, no sinner  
ever cried in vain  
for mercy.

- And as þyn hert aclef atwynne  
With doleful deth on þe rode tre,  
Late me neuer no werke bigynne,  
24 Lord, but 3if it lyke þee.  
**Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognos-**  
**co : & peccatum meum contra me est semper.**  
 For al my wickidnesse I knowe,  
And my synne is euer me a3eyn ;  
Therfore late þi grace growe,  
28 Ihesu, þat was with iewis sleyn.  
 Ryche & pore, hye & lowe,  
Smale & gret, in certeyn,  
Atte domesdaie when þou schalt blowe,  
32 Of þi mercy schul be ful feyn.  
**Tibi soli peccaui, & malum coram te**  
**feci : ut iustificeris in sermonibus tuis &c.**  
 To þee only trespassed haue I,  
Wrou3t wickidly a3ens þi glorie  
With wordes & eke with trecherie.  
36 Thou demyst ri3t, & hast þe victorie,  
 Therfore þee biseche now I ;  
For tolde hit is in many story,  
That who so trusteþ to þi mercy  
40 Is endeles in þi memorie.  
**Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus**  
**sum : & in peccatis concepit me mater mea.**  
 Biholde, in synne I was conceyued  
Of my modre, as we ben alle :  
Off my fadre I nou3t conceyued  
44 But flesche ful frel, & fayn to falle.  
 And sithe þi flesche, lord, was furst perceyued,  
And for oure sake laide strei3t in stalle,  
Was neuer synful man deceyued  
48 That to þi mercy wolde calle.  
**Ecce enim ueritatem dilexisti : incerta &**  
**occulta sapientie tue manifestasti michi.**

- Lo ! þou hast louyd ryzt,  
 And schewid me counceil of þi wyt,  
 How þorw mercy & þorw myzt  
 52 Two kyndes ben to-gidre knyzt:  
 Thral ys fre, & knaue is knyzt,  
 And god is man, as gospel wryt ;  
 And 3it my soule in perel be pyzt,  
 56 Mercyful god, help þou yt.  
**Asperges me ysopo, & mundabor : laua-  
 bis me, & super niuem dealbabor.**  
 With holi water þou schalt me springe,  
 And as þe snowe I schal be whyt ;  
 And 3if my scule in synne stynke,  
 60 With wepinge water I may it quyt.  
 Dedly drau3tes al-þou3 I drynke,  
 Of repentaunce 3yue me respit.  
 For who-so on þi þrowes þynke,  
 64 In worldes welpe is no delit.  
**Auditui meo gaudium & leticiam :  
 et exultabunt ossa humiliata.**  
 To myn heryng þou schalt 3yue  
 Gladnesse, to glade bones meke.  
 In lownesse lerne me to lyue,  
 68 Leue lord, I þee by-seke.  
 The þeues gult, hit was for3yue  
 On rode wher his bones breke.  
 A contryt hert, & elene yschryue,  
 72 Saueþ soule & body eke.  
**Auerte faciem tuam a peccatis meis :  
 et omnes iniquitates meas dele.**  
 Fro my synnes turne þi face,  
 Do al my wickidnesse a-way ;  
 Grete is my gult, gretter is þi grace,  
 76 And ellis, faileþ al oure fay.  
 And fawtes fele þat me doþ face,  
 Makeþ þat I may no3t say
- Thou hast showed  
 me how two  
 natures are knit  
 together.
- If my soul is in  
 peril, God, help it.
- [Fol. 98 a.]
- Sprinkle me, and  
 I shall be white  
 as snow.
- He that thinks'  
 on Thy throes  
 has no delight in  
 worldly wealth.
- Cause me to hear  
 gladness.
- The thief was  
 forgiven on the  
 cross.
- Turn Thy face  
 from my sins.
- [Fol. 98 b.]
- My faults face  
 me, and make me  
 cry for mercy.

- But crie *mercy* when I trespase ;  
 80 I-wis I wote no better way.  
**Cor mundum crea in me deus : & spiritum  
 rectum innoua in uisceribus meis.**  
 God ! make þou myn hert clene,  
 And a ríhtful spirit in me newe :  
 Fro seuene synnes þou make me schene,  
 84 That where þou go I may þee seewe.  
 Al þi turment and þi tene,  
 Thi bodi blacke, þi bones blewe,—  
 Now graunt, cryst, þat it be sene  
 88 In myn hert, þat hidowes hewe.  
**NE proicias me a facie tua, & spiritum  
 sanctum tuum ne auferas a me.**  
 Cast me nouȝt fro þi visage,  
 Take nouȝt fro me þine holigost.  
 To byholde þi faire ymage,  
 92 Of alle murþes lit is most.  
 A blisful bryd was born in cage,  
 Cowþe ykid in euery cost,  
 When he were drawe in tendre age,  
 96 To dryue adoun þe deueles bost.  
**Redde michi leticiam salutaris<sup>1</sup> tui :  
 & spiritu principali confirma me.**  
 Of þine helpe ȝyue me þe blisse,  
 And strengþe me with þi spirit cheef ;  
 And alle my fyue wittes þou wisse,  
 100 That I may lyue as þee is leef,  
 And þou maist my langor lysse,  
 That brouȝtest man to gret boncheef ;  
 So late me neuer þi mercy mysse,  
 104 When I am gurt with gostly greef.  
**Docebo iniquos uias tuas ; & impij  
 ad te co[n]uertentur.**  
 To þe wickid I schal þe<sup>2</sup> waies teche,  
 The synneful schulle to þee conuerte.
- Make my heart  
clean
- that I may follow  
Thee.
- May Thy grief  
be seen in my  
heart.
- Cast me not away.
- A blessed bird  
was born
- [Fol. 99 a.]  
to abate the  
devil's boast.
- [<sup>1</sup> salutatis ?]
- Give me the joy  
of Thy salvation,
- and guide my five  
wits.
- Let me never miss  
Thy mercy when  
I am smitten with  
grief.
- [<sup>2</sup> for þi]  
I will teach the  
wicked Thy ways.

- Synful man, be war of wreeche,  
 108 And þenke on crystes hede & herte !  
 Brest & hert was bete to bleche,  
 On bare bodi *with*-oute sherte ;  
 To rewe on him I wol þee preeche,  
 112 But alas ! *per* wolde no teer oute sterte.  
**Libera me de sanguinibus, deus meus salu-**  
**tis mee : & exaltabit lingua mea iusticiam tuam.**  
 Delyuere me fram blameful blode,  
 My lord, god of myn helpe ;  
 And my mouþe schal *with* mylde mode  
 116 Apertely schewe þi sely selþe.  
 Thi riztful blode ran down on rode  
 To waschen vs *fram* oure fleschly felþe ;  
 Agayn many a storme þou stode  
 120 To wyssen vs fro þe worldes welþe.  
**Domine, labia mea aperies : & os**  
**meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.**  
 Lord, my lippes þou schalt vndo,  
 And my mouþe schal þi preeching<sup>1</sup> spelle ;  
 Thi mercy & þi myȝt also,  
 124 Sopfastly no tunge may telle ;  
 For when we dedly synne do,  
 Thi rizt vs demer down to helle ;  
 But when we ceesen & wol saie ‘ ho !  
 128 Thi mercy is oure waschyng<sup>e</sup> welle.  
**Quoniam si voluisses sacrificium dedissem**  
**utique : holocaustis non dilectaberis.**  
 Ȝif sacrifice hadde ben offryng<sup>e</sup>,  
 I hadde to þee ȝyuen *with* hert fre ;  
 But certeynly hit is none suche þinge,  
 132 Thar to þi plesaunt may be.  
 Thi self was offrid a child ful ȝynge,  
 And afterwarde on þe rode tre  
 Oute of þin herte þat blode gan sprynge,  
 136 And *per*-fore myn hert I offre to þee.

Synful man, think  
in pity on Christ!

<sup>1</sup> [Fol. 99 b.]  
Deliver me from  
blood, O Lord !

Thy blood ran  
down to wash us  
from our filth.

Lord, open my  
lips to praise  
Thee.  
[<sup>1</sup> preisinge ?]

When we cease  
from sin, Thy  
mercy is our  
washing-well.

I would willingly  
give sacrifice ;  
but Thou hast no  
pleasure therein.

[Fol. 100 a.]

I offer Thee my  
heart.



- Sacrificium deo spiritus contribulatus :  
cor contritum & humiliatum, deus, non despicias.**
- It is a sacrifice to  
God when a  
sinner sorrows.
- To god hit is a sacryfice,  
A synful spirit to sorwe sore ;  
A meke hert [þou] schal noȝt despice,  
140 Whan repentaunce hit wol restore.
- I have neglected  
Thy service and  
Thy lore ; but I  
repent.
- I haue for sleuþe [left] þi seruyce,  
And litel lyued aftur þi lore ;  
But I repente, & wille now aryse ;  
144 Mercy, god ! I wolle no more.
- Benigne fac domine in bona uolunta-  
te tua syon : & edificentur muri ierusalem.**
- Do good to Zion,  
and build Thou  
the walls of  
Jerusalem.  
Jerusalem is holy  
church ;
- With benygne wil do to syon,  
That ierusalem walles were wrouȝt.  
Ierusalem, as telleþ seynt Ion,  
148 Is holy church þat erleþ nouȝt :  
Tho testamentis cordiþ in on.
- Christ, the corner-  
stone.
- The walles were to-gidre brouȝt  
When cryst hym self was corner ston,  
152 That mannes synne haþ dere ybouȝt.
- [Fol. 100 b.]
- Tunc acceptabis sacrificium iusticie  
oblaciones & holocausta : tunc im-  
ponent super altare tuum [vitulos] <sup>1</sup> domine**
- [1 vitulos, omitted.]
- Than schalt þou sacrifice accepte  
Of riȝtwisnesse & treuþe entere ;  
And calues [a]ftur þi precepte  
156 Schulle be leide on þine autere ;  
On caluarie a calf þer crepte,  
Cryst on crosse boþe elene & clere !
- Then shalt Thou  
accept sacrifice ;  
calves shall be  
laid on Thine  
altar.
- For Thy mother's  
tears, shield us  
from the fiend !
- 160 Thow schelde [us] fro þe fendes fere. Amen !

## GLOSSARY.

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|--|---|
| <p>Abaite, p. 63, l. 341, ? slyness</p> <p>Abeyst, p. 250, l. 211, sufferest, payest the penalty ; A.S. <i>abiegan</i>, to redeem, pay for.</p> <p>Advayle, p. 30, avail, benefit.</p> <p>Aghen, p. 105, l. 58, own.</p> <p>Aire, p. 97, l. 139, heir.</p> <p>Alay, p. 45, l. 6, alloy.</p> <p>Aleven, p. 216, l. 29, eleven.</p> <p>Alken, p. 105, l. 80, all kinds of.</p> <p>Allegiance, p. 54, l. 54 ; p. 76, l. 725, alleviation ; O.Fr. <i>aligement</i>.</p> <p>Alther, p. 61, l. 298, of all.</p> <p>Appele, p. 156, l. 95, accuse.</p> <p>Ares, p. 2, l. 1, R's.</p> <p>Ashe, p. 75, l. 687, ask.</p> <p>Askes, p. 128, l. 417, ashes.</p> <p>Asyce, p. 236, l. 198, assize, trial.</p> <p>At, p. 18, l. 89, that.</p> <p>At-wy3te, p. 20, l. 167, blame ; A.S. <i>odwitan</i>.</p> <p>Atroketz, p. 221, l. 7, fails ; A.S. <i>trucan</i>, to fail, grow weak, die away ; <i>getrucian</i>, diminish.</p> | <p>Avaunser, p. 7, l. 18, advancer, patron.</p> <p>Avdenes, p. 1, l. 10, audience.</p> <p>Autentycal, p. 34, l. 4, authentic, genuine.</p> <p>Aweyde, p. 94, l. 24, ? weighed down.</p> <p>Axcesse, p. 17, l. 61, illness.</p> <p>Baillye, p. 228, l. 7, rule, control.</p> <p>Bame, p. 216, l. 57, ? salve, smear, 'he's all <i>baumt</i> wi' it,' Cambridgeshire, said of a man with his hands covered with treacle (E. Brock). Not for <i>baine</i>, bathe.</p> <p>Besale, p. 103, l. 4, assail.</p> <p>Beswylede, p. 106, l. 100, absorbed ; A.S. <i>swilgan</i>, to swill, drink ; <i>swilian</i>, to swill, wash.</p> <p>Be-teche, p. 90, l. 184, commit, entrust to.</p> <p>Be-tweche, p. 23, l. 19 ; A.S. <i>betēcan</i>, to assign, appoint, put in trust.</p> |
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- Bidene, p. 161, l. 19, suddenly,  
 at once ; Du. *bi dien*, by that.  
 Blaundysh, p. 31 ; O.Fr. *blandir*,  
 to flatter.  
 Bleche, p. 255, l. 109, ? A.S.  
*blæce*, paleness.  
 Bleye, p. 214, l. 3. See Blo.  
 Blijf, p. 185, l. 244, quickly.  
 Bliken, p. 224, l. 9, blacken, be-  
 come black.  
 Blo, p. 206, l. 28, pale ; l. 43,  
 livid.  
 Blynne, p. 199, l. 513, cease, stop.  
 Blyve, p. 17, l. 72, quickly.  
 Bodyn, p. 232, l. 56, bade,  
 ordered.  
 Bolyd, p. 244, l. 9, ? embellished ;  
 O.Fr. *bel*, beau.  
 Boncheef, p. 254, l. 102, good  
 fortune, happiness.  
 Book, p. 191, l. 340, ? belched at,  
 nauseated, refused : ' bolkyn,  
*eructo*, ' P. Parv.  
 Bot, p. 38, l. 7, satisfaction ; p.  
 41, l. 20, remedy, A.S. *bót*.  
 Both, p. 237, bot, remedy.  
 Brest, p. 79, l. 799, burst.  
 Bruchelnesse, p. 251, l. 12, ? brit-  
 tleness, frailty ; not A.S. *broc*,  
 disease, affliction, misery.  
 But if, p. 199, l. 504, except.  
 Calke, p. 16, l. 29, cackle.  
 Can, p. 58, l. 209, did.  
 Caste, p. 86, l. 99, device.  
 Chast, p. 39, l. 22, ? purify.  
 Ceese, p. 165, l. 66, give seizin,  
 possession.  
 Ceesid, p. 161, l. 22, caused to  
 cease, stopt.  
 Cloud, p. 221, l. 12, clout.  
 Cochure, p. 217, l. 26, ? codger,  
 cadger  
 Coignage, p. 27, l. 86, dwelling ?  
 Con, p. 97, l. 121, did.  
 Corage, p. 64, l. 381, heart.  
 Coresy, p. 217, l. 66, ? corrosive,  
 caustic (E. Brock) ; not It.  
*coreggia*, a strap, scourge.  
 Cornicled, p. 10, l. 70, chronicled.  
 Cowpe, p. 254, l. 94, familiarly,  
 ? A.S. *cuð*, known, familiar.  
 Crippe, p. 156, l. 86, ? bag.  
 Crodyn, p. 232, l. 54, shoved,  
 ' crowdyn or shownen. *Impello*.'  
 Promptorium Parvulorum.  
 Curste, p. 86, l. 99, ? cost.  
 Daungerus, p. 154, l. 68, ' dawn-  
 gerowse or straunge, *Daunger-*  
*osus*, *domigeriosus*, ' P. Parv.  
 De, p. 129, l. 447, thee.  
 Ded, p. 244, l. 11, death.  
 Deerest, p. 193, l. 399, injurest.  
 Delicis, p. 173, l. 69, delights.  
 Delys, p. 248, l. 153, delight.  
 Demayne, p. 56, l. 132, disposal,  
 control.  
 Departyng, p. 72, l. 611, parting,  
 separation.  
 Derist, p. 173, l. 69, injurest.  
 Derne, p. 86, l. 73, secret.

- Depur, p. 115, l. 66, thither.
- Dewen, p. 224, l. 3, deafen, become deaf.
- Dienlye, p. 62, l. 329, ? daily.
- Disese, p. 156, l. 107, discomfort.
- Disesid, p. 197, l. 465, put to discomfort, torture.
- Dispose, p. 32, dispose of.
- Distayne, p. 77, l. 753, stain.
- Dithe, p. 208, l. 77, prepared.
- Do, done, p. 116, l. 93, put.
- Drecche, p. 85, l. 70, trouble, vex ; A.S. *drécan*.
- Dresse, p. 89, l. 175, go, pass.
- Drey, p. 217, l. 68, dry ; see l. 90.
- Dunnet, p. 221, l. 2, becomes dun.
- Durable, p. 187, l. 294, continuing.
- Duresse, p. 67, l. 463, hardness.
- Dydwurward, p. 121, l. 242, thitherward, ? on the journey there.
- Dyght, p. 215, l. 20, dressed.
- Elenge, p. 85, l. 57, ? frightful.
- Eistricion, p. 2, l. 30, ? O.Fr. *estreccisson*, A streitnesse or streit ; a shrinke, pinch, contraction. Cotgrave.
- Emyred, p. 49, l. 57, admired.
- Entemes, p. 57, l. 156, ? Fr. *entremes*, entremets, certaine choice dishes serued in between the courses at a feast or banquet. Cotgrave.
- Entirmet, p. 43, l. 22, alternate.
- Entyrecomyn, p. 22, l. 214, intercommunicate, share.
- Erer, p. 221, l. 13, ere, formerly.
- Erlep, p. 256, l. 148 ?
- Erlich, p. 227, l. 9, earthly.
- Ernes, p. 231, second l. 4, A.S. *geornes*, earnestness, diligence, care.
- Executor, p. 7, l. 33, performer.
- Eyselle, p. 131, l. 495, vinegar.
- Fayne, p. 86, l. 83, feigning.
- Felowshippe, p. 32, companions.
- Felsship, p. 222, l. 1, falseness.
- Fere, p. 91, l. 211, company.
- Fesid, p. 198, l. 471, harassed ; A.S. *fesian*, drive away.
- Feyntyce, p. 233, l. 74, faintness.
- Ffalewetz, p. 221, l. 5, fallows, pales.
- Fileþ, p. 231, defiles.
- Filid, p. 207, l. 51, filthed, defiled.
- Fleemyd, p. 181, l. 208, banished.
- Fleme, p. 154, l. 78, drive away ; A.S. *flyman*, to banish.
- Flome, p. 142, l. 822, river ; L. *flumen*.
- Fode, p. 246, l. 74, man, Christ.
- Folleþ, p. 229, Cupidity, l. 3, ? befools.
- Fonding, p. 242, A.S. *fandung*, temptation, trial.
- Forbarre, p. 60, l. 259, bar out.
- Forcere, p. 54, l. 65, casket ; 'fo(r)sar, or casket, *escrain*, forcer, a little cofer.' Palsgrave, and Pr. Parv.



- Forfeyte, p. 79, l. 789, injury.  
 Forthi, p. 52, l. 3, for that reason.  
 Forsse, p. 20, l. 157, force, value.  
 Fosters, p. 26, l. 28, forresters.  
 Foyune, p. 17, l. 60, plenty; Fr. *foison*.  
 Frayn, p. 210, l. 104, ask, inquire; A.S. *fregnan*.  
 Fremyd, p. 236, l. 196, A.S. *fremed*, foreign, strange.  
 Frith, p. 56, l. 154, 'a Wood; also all Hedge-wood except Thorns.' Phillips.  
 Frounter, p. 57, l. 176, O.Fr. *frontiere*, façade, frontispice, ornement du front.  
 Frysse, p. 20, l. 160, frieze, wool.  
 Fuched, p. 38, l. 20 ?  
 Fuyson, p. 112, l. 36, abundance; Fr. *foison*.  
 Furpet, p. 240, forgets.  
 Fyn, p. 167, l. 102, end, peace, agreement.  
 Fyne, p. 73, l. 642, end.  
 3eru þe, p. 224, l. 6, ?make thee ready; A.S. *gearo*, yare, ready.  
 3if, p. 233, gives.  
 3irunge, p. 229, l. 3; ? A.S. *girian*, to prepare.  
 3issinge, p. 222, l. 1, covetousness; A.S. *gitsung*, desire, *gitsian*, to desire.  
 Gamen, p. 242, game, make game.  
 Gar, p. 110, l. 29, cause.  
 Garnyson, p. 57, l. 175, place full, cornucopia.  
 Gestenyng, p. 241, feast.  
 Glede, p. 99, l. 197, live coal; A.S. *gléd*.  
 Gleynt, p. 171, l. 40, conceal, hide.  
 Gramerey, p. 171, l. 30, great thanks.  
 Gloce, p. 212, l. 138, gloss, comment.  
 Gre, en, p. 38, l. 9, favourably.  
 Greys, p. 114, l. 28 (greses, p. 144, l. 883), steps.  
 Grede, p. 251, l. 5, cry.  
 Gree, p. 114, l. 31, step.  
 Gresse, p. 100, l. 223, blade of grass.  
 Grette, p. 89, l. 161, greeted.  
 Gril, p. 226, l. 5, 'grym, *gryl*, and horrible. *Horridus, horribilis*.' P. Parv.  
 Hadywiste, p. 38, l. 17, Had I wist (how it would have turned out), after-regret, sorrow, and care.  
 Halowen, p. 141, l. 795, saints.  
 Halsed, p. 85, l. 63, adjured; A.S. *halsian*.  
 Hansselle, p. 38, l. 3, present, fortune.  
 Hasardour, p. 234, gambler, cheat.  
 Haueles, p. 74, l. 653, destitute.  
 Hee, p. 245, l. 46, they.  
 Hele, p. 173, l. 65, health.  
 Helud, p. 224, l. 2, covered.



- Hende, p. 126, l. 366, fair.  
 Hende, p. 193, l. 382 ; p. 199, l. 506, near, comp. 'handy.'  
 Her, p. 154, l. 70, are.  
 Het, p. 152, l. 31 (hette, p. 183, l. 226), promised.  
 Hett, p. 141, l. 804, ordered ; A.S. *hátan*, to command.  
 Hey, p. 228, l. 1-4, she, it.  
 Higt, p. 183, l. 219, promised.  
 Hired, p. 154, l. 70, ?spread.  
 Hoo, p. 195, l. 405, cease.  
 Hui, p. 228, l. 4, they.
- Iangelithe, p. 63, l. 333, chatters.  
 Ido, p. 132, l. 501, put.  
 Insame, p. 141, l. 792, together ; A.S. *insomnian*, to assemble.  
 Intersectures, p. 6, l. 14, cutters off, executioners.  
 Iuyse, p. 71, l. 574, judgment, trial.
- Kaste, p. 241, chastity.  
 Kende, p. 199, l. 508, showed, did.  
 Kepe, p. 20, l. 164, heed.  
 Kinde, p. 198, l. 482, natural.  
 Kinde, p. 163, l. 30, nature.  
 Kindeli, p. 187, l. 294, natural.  
 Kouth, p. 236, l. 196, known.  
 Kynde caitif, p. 185, l. 248, ? natural fool.
- Lassun, p. 227, l. 5, ? lash.  
 Layn, p. 210, l. 102, concealment ; p. 248, l. 151, to hide, O.N. *leyna*.  
 Leche, p. 113, l. 1, doctor, heal.  
 Lede, p. 106, l. 108, man ; A.S. *leód*.  
 Lede, p. 204, l. 19, teach, require.  
 Leevyng, p. 32, believing, trusting to.  
 Legatys, p. 32, ?legacies, leaveable property.  
 Lemmon, p. 220, l. 2, loved man ; A.S. *leof*, beloved one.  
 Leten, p. 226, l. 4, leave, give up.  
 Leuyng, p. 208, l. 64, believing.  
 Lithe, p. 99, l. 204, limb ; A.S. *líd*.  
 Lomeber, p. 248, l. 161, ? A.S. *lomber*, a lamb.  
 Lore, p. 137, l. 642, A.S. *leoran*, lose, *for-lór*, destruction.  
 Lore, p. 239, l. 7, lost.  
 Lotleschipe, p. 240, littleness, small self?  
 Lowte, p. 23, l. 4, obey.  
 Lyes, p. 85, l. 60, flames ; O.N. *log*.  
 Lynge, p. 17, l. 65, ? for *bring*.  
 Lys, p. 215, l. 11, comfort ; A.S. *liss*, sb. favour, comfort.
- Maate, p. 53, l. 351, O.Fr. *mat*, triste, abattu, faible.  
 Madful, p. 232, l. 42, *maatful*, sorrowful.  
 Maistrie, p. 152, l. 37, hard craft, difficulty.  
 Maugre, p. 59, l. 240, ill will.

- Mawmentries, p. 12, l. 16, devilleries.
- Medyn, p. 23, l. 15, ? 'medecyn: that holy man that prayed to God Almighty for a medicine (cure) for the skathes (harms) that they (the rats) did (?)' R. Morris.
- Meen, p. 199, l. 509, mind, disposition.
- Meene, p. 156, l. 91; ?A.S. *gýman*, take care of.
- Mellis, p. 200, l. 534, mixest, dealest.
- Miewe, p. 63, l. 338, mew, stall, control.
- Moote, p. 202, l. 611, argue, stirve; A.S. *motian*, dispute.
- Mormole, p. 218, l. 109, gangrene. See *P. Parv.* Mormal, note.
- Mote, p. 124, l. 323, ? might, importance.
- Mowis, p. 185, l. 247, make mouths, mock.
- Mowlid, p. 181, l. 211, mouldy.
- Mure, p. 107, l. 139, ripe?
- Mylde, p. 167, l. 113, mildness.
- Mynges, p. 90, l. 194, ? mix, say.
- Mynges, p. 173, l. 61, mix, mingle.
- Mynne, p. 90, l. 204, mind, remember.
- Mynne, p. 94, l. 41, less.
- Myscheeue, p. 195, l. 431, come to mischief, meet with a calamity.
- Neme, p. 102, l. 282, for *eme*; A.S. *edn*, uncle.
- Nemeled, p. 23, l. 10, named; 'nemelyn, *idem quod* namyn.' P. Parv.
- Neuen, p. 109, l. 17, name; A.S. *nemnan*.
- Nokkys, p. 17, l. 65, notches, 'nokke of a bowe, or a spyn-dylle, or other lyke. *Tenorculus*.' P. Parv.
- Not, p. 211, ll. 4, 6, know not.
- Noxialle, p. 43, l. 15, nightly.
- Nyst, p. 149, l. 28, ? for *nylt*, wilt not.
- Nynne, p. 11, l. 99?
- Oker, p. 236, l. 12, usury; O.N. *okr*, from *auka*, to increase. H. Coleridge's Glossar. Index.
- On, p. 21, l. 199, one.
- One, p. 228, l. 7, in, under.
- Onnethe, p. 18, l. 104, scarcely.
- Outrage, p. 175, l. 111, outrageous, mad.
- Paire, p. 185, l. 269, impair, become worse.
- Palox, p. 19, l. 129, pole-axe.
- Palysyd, p. 122, n. 8, palisadoed.
- Panne, p. 247, l. 132, brainpan, skull.
- Papynjaye, p. 101, l. 251, 'Popyn iay, byrd. *Psitacus*.' Catholicon.
- Paraffys, p. 244, l. 8, 'paraf of a

- booke (or paragraf). *Paraphus*. *paragraffus*.<sup>9</sup> Catholicon.
- Parage, p. 84, l. 29, O.Fr. *parage* (de *par*), rang, extraction.
- Parkerrys, p. 26, l. 28, park-keeper, gamekeeper.
- Passith, p. 82, l. 35, passes from, quits.
- Pay, p. 46, l. 46, satisfaction, pleasure.
- Payed, p. 27, l. 65, satisfied ; O.Fr. *paier*, satisfaire, from *pacare*.
- Pele, p. 78, l. 783, appeal.
- Pelt, p. 16, l. 43, 'the skin of a beast.' Phillips.
- Perry, p. 45, l. 9, O.Fr. *pierrie*, precious stones.
- Perte, p. 57, l. 174, loss.
- Pese, p. 106, l. 113, appease.
- Peyreth, p. 59, l. 228, impairs.
- Peyse, p. 29, weigh.
- Power, p. 32, poor.
- Prevail, p. 71, l. 547, forward.
- Priuyte, p. 84, l. 25, secret.
- Prive, p. 57, l. 174, ? want, fault.
- Prophete, p. 15, l. 20, profit.
- Prospede, p. 4, l. 19, go forward.
- Purchas, p. 54, l. 74, course, departure.
- Purfylled, p. 178, l. 284, ornamented.
- Pylchis, p. 16, l. 50, 'Sax. pylce, *toga pellicea*. A cyrtell of wol-len, and a pylche,' in P. Parv. note, p. 397.
- Pynacle, p. 102, l. 276, tent.
- Quaysy, p. 215, l. 22, sickness.
- Queth, p. 217, l. 66, ? talk over, quiet ; A.S. *cweðan*, speak, call.
- Quik, p. 28, l. 1, 14, quicken.
- Qwart, p. 167, l. 111 ; p. 175, l. 103, heart, good case.
- Qwepe, p. 113, l. 16, wicked one devil ; Dutch *quaad*.
- Raylyng, p. 111, l. 9, trickling ; 'rayle vynys, *retico*.' P. Parv.
- Recouere, p. 42, l. 29, cure.
- Recure, p. 17, l. 73, recover.
- Reddour, p. 213, l. 123, *roideur*, might, strength, force, power. Cotgrave.
- Rede, p. 101, l. 269, counsel.
- Redres, p. 82, l. 26, relieve.
- Refute, p. 80, l. 845, ? refuge.
- Reioise, p. 2, l. 48 ; p. 66, l. 440, enjoy, Fr. *rejouir*.
- Releue, p. 127, l. 398, remnants, fragments.
- Remewe, p. 72, l. 593, remove.
- Remorde, p. 108, l. 161 ; O.Fr. *remordre*, martyriser, déchirer.
- Repaire, p. 185, l. 265 ; p. 201, l. 573, ? O.Fr. *repaire*, retraite asyle, demeure.
- Repele, p. 72, l. 601, give up.
- Reseyned, p. 144, l. 908, L. *resigno*, reveal, disclose.
- Respite, p. 76, l. 724, put off, delay.

- Reymeth, p. 231, 'rayme, rule, lord it.' H. Coleridge.
- Reyste, p. 94, l. 33, ? attack, combat ; A.S. *ræs*, rush, onset, attack.
- Ropys, p. 17, l. 68, guts ; A.S. *roppas*, the bowels, entrails.
- Rukkyng, p. 19, l. 124, 'rukun, or cower down, *Incurvo*,' 'to ruck, to squat, or shrink down.' Forby, Pr. Parv.
- Ruyde, p. 241 ?
- Sadde, p. 83, l. 5, sober.
- Salle, p. 109, l. 20, self.
- Salve, p. 173, l. 62, salve.
- Sarpelers, p. 18, l. 100, 'Sarplar, of Wool, a quantity of Wool, otherwise called a Pocket or a Half-Sack ; a Sack containing 80 Tod, a Tod 2 Stone, and a Stone 14 Pounds.' Phillips.
- Sauetyff, p. 219, l. 127, safeguard, preventive.
- Schamely, p. 218, l. 102, shameful. ?
- Schene, p. 254, l. 83, bright, clean.
- Schent, p. 195, l. 428, punished.
- Scons, p. 11, l. 103, candlestick, light.
- Scoolys, p. 62, l. 329, ? scholars.
- Scruyde, p. 241, shroud, clothe.
- See, p. 49, l. 39, seat.
- Seere, p. 200, l. 550, several, many.
- Seewe, p. 254, l. 84, follow.
- Selle, p. 95, l. 72, ? saddle.
- Sende, p. 210, l. 88, descend.
- Sere, p. 139, l. 737, several.
- Serke, p. 128, l. 420, shirt.
- Sethe, p. 43, l. 5, since.
- Shake, p. 76, l. 726, go, pass.
- Shuppare, p. 227, l. 6, shaper, creator ; A.S. *scapan*, to shape, create.
- Sikernessee, p. 76, l. 710, security.
- Sity, p. 31, ? sooty.
- Skille, p. 171, l. 24, reason ; O.N. *skil*, 'skyl, *racio*,' Pr. Parv.
- Sleke, p. 105, l. 81, slake, quench.
- Sloggy, p. 26, l. 53, sluggish.
- Sone, p. 208, l. 83, sound, voice.
- Sood, p. 181, l. 200, soot.
- Sore, p. 116, l. 90, sorrow, penance ; A.S. *sorh*, sorrow.
- Sowedeurs, p. 18, l. 108, soldiers.
- Spiteouseli, p. 175, l. 92, mercilessly.
- Splene, said on the, p. 62, l. 327.
- Springe, p. 253, l. 57, sprinkle.
- Sprongyn, p. 136, l. 622, sprinkled.
- Starken, p. 224, l. 6, stiffen.
- Stellende, p. 225, second l. 8, stilling.
- Stente, p. 78, l. 769, ? stop, stay.
- Steryng, p. 251, l. 13, impulse, temptation.
- Steven, p. 216, l. 27, speech, language.
- Steuene, p. 83, l. 7, voice ; A.S. *stefen*.
- Steuene, p. 113, l. 17, name, tell of.



- Stize, p. 200, l. 540, ascend; A.S. *stígan*.
- Stip, p. 224, l. 6, A.S. *stid*, firm, stiff.
- Store, p. 101, l. 256, A.S. *stór*, great, vast.
- Stounde, p. 232, l. 60, instant.
- Stynte, p. 19, l. 133, stop.
- Subdeue, p. 5, l. 31, subdual.
- Sue, p. 154, l. 66, follow.
- Swelte, p. 207, l. 38, died; A.S. *sweltan*, to die.
- Syngeden, p. 243, l. 11, sinned; A.S. *syngian*, to sin.
- Synne, p. 121, l. 238, since.
- Tayle, p. 24, l. 8, entail.
- Teen, p. 199, l. 507, injury; A.S. *teóna*.
- Tent, p. 171, l. 25, heed.
- þas, p. 221, l. 11. þe was, who was.
- þe, p. 238, l. 4, thrive.
- Thi, p. 200, l. 538, that (reason), abl. of *the*.
- þoled, p. 116, l. 98, suffered; A.S. *þolian*.
- þolemodliche, p. 240, patiently; A.S. *þólmód*, patient.
- þralle, p. 91, l. 230, thraldom.
- þrew, þrouz, p. 85, ll. 54, 48, drew.
- Thyrlyd, p. 135, l. 568, pierced; A.S. *þyrlian*, to drill, pierce.
- Tizt, p. 177, l. 116, resolved, A.S. *tihian*, to resolve.
- Trace, p. 117, l. 133, ?go, journey (thither).
- Traile, p. 58, l. 184, ?screen; 'treille, An Arbor, or walke, set on both sides with vines, &c., twining about, a *Treillis*, or latticed frame.' Cotgrave.
- Trappurs, p. 15, l. 22, trappings, armour of mail.
- Trayne, p. 87, l. 121, deceit.
- Triacle, p. 112, l. 23, remedy.
- Trokys, p. 249, l. 177, ?strokes, or A.S. *trega*, vexation, torment.
- Twynne, p. 109, l. 8, separate.
- Twynneth, p. 229, last line, divides, separates.
- Tymor, p. 101, l. 252, ? what bird.
- Tyne, p. 167, l. 107, shut, A.S. *týnan*.
- Uel, p. 226, l. 6, skin.
- Vaileth, p. 76, l. 720, avails it.
- Valence, p. 46, l. 21, fine stuff made at Valentin.
- Vasselage, p. 27, l. 70, chief place, highest estimation. O.Fr. *vas-selage*, courage, valour, action de valeur. Burguy. 'In th' auncient *Romans* tis used for valour & a valiant or worthie deed.' Cotgr.
- Vast, p. 240, fast.
- Vaylen, p. 121, l. 230, avail.
- Vleyng, p. 240, fleeing.
- Vmbrace, p. 97, l. 145, ?embrace, secure.
- Vnhende, p. 191, l. 362, ungentle.
- Vnsele, p. 107, l. 122, badly,



- miserably; A.S. *unsiel*, unhappy.  
 Vnskilfully, p. 198, l. 474, without reason, causelessly. *See* Skille.  
 Vsed, p. 91, l. 226, received the Sacrament. .  
 Vtas, p. 87, l. 124, octave, 8 days ; Fr. *huit*, eight, see p. 91, l. 217.  
 Vuel, p. 225, l. 8, foul.  
  
 Waake, p. 32, A.S. *wæccan*, to watch.  
 Waite, p. 165, l. 55, watch, see, look.  
 Waith, p. 239, l. 1, woe.  
 Waker howndes, p. 32, ? watch-dogs ; A.S. *wæccer*, watchful.  
 Waker, p. 187, l. 299, watchful ; A.S. *wæccer*.  
 Wakkeþ, p. 225, l. 7, watches.  
 Walled, p. 216, l. 37, waled, scored, striped.  
 Wanne, p. 234, ? A.S. *wanian*, take away, cause to wane, [our sin.]  
 Wansit, p. 234, wane  
 Warantise, p. 24, l. 16, warranty.  
 Warre, p. 104, l. 37, worse.  
 Wedde, p. 31, pledge.  
 Welewith, p. 173, l. 56, fadeth ; A.S. *wealcere*, a fuller.  
 Welkid, p. 183, l. 239, faded, worn-out.  
 Wemlees, p. 211, l. 93, spotless ; A.S. *womleas* ; *wom*, *wem*, spot, sin.  
 Wenying, p. 61, l. 286, thinking, fancy.  
 Wer, p. 230, doubt, dread ; A.S. *wér*, a fine for slaying a man ; *wèr*, a caution, compact.  
 Were, p. 234, A.S. *werian*, protect, defend.  
 Wese, p. 216, l. 58 ; ? A.S. *wesan*, macerate, soak.  
 Wette, p. 44, l. 28 ? for *web*.  
 Wick, p. 195, l. 434, wicked.  
 Wisse, p. 203, l. 635, A.S. *wissian*, instruct, guide, direct.  
 Wite, p. 226, l. 13, protect.  
 Withsett, p. 185, l. 262, withstand, oppose.  
 Witiyng, p. 240, perceiving, understanding ; A.S. *witan*, to know.  
 Wlatsum, p. 173, l. 52, loathsome ; A.S. *wlætian*, to nauseate, loathe.  
 Wollewarde, p. 199, l. 502, wool-gathering.  
 Wone, p. 119, l. 168, cause to dwell.  
 Woon, p. 177, l. 130, dwelling.  
 Wordy, p. 83, l. 8 ; p. 86, l. 80, worthy.  
 Wose, p. 235, whoso.  
 Wot, p. 234, will.  
 Wreschede, p. 239, l. 1, wretchedness.  
 Wyghte, p. 20, l. 168, blame ; A.S. *witan*.  
 Wyl, p. 237, l. 213, vile.

Wyryede, p. 83, l. 21, wyrwyn, <i>strangulo, suffoco</i> . P. Parv.	Ykid, p. 254, l. 94, ? known.
Wytes, p. 23, l. 20, ? wights creatures, A.S. <i>wiht</i> ; or A.S. <i>wite</i> , torment, plague.	Yowese, p. 21, l. 185, use.
	Ypleite, p. 179, l. 151, plaited.
	Ystreith, p. 214, l. 5, stretched.
	Ywys, p. 86, l. 79, certainly ; A.S. <i>gewis</i> .



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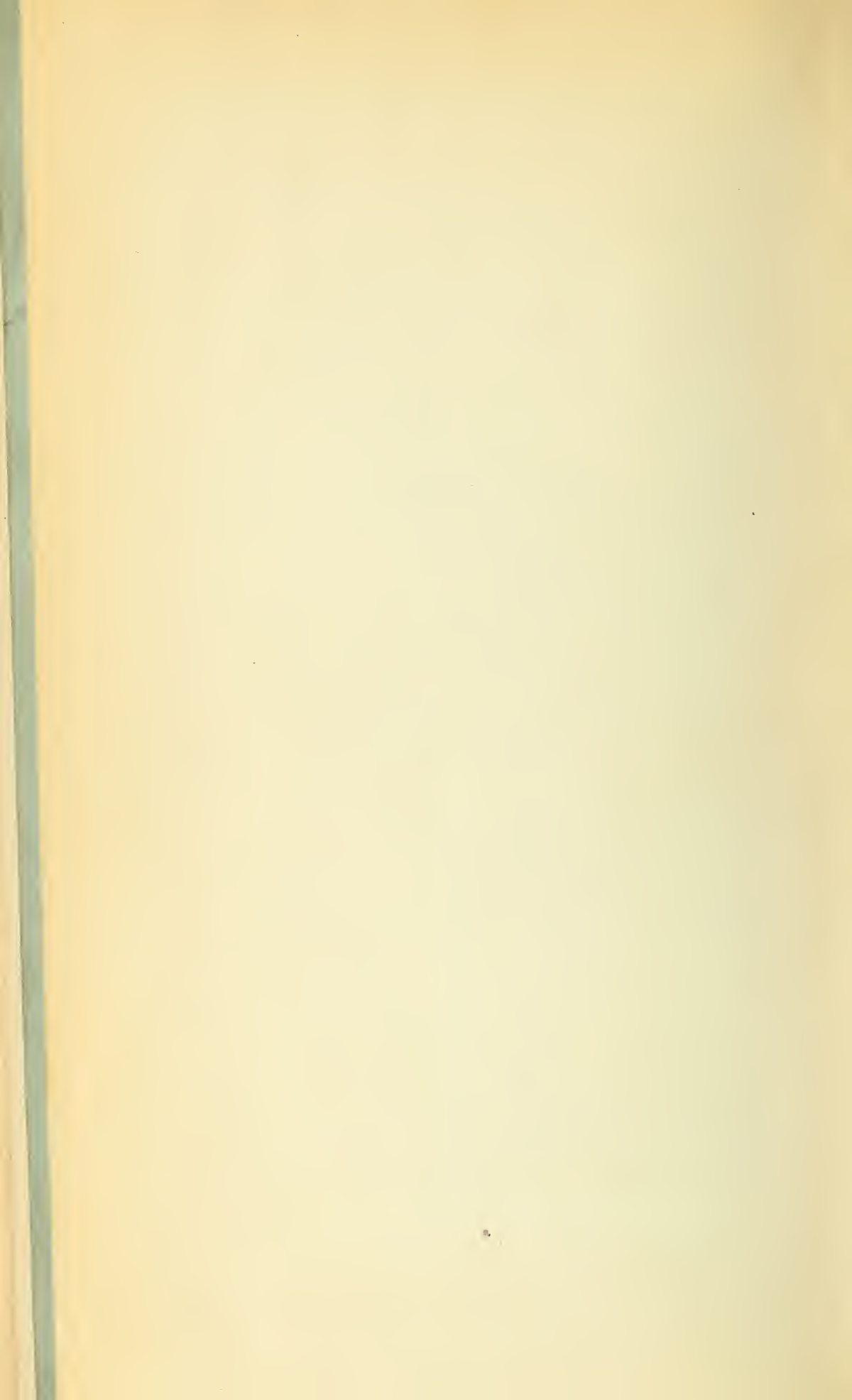
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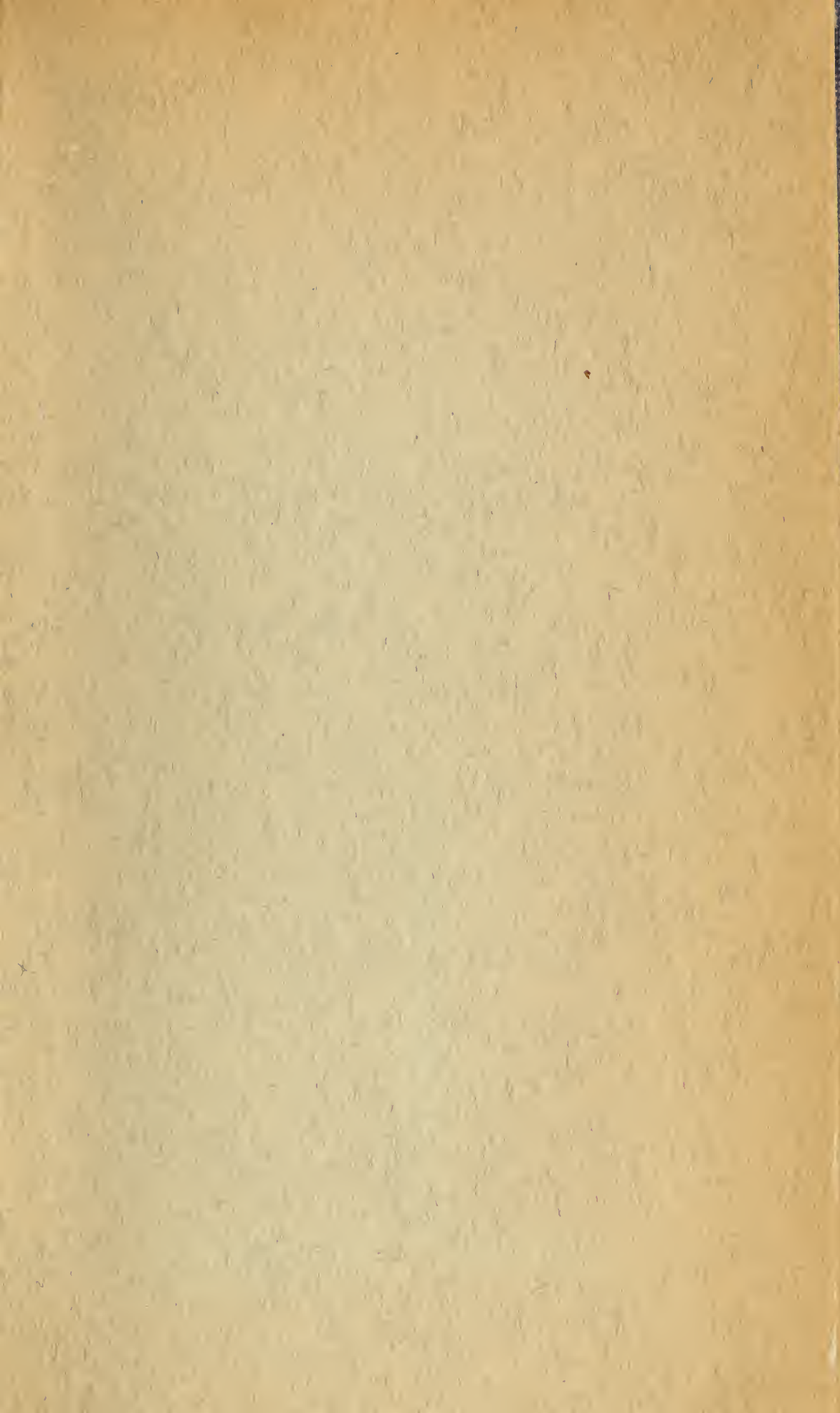
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